PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1974 ONE DOLLAR

THE MACHO WORLD OF JOHN MILIUS

POLYMORPHOUS PANSEXUALITY

INTERVIEW: JIMMY BRESLIN

OH, WICKED WANDA

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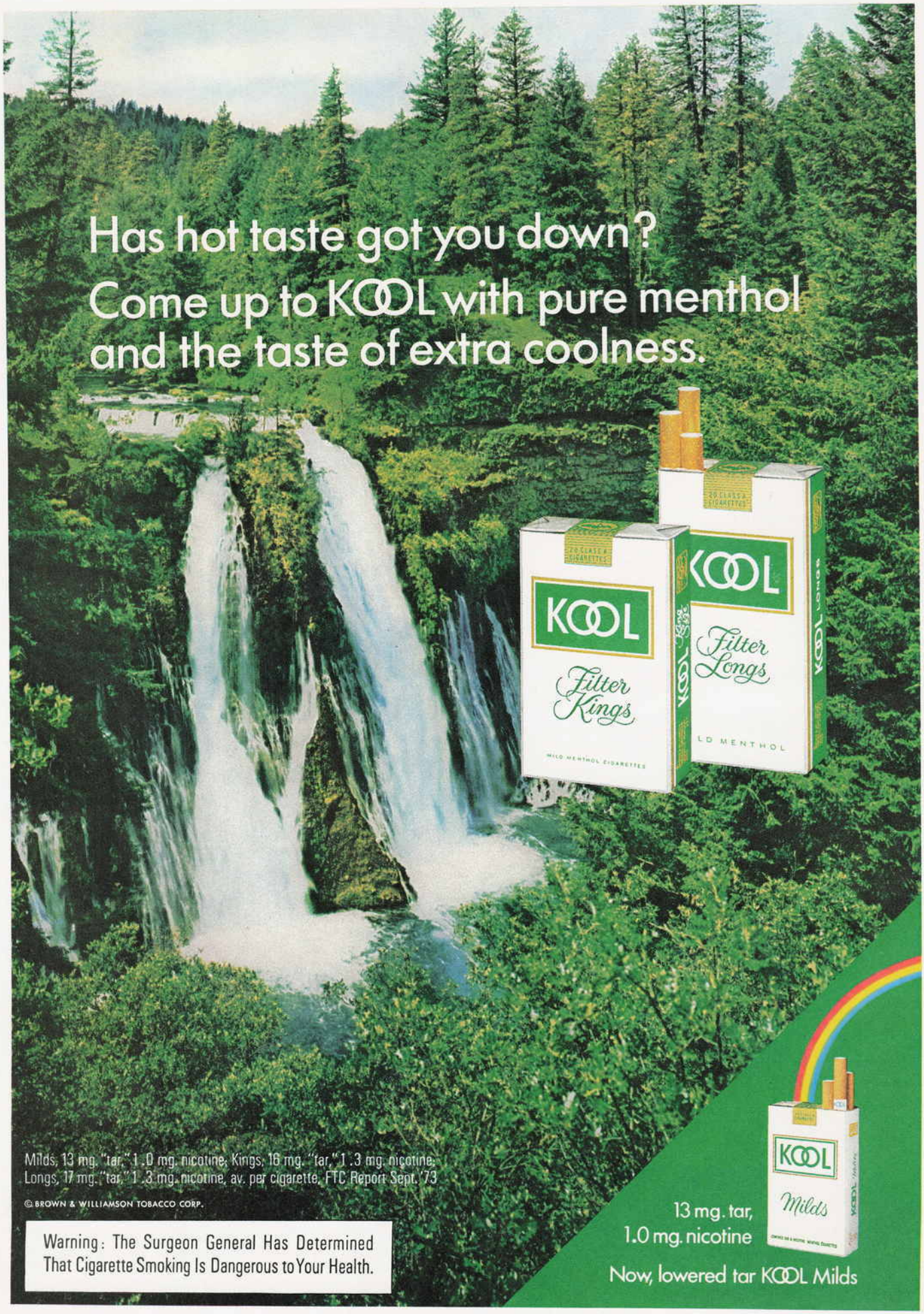

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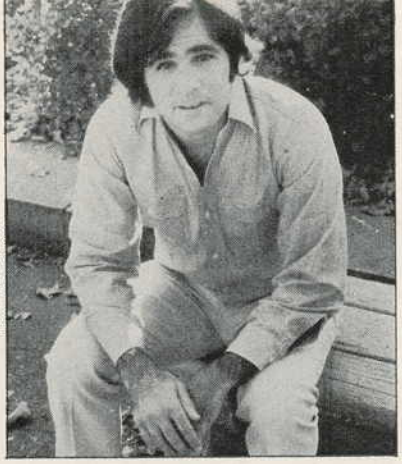

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HOUSECALL

"Even a baseball writer must sometimes work," the great Ring Lardner once said. **Jimmy Breslin,** who first claimed fame as the annalist *nonpareil* of the New York Mets, loves losing sleep over labor as much as the next sports scribe—though his cynical TV news commentaries seem to come more from Scotch than sweat—but he's written two best-selling novels in four years. His first, *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, was a farce he could have written bound and gagged; his latest, *World Without End, Amen* (Viking) is a tragicomic portrait of a disillusioned, racist, alcoholic cop, submerged in a culturally impoverished New York sub-society, who finds spiritual rebirth in the arms of a Communist colleen, fighting with the IRA for freedom in the Auld Sod. Writing this one, for Breslin, must have been like pulling teeth, but the critics' verdict is unanimous: a masterpiece. In this month's *Penthouse* Interview, by Contributing Editor **Ric Ballad**, Breslin vents the salty, self-critical, uncensored viewpoint of a die-hard chauvinist male (women's lib is "terribly boring, but the whole movement is right"), heterosexual ("I feel sorry for those poor fuckin' faggots"), newspaperman ("the *real* new journalism is the old-fashioned journalism") and hedonist gourmet. But does his weight bug him? "Yes, because I know where it comes from. You drink a ton of beer and you wake up in the morning and you don't feel good and you eat wop food. That does it." Breslin certainly does have a lot of weight to throw around, but no doubt his soul weighs three-quarters of an ounce, just like everyone else's. In *The Body Electric*, **Lowell Ponte** reports on recent progress in parapsychological research—the quest for an electrochemical explanation of life—and the estimated weight of the immortal spirit is only one of the amazing breakthroughs. The real pioneers in the field are Soviet scientists, who are spending fortunes to outrun the rest of the world in the inner space race. Good luck, Ivan! Ponte, the syndicated, L.A.-based libertarian columnist, radio-television commentator, and ex-Pentagon think-tanker, is also a card-carrying member of the American Society for Psychic Research. While the spirit of harmonious cooperation is increasingly prevalent in the politics of science, the old cloak-and-dagger game has become a multimillion dollar business in the private sector. In *Modern Spying, Penthouse*'s National Affairs Editor, **Colonel William R. Corson,** U.S.M.C., Ret., tells how mercenary master spies are stealing industrial secrets to sell to the highest bidder—and how even you can become an underhanded, double-dealing agent of deceit. And a rich and wealthy one, too.

In the last few decades, the great art of the North American striptease was practiced at its gaudiest and lewdest only in Baltimore, U.S.A. In *The Passing of Baltimore's Block*, novelist **Robert Ward** recalls his own wild youth spent gawking at the Middle Atlantic ecdysiasts—working-class women, mainly, who used burlesque as a last chance for liberation, financial and female. Ward, author of the widely acclaimed *Shedding Skin* (Harper & Row), is finishing two more novels, *You* and *Spidericus*, and making beautiful country music with the unheard-of, but well worth hearing, Cashe River Relief Band.

In this month's fiction, *The Rookie,* **Robert T. Sorrells** follows the regulation basketball of manhood through the hoop of fate. Sorrells, whose stories have appeared in a range of literary magazines, here presents a parable of the sporting life wherein athletic good fellowship prevails over all that is cheap and mean—in short, a violent tale with a happy ending and a moral: it's team spirit that counts. Solidarity forever! But political power comes from the barrel of a gun, Chairman Mao has said. **John Milius** would probably agree. Milius, the most controversial writer-director in Hollywood these days, is the First Citizen of *The Macho World of John Milius*, and a fine place it is, where pleasure consists equally in movie-making and moneymaking, surfing and hunting. **Tom Seligson**, author of the sociopolitical study *To Be Young In Babylon* (Paperback Library) and a forthcoming novel, *Love Game Lost*, followed Milius around movieland for weeks to write his profile of this mad genius.

It would be interesting to lock Milius in a room with the New York Dolls. These tuneful pansexuals have set the rock world on its head with their super-decadent, eardrum-puncturing, sexual-musical lifestyle. Can a handsome young man find happiness with a pretty young woman if she is himself? The answer seems to be yes, but judge for yourself on the bisexual basis of *Polymorphous Pansexuality* by **Ted Castle**, the co-owner of the Vanishing Rotating Triangle Press. "Maybe Kinsey and his successors can interview a tiny fraction of the whole population and reduce their words to numerical tables in which it is 'proved' that such a percentage of people think or feel one way or once did such-and-such in bed, and such a percentage thought or did something else," says Castle. "I don't claim really to have proved anything in this article, but I have tried to display . . . a quality in modern life that is different than it was in the old days." Don't call *us* trendy.

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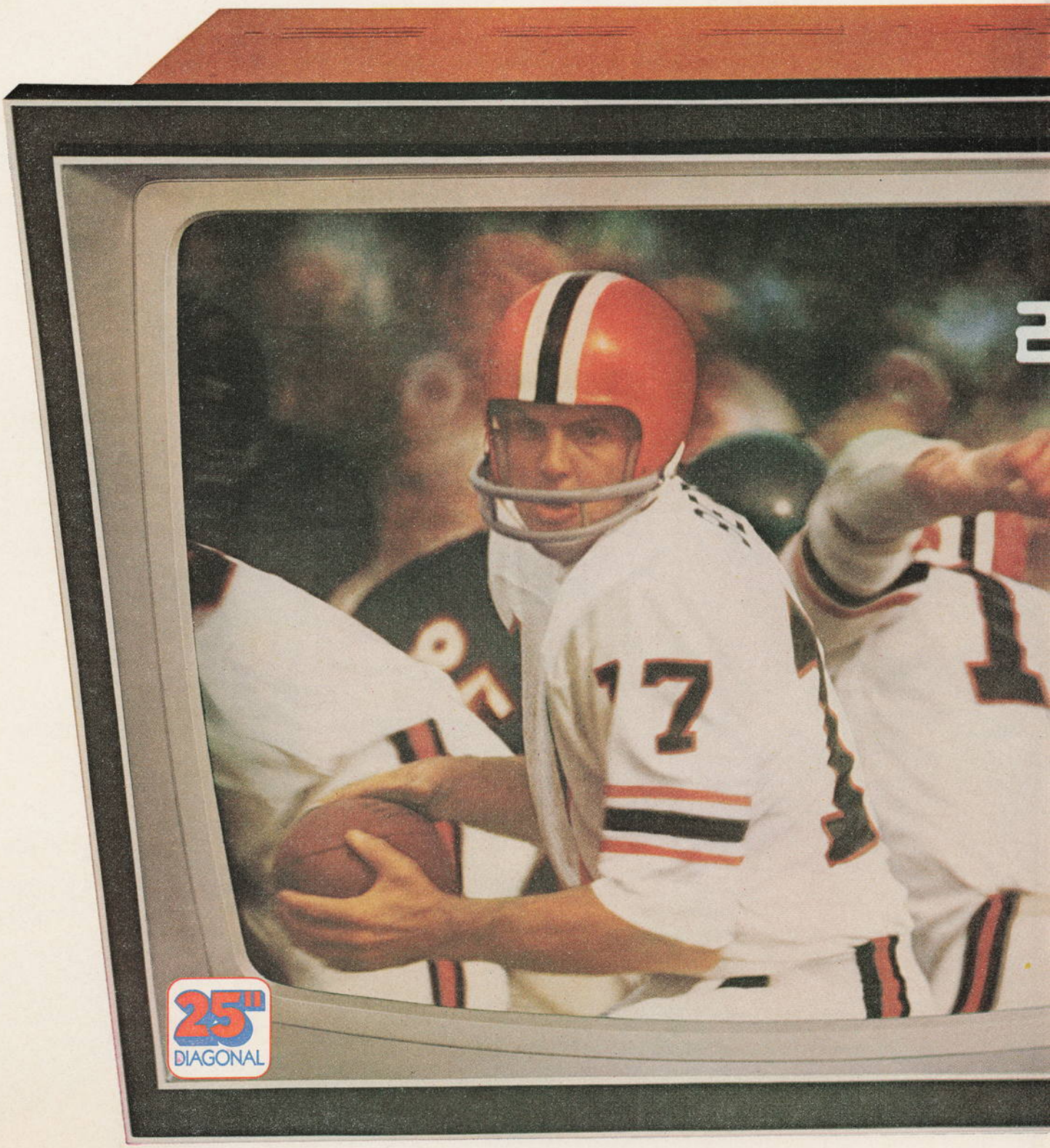

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Censorship adventures

I feel an urge to cast my vote in opposition to the revised government stand regarding obscenity and pornography and I'd like to express my viewpoint publicly.

I am in agreement with the many people who think a citizen should be able to view and/or buy pornography, provided he or she meets the existing criteria—legal age, etc. An adult should be able to view pornography in movies and he should be able to buy pornography at a bookstore. Why is there a law against something so many people want, or at least condone?

I suggest campaigning for our cause—enlighten people, get them on our side. This would eventually lead to more realistic measures regarding pornography and the law.

I'm sure that many law-enforcement personnel are in agreement with me, and enforce these laws hesitatingly. But enforce them they must.

Hey! Silent Citizen! Sit down right now and write your proper representative. Let him know what your wishes are. Let's get the laws changed. Time-consuming though it may be, let's get started.—*Al Roberts, Raytown, Miss.*

I am a nineteen-year-old working lady. I have been buying *Penthouse* for several months and find it to be very entertaining. I looked forward to the publication of *Viva*, your women's magazine, from the time of your first advertisement for it. For the past few weeks I have been watching for *Viva* on the stand at my local liquor store, where I have been purchasing *Penthouse*. Finally I asked the proprietor why he did not have the copies of *Viva* on his rack along with *Penthouse*. I was informed that he had decided not to put them out because they were, in his words, "too raw."

Wishing to maintain good relations in a store where I do a lot of business, I simply expressed my disappointment to the gentleman and did not tell him how much I resented his making the decision as to what I should or should not read. He told me *Viva* was "certainly not for ladies."

I was not given the chance to decide if *Viva* was for me. I do not wish to subscribe to a magazine I have never seen, but I am anxious to see a copy of *Viva* and can't seem to find any store in this area that sells it. As this is a university town with many young, liberal-minded people in it, I am sure there are several other women in my position. What can we do?—*T.B. (name withheld), Eugene, Oreg.*

We regret that some adults find it necessary to use personal influence to control the reading matter of other adults. If you have been unable to find **Viva** *in your area and would like to purchase a copy, send $1.25 to* **Viva** *Subscription Department, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. —Editor*

I just had to write regarding the letter from Mrs. R.T. in your November Forum, it amused me so. If Mrs. R.T. is so offended by the "smutty pictures" on the covers of *Penthouse*, what in heaven's name is she doing reading it?

As for the children who are so subjected to this smut, my husband and I have bought *Penthouse* since we've been married, and we have left it out in plain view with my issues of *Woman's Day*. Never once has our five-year-old son expressed any curiosity regarding the nudes in the issues. He occasionally looks through them to see the car ads, but quickly becomes bored with even that.

My father's male magazines were hidden in a drawer when I was young, and my friends and I never missed an opportunity to pull them from their hiding place, lock ourselves in the bathroom, and look at the pictures.

Perhaps Mrs. R.T. would like all the nudes covered in the art museums throughout the country, as schoolchildren take field trips to these places and the sight of smut might be confused with art, as it was when most of them were painted. Need more be said?—*G.B. (name withheld), College Park, Md.*

Transsexual togetherness

The University of Mississippi's recent claim to have succeeded in "curing" a young transsexual should be recognized as being in violation of the policies of several organizations. The Sexual Privacy Project of the American Civil Liberties Union supports the rights of transsexuals regarding their freedom of dress and private consensual sexual activity between adults. The platform of the 1970 California Peace and Freedom Party included the demand that persons have the right to determine the uses of their own bodies, as in sex-change operations and in other ways.

Many transsexuals have reverted back to a nontranssexual condition, or a subdued one, without any treatment whatsoever. Others have been "cured" by beatings, rapes, arrests, utter rejection by much of society, losing their legal rights, and other aspects of this rational civilized society. Shock treatments and various forms of aversion therapy bordering on Nazi torture techniques have also been successful in adding to the list of victims who have fallen before the nontranssexual "curers."

The claim of the University of Mississippi is indicative of how little they know about transsexualism and transsexuals. Our sympathy to the young transsexual who fell victim to these monstrous scientists who view male-female nontranssexual relationships as the ideal. Indeed, many transsexuals, after surgery, become homosexuals or bisexuals in relation to their anatomy, not heterosexual. This points out the fact that transsexualism is a condition, not a sexual direction such as hetero, homo, or bisexuality.

The problem is that Mississippi cannot deal with anything that shakes up the neat, polarized sexist structures that are the foundation of their sexist and racist systems. Transsexualism does. Anyone attempting to "cure" transsexuals, rather than develop better and more available surgical techniques, shows no concern for the individual's freedom of choice or personal rights.

The Transexual Action Organization views the entire matter of the University of Mississippi's "cures" as horrifying and unacceptable to the

TITLE	1955	ARTIST
Cherry Pink,Apple Blossom White		Perez Prado
Rock Around the Clock		Bill Haley
Atutumn Leaves		Roger Williams
Yellow Rose of Texas		Mitch Miller
Love Is A Many Splendored Thing		Four Aces
Moments to Remember		Four Lads
Ain't That A Shame		Pat Boone
Crazy Otto		Johnny Maddox
Hearts of Stone		Fontane Sisters
Let Me Go, Lover		Joan Weber
He		Al Hibbler
I Hear You Knockin'		Gale Storm
Unchained Melody		Al Hibbler
Till		Roger Williams
March from the River Kwai		Mitch Miller
Friendly Persuasion		Pat Boone

TITLE	1956	ARTIST
Heartbreak Hotel		Elvis Presley
I Want, I Need, I Love You		Elvis Presley
Hound Dog		Elvis Presley
Don't Be Cruel		Elvis Presley
Love Me Tender		Elvis Presley
My Prayer		The Platters
Only You		The Platters
The Great Pretender		The Platters
Green Door		Jim Lowe
Singing The Blues		Guy Mitchell
Poor People of Paris		Les Baxter
Whatever Will Be, Will Be		Doris Day
Canadian Sunset		Hugo Winterhalter
Allegheny Moon		Patti Page
I Almost Lost My Mind		Pat Boone
Memories Are Made Of This		Dean Martin

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
Bye, Bye Love		Everly Brothers
Problems		Everly Brothers
Love Letters In The Sand		Pat Boone
April Love		Pat Boone
Don't Forbid Me		Pat Boone
Loving You		Elvis Presley
Teddy Bear		Elvis Presley
All Shook Up		Elvis Presley
That's When Heartaches Begin		Elvis Presley
Little Darlin'		Diamonds
Searchin'		Coasters
Young Love		Sonny James
Silhouettes		Rays
Gone		Ferlin Husky
So Rare		Jimmy Dorsey
White Sport Coat		Marty Robbins

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
It's All in The Game		Tommy Edwards
Twilight Time		The Platters
All I Have To Do Is Dream		Everly Brothers
Bird Dog		Everly Brothers
Patricia		Perez Prado
Voare (Nel Blu Di Pinto Di Blue)		Domenico Modugno
Little Star		Elegants
Don't		Elvis Presley
Tom Dooley		Kingston Trio
Get A Job		Silhouttes
Purple People Eater		Sheb Wooley
Poor Little Fool		Ricky Nelson
Yakety Yak		Coasters
Great Balls of Fire		Jerry Lee Lewis
At The Hop		Danny and the Juniors
Peggy Sue		Buddy Holly

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
Mack The Knife		Bobby Darin
Dream Lover		Bobby Darin
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes		The Platters
El Paso		Marty Robbins
Stagger Lee		Lloyd Price
Personality		Lloyd Price
Donna		Ritchie Valens
La Bamba		Ritchie Valens
Charlie Brown		Coasters
Kansas City		Wilbert Harrison
Sleep Walk		Santo and Johnny
The Happy Organ		Dave (Baby) Cortez
Heartaches By The Number		Guy Mitchell
My Heart Is An Open Book		Carl Dobkins, Jr.
Venus		Frankie Avalon
Lonesome Town		Ricky Nelson

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
Theme From a Summer Place		Percy Faith
It's Now Or Never		Elvis Presley
Stuck On You		Elvis Presley
I'm Sorry		Brenda Lee
He'll Have To Go		Jim Reeves
Cathy's Clown		Everly Brothers
Running Bear		Johnny Preston
Last Date		Floyd Cramer
Save The Last Dance For Me		Drifters
Greenfields		Brothers Four
A Thousand Stars		Kathy Young
You Send Me		Sam Cooke
Wonder World		Sam Cooke
Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Bikini		Brain Hyland
Handy Man		Jimmy Jones
Good Timin'		Jimmy Jones

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
Tossin' and Turnin'		Bobby Lewis
Big Bad John		Jimmy Dean
Exodus		Ferrante and Teicher
Runaway		Del Shannon
Runaround Sue		Dion
Will You Love Me Tomorrow		Shirelles
Travelin' Man		Ricky Nelson
Michael		Highwaymen
The Lion Sleeps Tonight		Tokens
Bristol Stomp		Dovells
Blue Moon		Marcels
Surrender		Elvis Presley
Take Good Care Of My Baby		Bobby Vee
Hit The Road, Jack		Ray Charles
Run To Him		Bobby Vee
Crying		Roy Orbison

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
I Can't Stop Loving You		Ray Charles
Big Girls Don't Cry		Four Seasons
Roses Are Red		Bobby Vinton
Stranger On The Shore		Acker Bilk
Sherry		Four Seasons
Johnny Angel		Shelly Fabares
Return To Sender		Elvis Presley
Soldier Boy		Shirelles
The Stripper		David Rose
Breaking Up Is Hard To Do		Neil Sedaka
Ramblin' Rose		Nat King Cole
Good Luck Charm		Elvis Presley
Loco-Motion		Little Eva
Bobby's Girl		Marcie Blane
Monster Mash		Bobby Pickett
The Wanderer		Dion

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
Sugar Shack		Jimmy Gilmer
He's So Fine		Chiffons
Hey, Paula		Paul and Paula
Blue Velvet		Bobby Vinton
Louie, Louie		Kingsmen
Sukiyaki		Kyu Sakamoto
My Boyfriend's Back		Angels
I Will Follow Him		Little Peggy March
Walk Like A Man		Four Seasons
It's My Party		Lesley Gore
Surf City		Jan and Dean
I'm Leaving It Up To You		Dale and Grace
Deep Purple		Nino Tempo
Rhythm Of The Rain		Cascades
If You Wanna Be Happy		Jimmy Soul
Our Day Will Come		Ruby & The Romantics

TITLE	1964	ARTIST
Anyone Who Had A Heart		Dionne Warwick
Laugh, Laugh		Beau Brummels
A Summer Song		Chad & Jeremy
Its Not Unusual		Tom Jones
Baby, I'm Yours		Barbara Lewis
Girl From Ipanema (Full Version)		Getz/Gilberto
Last Kiss		J. Frank Wilson
Hello, Dolly!		Louis Armstrong
I Get Around		Beach Boys
Where Did Our Love Go		Supremes
Mr. Lonely		Bobby Vinton
Do Wah Diddy Diddy		Manfred Mann
Everybody Loves Somebody		Dean Martin
Chapel Of Love		Dixie Cups
Rag Doll		Four Seasons
Leader Of The Pack		Shangri-Las

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TITLE	1965	ARTIST
Satisfaction		Rolling Stones
You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin		Righteous Brothers
Downtown		Petula Clark
Turn! Turn! Turn!		Byrds
Stop! In The Name Of Love		Supremes
Liar, Liar		Castaways
Do You Believe In Magic		Lovin' Spoonful
What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted		Jimmy Ruffin
This Diamond Ring		Gary Lewis & Playboys
My Girl		Temptations
I Got You Babe		Sonny and Cher
Get Off My Cloud		Rolling Stones
Sounds of Silence		Simon and Garfunkel
Help Me Rhonda		Beach Boys
Tambourine Man		Byrds
Eve of Destruction		Barry McGuire

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
I'm A Believer		Monkees
Winchester Cathedral		New Vaudeville Band
96 Tears		? and the Mysterions
Soul and Inspiration		Righteous Brothers
Snoopy and the Red Baron		Royal Guardsmen
Monday, Monday		Mamas and Papas
Good Vibrations		Beach Boys
Reach Out, I'll Be There		Four Tops
Cherish		Association
Good Lovin'		Young Rascals
Sunshine Superman		Donovan
Wild Thing		Troggs
Strangers In The Night		Frank Sinatra
Poor Side Of Town		Johnny Rivers
Whan A Man Loves A Woman		Percy Sledge
Hanky Panky		Tommy James

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
Ode To Billie Joe		Bobbie Gentry
Daydream Believer		Monkees
Light My Fire		Doors
The Letter		Box Tops
Windy		Association
Groovin'		Young Rascals
Incense & Peppermints		Strawberry Alarm Clock
Little Bit O' Soul		Music Explosion
Never My Love		Association
Can't Take My Eyes Off You		Frankie Valli
Kind Of A Drag		Buckinghams
Pied Piper		Crispian St. Peters
Woman, Woman		Gary Puckett/Union Gap
Ruby Tuesday		Rolling Stones
I Was Made To Love Her		Stevie Wonder
Sweet Soul Music		Arthur Conley

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
Atlantis		Donovan
I Heard It Through The Grapevine		Marvin Gaye
Love Is Blue		Paul Mauriat
Love Child		Diana Ross/Supremes
Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay		Otis Redding
Honey		Bobby Goldsboro
People Got To Be Free		Rascals
This Guy's In Love With You		Doors
Harper Valley P.T.A.		Jeanne C. Riley
Hello, I Love You		Doors
For Once In My Life		Stevie Wonder
Those Were The Days		Mary Hopkins
Little Green Apples		O. C. Smith
Green Tambourine		Lemon Pipers
Cry Like A Baby		Box Tops
Mrs. Robinson		Simon and Garfunkel

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
Sugar, Sugar		Archies
Aquarius/Let The Sunshine In		Fifth Dimension
Honky Tonk Women		Rolling Stones
Everyday People		Sly & Family Stones
Crimson and Clover		Tommy James/Shondells
By The Time I Get To Phoenix		Glen Campbell
In The Year 2525		Zager and Evans
Leaving On A Jet Plane		Peter, Paul & Mary
Someday We'll Be Together		Diana Ross/Supremes
Crystal Blue Persuasion		Tommy James/Shondells
Hair		Cowsills
Spinning Wheel		Blood, Sweat & Tears
I'm Gonna Make You Love Me		Supremes & Temptations
A Boy Named Sue		Johnny Cash
Proud Mary		Credence Clearwater
Green River		Credence Clearwater

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
Raindrops Fallin' On My Head		B. J. Thomas
Bridge Over Troubled Water		Simon and Garfunkel
Close To You		Carpenters
I Think I Love You		Partridge Family
Pinball Wizard (Original Version)		The Who
Rose Garden		Lynn Anderson
Mr. Business Man		Ray Stevens
One Less Bell To Answer		Fifth Dimension
War		Edwin Starr
A-B-C		Jackson Five
Mama Told Me (Not To Come)		Three Dog Night
Make It With You		Bread
American Woman		Guess Who
We've Only Just Begun		Carpenters
Cracklin' Rosie		Neil Diamond
Everything is Beautiful		Ray Stevens

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
Brown Sugar		Rolling Stones
Want Adds		Honey Cone
If		Bread
Sweet Hitch-Hiker		CCR
Sweet Mary		Wadsworth Mansion
Country Roads		John Denver
How Mend A Broken Heart		Bee Gees
I Am I Said		Neil Diamond
Walk Away		James Gang
Maggie May (Full Version)		Rod Stewart
Loving Her Was Easier		Kris Kristofferson
Old Fashioned Love Song		Three Dog Night
Do You Know What I Mean		Lee Michaels
It's Too Late		Carole King
Story In Your Eyes		Moody Blues
Wild World		Cat Stevens

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editor & publisher

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FEBRUARY

world of 1974. Perhaps the University of Mississippi needs to be cured.—*Angela K. Douglas, President, Transexual Action Organization, Miami Beach, Fla.*

The address of the Transexual Action Organization is P.O. Box 1708, Miami Beach, Florida 33139. The address of the Sexual Privacy Project of the ACLU is 22 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.—Editor

Circumcision sensations

I am writing in regard to the letter on circumcision in October's *Penthouse*. I have not had extensive sexual experience, but enough to compare the sensations between circumcised sex partners and uncircumcised sex partners.

In my opinion the difference is substantial. The uncircumcised penis is the most exciting sight I suppose I will ever view. In sexual foreplay and oral sex, the feel of the foreskin against my fingers, thighs, lips, tongue, eyelids (really, the whole body) is an unforgettable experience. During intercourse, the penis with foreskin is by far more stimulating than one without it.

In articles I have read, it is sometimes stated that the foreskin protects the glans and, therefore, the glans being more sensitive, the climax in the uncircumcised male will be much quicker. Of course this depends on the individual, but I find this to be totally false. In fact, in my personal experience, my uncircumcised partner lasts longer than any circumcised partner I have had intercourse with.

I do think it is a shame that obstetricians feel compelled to perform circumcision on every male baby. It seems to be taken for granted that it is the thing to do. The mother is, therefore, influenced by the doctor's attitude when she should at least consider leaving the baby uncircumcised.—*Name and address withheld*

I could not resist making a reply to Mr. Thomas's letter regarding circumcision in the October Forum.

I agree wholeheartedly that a male should be allowed to decide for himself whether or not he wants to be circumcised, and only after he has had the experience of being uncircumcised. However, when the time to make the decision arises, I would recommend that the man dismiss any thoughts of parting with his foreskin.

After two years of marriage, with a most satisfactory sex life, I had to have an appendectomy. As I had not been circumcised, I asked my surgeon to take care of this while removing my appendix. He immediately agreed to comply with my request, although there was no physical necessity. It was a spur-of-the-moment gesture on my part, and one which I shall regret all of my life.

My foreskin was not tight or long and retracted very easily. In my late teens, I developed a habit of leaving it pulled back whenever I was nude. The glans would become dry after a while, but still remained sensitive. When I married, at age twenty-two, I realized that sex was a little better if I kept my glans covered except when bathing, urinating, masturbating, or during intercourse. Of course, during an erection the glans was always fully exposed.

It gave me a feeling of super masculinity to pull the skin back while bathing my penis and replace it after drying. My wife likes oral sex, and daily bathing kept my penis odor-free and tasteless.

After the circumcision, my glans quickly began to toughen and became less and less sensitive. At my present age of twenty-six, I have almost no feeling in the glans. After prolonged intercourse, I am frequently sore around the rim from the friction against the dry head and from the unnatural tugging on the overly taut skin of the shaft. Naturally, when my pleasure in sex diminishes, so does that of my wife.

In summary, I cannot stress enough that those who have parted with their foreskins can never know the full pleasures of sexual stimulation as nature intended.—*Name and address withheld*

I have just read the July issue of your magazine and found letters both in the Forum and to Xaviera Hollander dealing with the subject of circumcision. Having recently undergone the operation after thirty-two years of misery, fear, and embarrassment, my relief and satisfaction with circumcision is hard to express.

While Miss Hollander advocates her preference for the circumcised penis, her comment that the operation is painful for adults is not only inaccurate but a significant misunderstanding that is shared by many. In my own case this led to many years of sexual frustration. Once having resigned myself to the operation, because it was a necessity due to constant minor infection and the inability to retract the foreskin for cleaning, I finally got the nerve to visit a urologist for an examination. From that point on it could not have been simpler, less painful, or handled in a more dignified manner.

A quick examination by the urologist and an explanation of what was to follow put my mind at ease. The actual hospital stay was only two nights and one day with the circumcision done with a local anesthetic, taking only twenty minutes. Exactly two weeks after the operation was performed, the stitches were gone and a whole new life of sexual pleasure opened up. For those who suffered as I did with the fear and embarrassment of having circumcision performed, it is too simple to wait any longer.

The letter from the lady in Detroit in Forum is hard for me to accept, now that I have the experience to compare the circumcised with the uncircumcised penis from the male viewpoint, as she did from the female viewpoint. My wife and I have literally started a new and exciting sexual life since the operation. After eleven years of marriage, we are now closer than ever, and enjoy the full act. Many times my wife will, with complete surprise to me, take out my penis while I'm watching television or reading, and fondle it or perform fellatio. I too become very excited seeing the erect "head," previously unknown to me. It may be imaginary, but the penis without the foreskin appears much larger.

From one who has experienced both ways, I cannot advocate strongly enough that men be circumcised.—*D.B. (name and address withheld)*

The amnesty question

After reading William Corson's article, *Vietnam Amnesty: Forgiveness With Honor*, in your October issue, I had to write a letter.

I am a Vietnam veteran and have had friends killed over there. I don't feel that the draft dodgers, evaders, and military deserters should be allowed to return to the United States with unconditional amnesty.

I had no real feelings, one way or the other, about the war until I went over there. When I saw how futile it really was, I turned against it.

I entered the service voluntarily and never thought about desertion when I got orders to Vietnam. I went over and served my time and was exposed to all the risks every other serviceman in Vietnam was exposed to.

A lot of good men died in that hole-in-the-wall, and to grant amnesty to people who were too afraid to do their share would make everyone

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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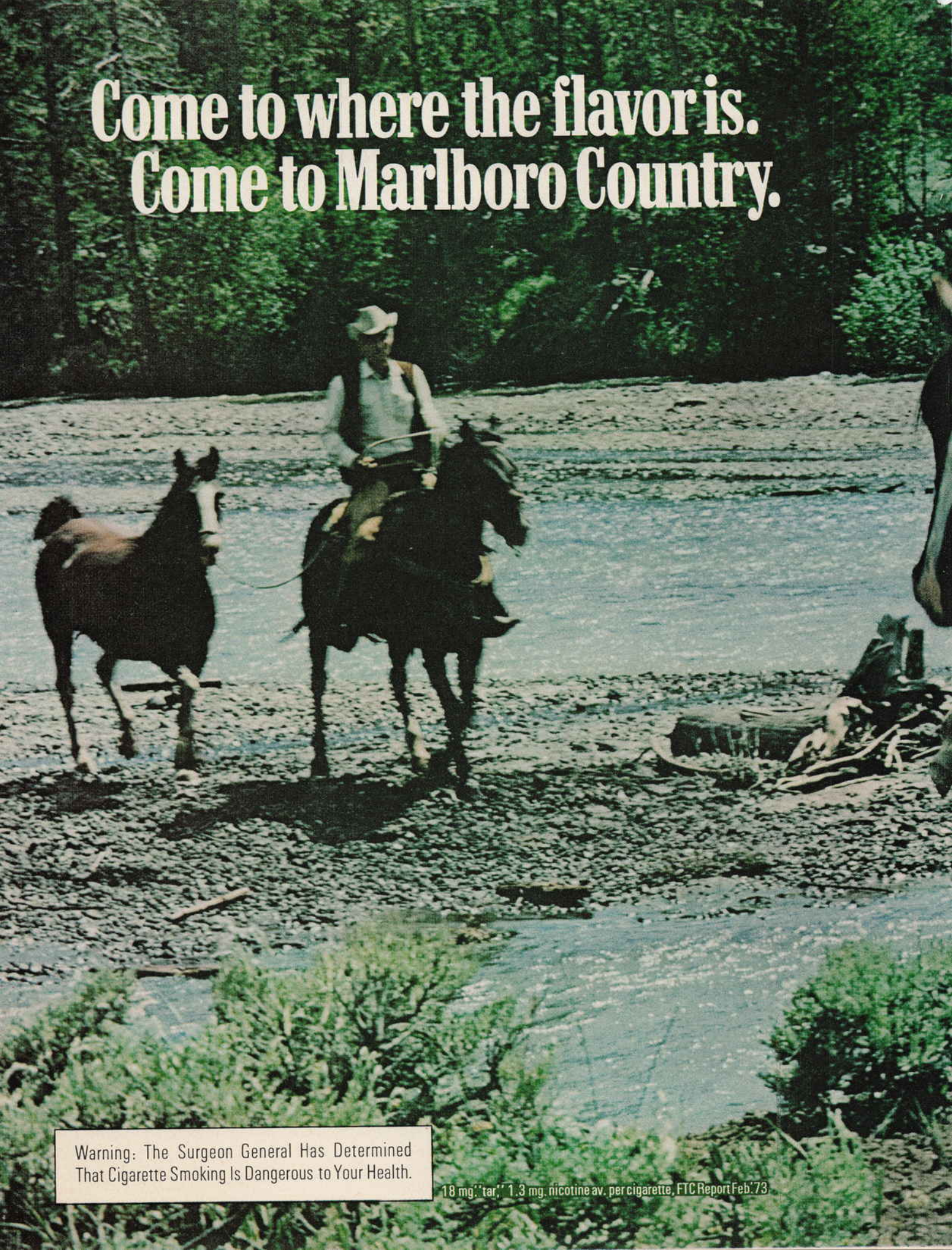
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stop and wonder what we really did in Vietnam.

Anyone who lost a loved one would ask, "If this is the way the government is going to be, why was my son or husband over there dying when these people skipped the country and are allowed to walk back into the country without any punishment whatsoever?"

I back President Nixon's view that deserters and draft dodgers either should not be granted amnesty, or should serve their time for breaking a law of the United States.

Draft dodgers should be made to go to jail, and military deserters should face a court-martial proceeding, just like any other military men would have to do.

Why should people fight and die so a few chickens can skip the country, or just refuse to go into the service and get away with it?

I don't believe that amnesty should be granted to these people.—*W.B. (name withheld), Kissimmee, Fla.*

I am a new Canadian who once spent a year exhausting appeals for recognition as a conscientious objector in the kangaroo court of the United States Selective Service System before finally having to fast myself into being underweight to beat my induction physical. William R. Corson's article, *Vietnam Amnesty: Forgiveness with Honor* (October) is completely out to lunch. There is *nothing* to forgive.

Corson's classifications and outline of legal precedents for amnesty sound like the statistics of body counts. The many former Americans living around me in Canada wouldn't come back to live in the United States if you paid us. The let-off of law-and-order henchmen like Spiro Agnew makes the whole question of amnesty for deserters and resisters a total farce.

If you really want to do us a favor, get your greedy American megacorporations out of Canada and stop the Alaska pipeline before your tankers dump oil all over our beautiful coast.—*F.C. (name withheld), Gisbons Landing, B.C.*

I have to agree with Mr. Corson concerning amnesty. Wars (even undeclared ones) often have undesirable side effects, and draft dodgers are merely manifestations of their society—an outraged society turned into a war machine by the unchecked, unconstitutional use of power by the chief executive. The crux of the argument, however, appears to be whether individuals should be allowed to choose which laws to obey or disobey.

In Corson's article, Nixon was quoted as saying: "Those who served paid their price. Those who fled must pay their price." Is this the same Nixon who, according to the former attorney general, Elliot Richardson, favored probation over imprisonment for Agnew? The following is a statement of White House policy in the wake of the Agnew fiasco: "The interests of justice as well as the interests of the public were better served, in this instance, by a disposition that did not involve confinement of the former Vice President."

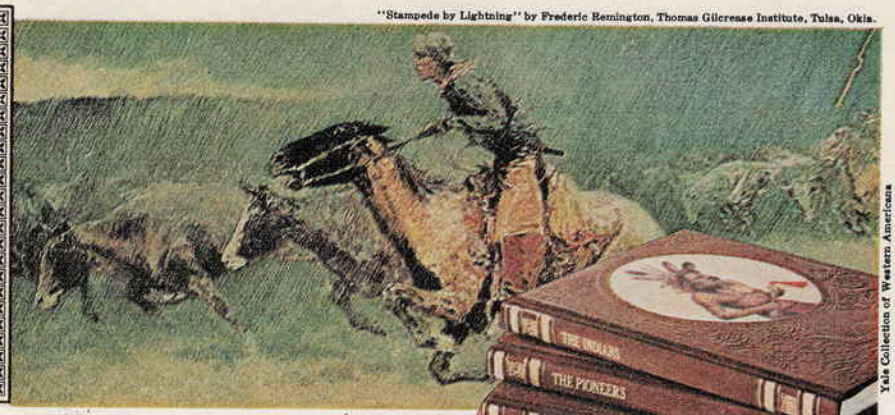
Clearly, this illustrates the disparity between Nixon's hard line on draft dodgers and his soft line on his former vice president. If justice and public interest were the prime factors in determining Agnew's fate, shouldn't the fate of draft dodgers be decided by similar means?

A second anti-amnesty argument implies that not only should draft-dodging fugitives be jailed (since others were jailed), but that those fugitives should have gone to prison to test the law. In countering this argument, I would like to bring to your attention a legal device that would tend to make going to jail to prove a point seem rather senseless.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

"... was on my Horse the whole night & it raining hard ... There was one of our party Drowned today (Mr. Carr) & several narrow escapes & I among them ... Awful night ... not having had a bite to eat for 60 hours ... Tired ... Indians very troublesome ... Found a human skeleton on the prairie today ..."
—Diary of a Texas cattle drive, 1866.
Quoted in The Cowboys

"Stampede by Lightning" by Frederic Remington, Thomas Gilcrease Institute, Tulsa, Okla.



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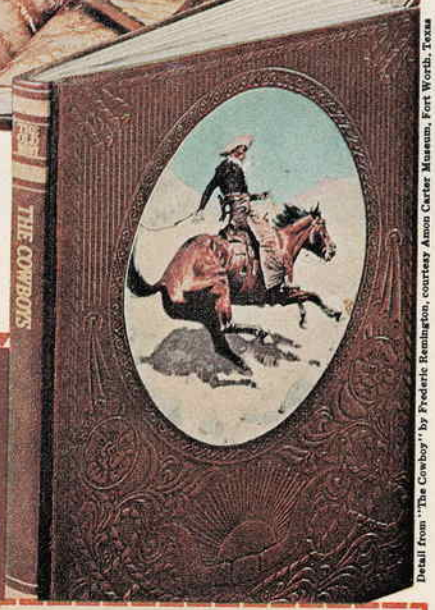

Detail from "The Cowboy" by Frederic Remington, courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas

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This device, called declaratory judgment, allows for the rendering of a judicial decision (concerning the constitutionality of the law) before the law in question is violated. Consequently, those who were jailed did so of their own accord, so why imprison others for this "mistake"? Fleeing was, in my opinion, the most rational of the three alternatives (flight, jail, or chancing a judicial decision), especially considering the nature of our corrective institutions to date.

Prisons often turn out to be training grounds for the inmates, breeding more efficient criminals, and most people would agree that the return rate of parolees is much higher than one would expect of a "corrective institution." If this is the case, why should a person be subjected to those conditions simply because he refuses to kill?

Hopefully amnesty will be considered with the unemotional attitude required in such a situation, not only by the president, but by us all.—*B.D. (name withheld), Seattle, Wash.*

Very recently, in referring to amnesty for draft dodgers and deserters, former Secretary of State William Rogers stated, "Others had to be killed or maimed because these men shirked their duties." He went on to say that these men should most definitely be punished for their actions. I am a Vietnam veteran who came close to dying on several occasions. As far as I am concerned, it was former Secretary of State Rogers and others in our past and present administrations who "shirked their duties," and anyone who was "killed or maimed" suffered this fate because of them. I think these "deserters" had more guts than I did, by refusing to fight for something that they did not believe in. I went, I fought, and I now see just how stupid war is.

Let these men come home as honorable men, and let me forget that I was part of a scheme perpetrated by World War II leftovers. Your article in the October *Penthouse* was very good, as are most of your articles. Keep up the good work. —*R.W. (name withheld), Glendora, Calif.*

Vietnam victims

It is truly refreshing to see C.D., in the November Forum, write for information for adoption of an American-Vietnamese child. I did not have the opportunity to see "Sins of the Fathers" on television, because I have lived in South Vietnam for three years now. It is a beautiful country with the most charming, delightful people and fantastic potential for growth, except for Communist oppression.

One day last year, my wife introduced me to a neighbor lady, who brought with her to our home the most beautiful little four-year-old girl I've ever seen. Her story was one that brought tears to my eyes and grief to my heart. No one knew her daddy, but her blond hair and blue eyes showed the truth. It seems that the baby was abandoned by her real mother out of fear of the Viet Cong, once the father abandoned her. The reason for this is not well understood in America, but Vietnamese who choose to work for Americans or associate with them are on the V.C. death lists for execution, if and when possible, just so long as it happens out in the jungle where there are no TV cameras. This is true of my own wife—although she is in relative safety. This situation is reality in Vietnam.

The real tragedy of that beautiful little child is that she will never be free in this nation, if it continues to be oppressed with the threat of aggression, terror, and murder. The little girl is forever marked, no matter where she goes. If the country goes Communist, then the entire potential for her life is lost, perhaps even her life itself, just because she is a Vietnamese-American child.

Another part of the tragedy is that the girl's stepparents, who are lovely people, have placed their own lives in jeopardy simply because they wish to care for this innocent child. Should her real father know what he left behind here, his heart would never know one second of peace.

Many young women in this country are in need of the love of a good man, and it is certain that Americans would fall for their charm. The women and men alike, dependent upon the Chinese, French, and American peoples for over a thousand years, still desperately want someone to help them; perhaps many have never learned to act on their own.

I deeply fear for the lives of the millions of good people here. Now they have little assistance and it appears they cling to their only hope that Americans will not let them down if there's an invasion in 1974. What is to happen to these people if we do not assist? They need our help so much and in any way it can be given.—*W.P. (name withheld), Danang, South Vietnam*

More army gripes

After reading the letter from the army cook in your October issue, I feel like kicking him square in the ass.

He bitches because he has too much time while he should be training.

First of all, he should just keep his big mouth shut. The draft doesn't exist any longer, so that means he joined of his own choice. I'd like to repeat something somebody once said—"You made your bed, sleep in it."

When I was in the army, they took the people who weren't smart enough for the infantry and made them cooks. We always had a saying when the cooks asked us how we wanted our eggs, "Stick a dick in them, you'll fuck them up anyway."

In the infantry, we never had time to bitch. I was in reconnaissance at Ft. Knox and we were kept busy for all eight weeks. Your writer talks about a "little physical training." I wish he could have been with us when we'd run a mile, low crawl, and go through the high bars—all before breakfast.

Don't get me wrong. I think the army was the biggest change of my life and one of the best things that ever happened to me.

I spent twenty months in Germany and seven months in Vietnam. Maybe another Vietnam should be created for people like your cook so they could see just how great it is to be an American in America.

I'm not proud of everything I did while in the army, but I'm sure as hell not ashamed.—*G.W., (name and address withheld)*

Having just read the "army gripe" letter in your magazine, I just felt I had to write you and let you know how true that letter is.

Advanced Individual Training, or A.I.T. as the Army calls it, is a complete waste of time, effort, and money as far as I can see it, and I am sure that everyone who has been through it will agree with me.

A.I.T. can last anywhere from eight weeks to around forty weeks. The longer courses are generally technical in nature, and may be quite good. But the eight-week schools are a complete waste of time.

My job deals with a missile system and there are several eight-week A.I.T. schools involved with it to supposedly teach the trainee about various aspects of this missile system. However, when these trainees are assigned to units after completing these schools, they always have to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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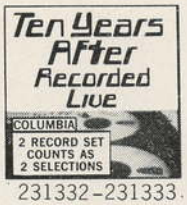

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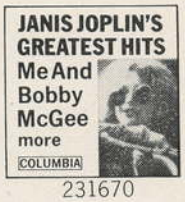

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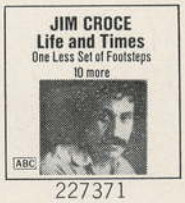

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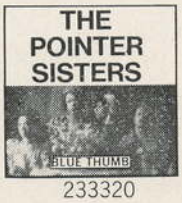

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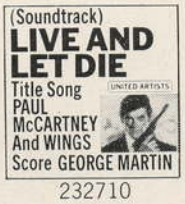

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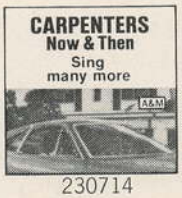

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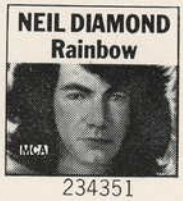

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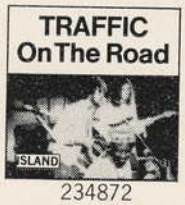

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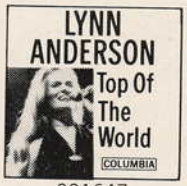

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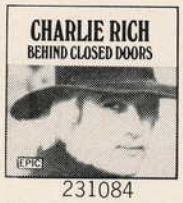

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be taught all over again, from the start, because at a unit you generally do things differently.

About one year ago, approximately eighty men were sent to our battalion straight from basic-training camps from all over the United States. These personnel were to be trained by us, and after eight weeks of training, they were to be assigned as part of our units. When they arrived, each man was assigned to one of the batteries; each battery getting about twenty men. At the battery, each man was assigned to either the launcher section or the fire-control section. The men were trained by the people in the section, and after eight weeks of training they were assigned to the section that had trained them. These men today know more about the system and more about the job in their section than some of the school-trained personnel who work right alongside these men.

I have no idea how this particular training program came about, but it was very successful as far as a lot of people are concerned. I am sure it saved the army a lot of time, effort, and expense, and since it was so successful, I wonder why this can't be done all the time, and do away with A.I.T., which is a waste of time to everybody concerned. I am sure the army would benefit from it in the long run and I know the individual would, too, since he could be trained on the equipment he would be working with on a day-to-day basis after his training was over with.

In today's army all you hear is "cost reduction." Well, here is one way they could do it and save a lot of money. Is anybody out there interested? *—Name and address withheld*

In response to the "army gripe," I must say I'm inclined to agree with this individual 100 percent. The case he has given is only one of the many examples to be found in our armed forces.

I'm currently stationed in Europe with the United States Air Force. In the two years I've served my country, I can't help but recognize the squandering of American revenue and resources.

There are thousands upon thousands of dollars exhausted by the armed forces because a minority (. . . by the people and for the people?) claim they are a necessity. If the American public wishes to continue paying for these so-called necessities, then so be it. After all, I'm getting paid for doing absolutely nothing—that includes writing this letter. Just the same, there are numerous Americans who have not had the opportunity to realize this vast transgression. Would somebody out there please wake up?

Penthouse, keep up the good work, you're doing much better than Congress! Of course that's not saying too much, is it? Pardon that last statement—you do have a fantastic magazine! *—Name and address withheld*

This commentary is written in response to the letter entitled Army Gripe. I would like to enlighten the public that all their hard-earned money is not going to waste. I don't know what the Air Force, Navy, or Coast Guard is like, but I am in the Marine Corps and marines work hard.

Many people say that marines work hard because of their rugged training in boot camp. According to that army fellow, he was permitted to sit down during his training. While I was going through my training, I wasn't permitted to sit down, talk, or for that matter even blink. We were often hit by the drill instructors, and sleep and food was something you had to work for. "At Ease" was a command unheard of. Many consider marine training brutal and unnecessary. But look at what the marines have done to preserve the freedom of this country! I believe the training was both necessary and good for me. It gave me a sense of pride and taught me a lot of discipline. It also built me into a good physical specimen. It may seem sadistic and boorish to want to go through this type of training just to develop a few qualities. But these qualities give a person a winning attitude in both combat and civilian life. Don't worry, American public. Your money is not being totally wasted. *—J.M. (name withheld), New River, N.C.*

Your duty is to turn that kid from Ft. Leonard Wood into the FBI at once! Don't you realize that he has betrayed our innermost military secret?

If the Russians learn what a hopeless mess the United States Army is, surely they'll leap on us in a hurry.

For the information of this junior Daniel Ellsberg, the army cooks' school back in the 1930's was felt to be a glorified KP deal, and a good company cook could take a fairly bright rookie and make him into a slum burner in a few weeks of on-the-job-training. This was in the days when the cooks had to do their own meat cutting, dismantle dubious-looking cold-storage chickens, and at times scrape the mold off smoked hams before they tried them on the troops. He should be glad he is only putting up with shit, instead of shoveling it. Back in those days the army was run by complete horses, instead of merely the posterior ends.

I have a remedy for this situation. Since he isn't doing $307.20-a-month worth of work, chop the pay back to the $21 we used to get. Somehow I doubt he'd like that, though. *—John P. Conlon, Newark, Ohio*

On the warpath for Cherokee

I wish to congratulate you on your Pet of the Year—Miss Patricia "Cherokee" Barrett—featured in your October issue of *Penthouse*. I have never written a letter to you before, but feel compelled to do so now. Miss Barrett is so undeniably pretty that mere words would do her an injustice. I find in her a culmination of beauty and maturity mixed with no less than a spellbinding allure. I have yet to find a more captivating picture than the one on page 53.

Miss Barrett in her red-flowered, white hat testifies to the fact that one picture is indeed worth a thousand words (if not more).

I fail to see how she can be denied a stockbroker's license. She certainly has my vote. *Penthouse* has done it again. My thanks on a superb choice, as usual. *—B.C. (name withheld), Memphis, Tenn.*

I feel sorry for October Pet of the Month, Miss Francis Cannon. It is downright unfair for her to be sandwiched between Miss Patricia Barrett, Pet of the Year, and that delectable Dutch lass, Miss Juliana van Troost. Miss Cannon has a pretty face, is well built, and has a more impressive set of knockers than the other two. There is, however, an erotic quality about Miss Barrett and Miss van Troost that Miss Cannon just doesn't project.

There is only one thing wrong with having had Miss Barrett as a Pet—where do you go from there? You are really going to have to search to find another girl who will even come close to matching her in pure beauty. I decided she would probably be chosen as Pet of the Year the first time I saw her picture. Sure enough, all the others were anticlimactic after Miss Barrett. My congratulations to her and best of luck to *Penthouse* in your search for a worthy successor. *—R.J. (name withheld), Columbus, Ohio*

Wazhazhe! 'Tis better said late than never. I have fairly flipped over the *Penthouse* Pet of the Year —oh, Cherokee! The aesthetic layout was beautiful. As much as that lovely lass, I dig a sharp mind.

Her analysis of love and sex reflects thoughtful philosophy. On that count, would you encourage, nay, prevail upon Cherokee to expound further? Possibly through the pages of your magazine. I love that youngster. That is a statement of affection and not affectation.

Keep up the good work. *—Name and address withheld*

Dr. Szasz

Penthouse is to be highly commended for a terrific interview with Dr. Thomas Szasz (October). The psychiatric inquisition has been going on much too long in this "highly civilized" and "advanced" culture of ours. It is high time the general public is alerted to the numerous myths and prejudices concerning "mental illness" and its various methods of treatment.

Dr. Szasz's discussion of the alliance between state and psychiatry is particularly important. Our social institutions, with the help of psychiatry, seem intent on producing and maintaining one level of consciousness—the drab, robotlike existence of the average American. Anyone deviating from this level of consciousness is labeled "insane" and can be imprisoned in a mental hospital with a complete loss of rights.

We are long overdue for a more comprehensive definition of sanity and more humane treatment of the "mentally ill." *—Rick Kline, Shelby, Ohio*

Your October Interview with Dr. Thomas Szasz mentions that Dr. Szasz is a co-founder and director of The American Association for the Abolition of Involuntary Mental Hospitalization. Any inquiries about the Association should be directed to me at AAAIMH, 301 Sedgwick Drive, Syracuse, N.Y. 13203. *—Roger E. Yanow, Secretary-Treasurer AAAIMH, Syracuse, N.Y.*

Your interview with Dr. Thomas Szasz probably gave a number of people new views about seeking help without being afraid to.

He appears to be far advanced in his practice and personal being. His views and beliefs are fantastic, especially those on personal freedom.

I believe that more people like Dr. Szasz would be of great benefit to us all. *—Joseph DiFiore, Jr., East Quogue, N.Y.*

Beautiful memories

My reason for writing this is the hope that a certain person will see it. I haven't seen him in ten years, nor do I have the slightest idea where he is. But I will always remember him.

When he was living in Niagara Falls, N.Y., I was one of the hundreds of girls who panted after him. He had the sleek sorority chicks, and the "bad girls" who "did it." He also owned the secret hearts of many shy and unattractive nobodies like me.

One night at a record hop, when I was fifteen and he was about seventeen, he invited me to go for a walk with him. We went to a vacant lot and laid down on the grass and necked until I was in a state of excitement I had never known before.

He undid my dress and took off my bra and gently kissed my breasts, which had never known anything but rough groping. He led my hand to his naked penis, the first I had ever touched, and showed me how to give him pleasure that way. Soon it was time to go back because the dance would be over. He helped me get pulled back together and carefully made sure I was all brushed off with no telltale pieces of grass sticking to my clothes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

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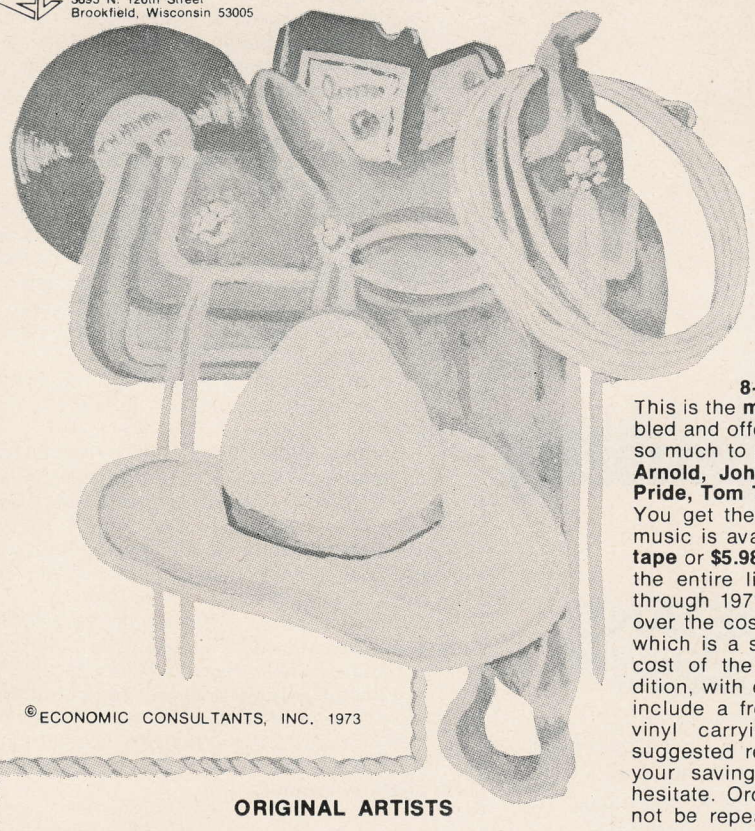

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ORIGINAL ARTISTS

TITLE	1955	ARTIST
Live Fast, Love Hard, Die Young		Faron Young
If You Were Me and I Were You		Webb Pierce
So Doggone Lonesome		Johnny Cash
Mystery Train		Elvis Presley
A Satisfied Mind		Porter Wagonor
There She Goes		Carl Smith
Folsom Prison Blues		Johnny Cash
Cattle Call		Eddy Arnold
You're Free To Go		Carl Smith
I Don't Care		Webb Pierce
Old Lonesome Times		Carl Smith
In The Jailhouse Now		Webb Pierce
I Forgot to Remember to Forget		Elvis Presley
Your Good For Nothing Heart		Webb Pierce
Eat, Drink and Be Marry		Porter Wagonor
Love, Love, Love		Webb Pierce

TITLE	1956	ARTIST
Heartbreak Hotel		Elvis Presley
I Walk the Line		Johnny Cash
I Was the One		Elvis Presley
My Lips Are Sealed		Jim Reeves
There You Go		Johnny Cash
Don't Be Cruel		Elvis Presley
Black Board of My Heart		Hank Thompson
Train of Love		Johnny Cash
Hound Dog		Elvis Presley
Crazy Arms		Ray Price
Love Me Tender		Elvis Presley
Blue Suede Shoes		Carl Perkins
I Want You, I Need You, I Love You		Elvis Presley
Singing the Blues		Marty Robbins
My Baby Left Me		Elvis Presley
I've Got a New Heartache		Ray Price

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
Great Balls of Fire		Jerry Lee Lewis
Teddy Bear		Elvis Presley
Geisha Girl		Hank Lochlin
4 Walls		Jim Reeves
Too Much		Elvis Presley
A White Sportcoat		Marty Robbins
My Shoes Keep Walkin' Back to You		Ray Price
Home of the Blues		Johnny Cash
Walkin' After Midnight		Patsy Cline
Knee Deep in the Blues		Marty Robbins
Jailhouse Rock		Elvis Presley
Bye Bye Love		Everly Brothers
Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On		Jerry Lee Lewis
All Shook Up		Elvis Presley
The Story of My Life		Marty Robbins
Give My Love to Rose		Johnny Cash

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
Ballad of a Teenage Queen		Johnny Cash
Billy Bayou		Jim Reeves
City Lights		Ray Price
All I Have to Do is Dream		Everly Brothers
I Can't Stop Lovin You		Don Gibson
Life to Go		Stonewall Jackson
Guess They Happen That Way		Johnny Cash
Bird Dog		Everly Brothers
Pick Me Up On Your Way Down		Charlie Walker
Don't		Elvis Presley
Squaws Along the Yukon		Hank Thompson
Come in Stranger		Johnny Cash
Devoted to You		Everly Brothers
Oh, Lonesome Me		Don Gibson
Send Me the Pillow You Dream On		Hank Locklin
The Ways of a Woman in Love		Johnny Cash

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
He'll Have to Go		Jim Reeves
White Lightning		George Jones
The Same Old Me		Ray Price
Don't Take Your Guns To Town		Johnny Cash
El Paso		Marty Robbins
Waterloo		Stonewall Jackson
The Battle of New Orleans		Johnny Horton
When It's Springtime in Alaska		Johnny Horton
Heartaches By the Number		Ray Price
Long Black Veil		Lefty Frizzell
I Got Stripes		Johnny Cash
Under Your Spell Again		Buck Owens
Am I That Easy to Forget?		Carl Belew
Scarlet Ribbons		Browns
Frankie's Man Johnny		Johnny Sea
Wishful Thinking		Wynn Stewart

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
Wings of a Dove		Ferlin Husky
Another		Roy Drusky
Please Help Me I'm Falling		Hank Locklin
(I Can't Help You) I'm Falling Too		Skeeter Davis
Alabama		Cowboy Copas
Window Up Above		George Jones
Above and Beyond		Buck Owens
I Missed Me		Jim Reeves
North to Alaska		Johnny Horton
You're the Only Good Thing		George Morgan
One More Time		Ray Price
Excuse Me		Buck Owens
Why I'm Walking		Stonewall Jackson
I'm Gettin Better		Jim Reeves
Sink the Bismark		Johnny Horton
Anymore		Roy Drusky

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
Foolin' Around		Buck Owens
I Dream of Hill Billy Heaven		Tex Ritter
Tender Years		George Jones
Hello Walls		Faron Young
I Fall to Pieces		Patsy Cline
I'd Rather Loan You Out		Roy Drusky
Walk on By		Leroy Van Dyke
Big Bad John		Jimmy Dean
Under the Influence of Love		Buck Owens
Signed, Sealed and Delivered		Cowboy Copas
Losing Your Love		Jim Reeves
Three Hearts in a Tangle		Roy Drusky
Oklahoma Hills		Hank Thompson
My Last Date (With You)		Skeeter Davis
Soft Rain		Ray Price
The Blizzard		Jim Reeves

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
Devil Woman		Marty Robbins
I've Been Everywhere		Hank Snow
She Thinks I Still Care		George Jones
Misery Loves Company		Porter Wagoner
Charlie's Shoes		Billy Walker
The End of the World		Skeeter Davis
Don't Let Me Cross Over		Carl Butler
P.T. 109		Jimmy Dean
The Ballad of Jed Clampet		Flatt and Scruggs
A Little Bitty Tear		Burl Ives
A Wound Time Can't Erase		Stonewall Jackson
A Girl I Used To Know		Geo. Jones
Woverton Mountain		Clyde King
A Little Heartache		Eddy Arnold
You're For Me		Buck Owens
Adios Amigo		Jim Reeves

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
Ring of Fire		Johnny Cash
Detroit City		Bobby Bare
Act Naturally		Buck Owens
B. J. The D. J.		Stonewall Jackson
Abilene		George Hamilton IV
Talk Back Trembling Lips		Ernest Ashworth
Six Days on the Road		Dave Dudly
Lonesome 7-7203		Hawkshaw Hawkins
The Matador		Johnny Cash
Sweet Dreams of You		Patsy Cline
500 Miles Away		Bobby Bare
Love's Gonna Live Here		Buck Owens
Mountain of Love		David Houston
Ninety Miles an Hour		Hank Snow
Guilty		Jim Reeves
Still		Bill Anderson

TITLE	1964	ARTIST
Understand Your Man		Johnny Cash
Dang Me		Roger Miller
My Heart Skips A Beat		Buck Owens
Saginaw Michigan		Lefty Frizzell
Don't Be Angry		Stonewall Jackson
The Race is On		Geo. Jones
It Ain't Me Babe		Johnny Cash
Chug-A-Lug		Roger Miller
Together Again		Buck Owens
Burning Memories		Ray Price
Cross The Bridge at Waco		Billy Walker
Miller's Cave		Bobby Bare
Sorrow on the Rocks		Porter Wagoner
Your Heart Turned Left		Geo. Jones
The Ballad of Ira Hays		Johnny Cash
Four Strong Winds		Bobby Bare

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
King of the Road		Roger Miller
This Is It		Jim Reeves
What's he doing in My World?		Eddy Arnold
Ribbon of Darkenss		Marty Robbins
Orange Blossom Special		Johnny Cash
The First Thing Every Morning		Jimmy Dean
May the Bird of Paradise Fly		Little Jimmy Dickens
Yes, Mr. Peters		Roy Drusky & Pris Mitchell
The D. J. Cried		Ernest Ashworth
England Swings		Roger Miller
Make the World Go Away		Eddy Arnold
Is it Really Over?		Jim Reeves
10 Little Bottles		Johnny Bond
The Other Woman		Ray Price
Flowers on the Wall		Statler Bros.
Yakety Axe		Chet Atkins

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
Blue Side of Lonesome		Jim Reeves
Take Good Care of Her		Sonny James
I Want to Go With You		Eddy Arnold
I Get the Fever		Bill Anderson
The One on the Left is on the Right		Johnny Cash
Don't Come Home a Drinkin'		Loretta Lynn
The Bottle Let Me Down		Merle Haggard
Tippy Toeing		Harden Trio
The Tips of My Finger		Eddy Arnold
Loser's Cathedral		David Houston
Snow Flake		Jim Reeves
Room in Your Heart		Sonny James
Evil on Your Mind		Jan Howard
Somebody Like Me		Eddy Arnold
Swinging Doors		Merle Haggard
Distant Drums		Jim Reeves

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
It's the Little Things		Sonny James
Sam's Piece		Buck Owens
Here Comes Heaven		Eddy Arnold
For Loving You		Bill Anderson
By the Time I Get to Phoenix		Glen Campbell
Walk Through This World With Me		George Jones
Your Tender Loving Care		Buck Owens
Jackson		Johnny Cash
Turn the World Around		Eddy Arnold
My Elusive Dreams		David Houston
Where Does the Good Times Go?		Buck Owens
Laura		Leon Ashley
I Don't Wanna Play House With You		Tammy Wynette
Sing Me Back Home		Merle Haggard
Tonight Carmen		Marty Robbins
Rosanna's Gone Wild		Johnny Cash

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
Daddy Sings Bass		Johnny Cash
I Wanna Live		Glen Campbell
Take Me to Your World		Tammy Wynette
Honey		Bobby Goldsboro
How Long Will My Baby Be Gone?		Buck Owens
Harper Valley P.T.A.		Jeannie C. Riley
Then You Tell Me Good-by		Eddy Arnold
I Walk Alone		Marty Robbins
D-I-V-O-R-C-E		Tammy Wynette
The Legend of Bonnie & Clyde		Merle Haggard
To Make Love Sweeter For You		Jerry Lee Lewis
Wichita Lineman		Glen Campbell
Stand By Your Man		Tammy Wynette
Mama Tried		Merle Haggard
Wild Weekends		Bill Anderson
What's Made Milwaukee Famous		Jerry Lee Lewis

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
Running Bear		Sonny James
Galveston		Glen Campbell
Johnny B. Good		Buck Owens
Okie From Muskogee		Merle Haggard
Singing my Song		Tammy Wynette
Baby, Baby (I know you're a lady)		David Houston
A Boy Named Sue		Johnny Cash
Only the Lonely		Sonny James
My Life		Bill Anderson
Is Anybody Going to San Antone?		Charley Pride
The Ways to Love a Man		Tammy Wynette
Who's Gonna Mow Your Grass		Buck Owens
A Week in a Country Jail		Tom T. Hall
That's a No No		Lynn Anderson
(I'm So) Afraid of Losing you Again		Charley Pride
Games People Play		Freddy Weller

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
Rose Garden		Lynn Anderson
Sunday Morning Coming Down		Johnny Cash
My Woman, My Woman		Marty Robbins
He Loves Me All the Way		Tammy Wynette
I Can't Believe that You've Stopped Loving Me		Charley Pride
15 Years Ago		Conway Twitty
Coal Miners Daughter		Loretta Lynn
There Must be More Love Than This		Jerry Lee Lewis
Flesh & Blood		Johnny Cash
For the Good Times		Roy Price
Run, Woman Run		Tammy Wynette
Long, Long Texas Road		Roy Drusky
The Pool Shark		Dave Dudley
If I were a Carpenter		J. Cash & J. Carter
All for the Love of Sunshine		Hank Williams Jr.
The Wonders You Perform		Tammy Wynette

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
Bright Lights		Sonny James
Carolyn		Merle Haggard
You're My Man		Lynn Anderson
Me & You & a Dog Named Boo		Stonewall Jackson
How Much More Can She Stand		Conway Twitty
Quits		Bill Anderson
Good Lovin		Tammy Wynette
It's Four in The Morning		Faron Young
Man in Black		Johnny Cash
Coat of Many Colors		Dolly Parton
The Year that Clayton Delany Died		Tom T. Hall
When You're Hot You're Hot		Jerry Reed
She's All I Got		Johnny Paycheck
One's on the Way		Loretta Lynn
Would You Take Another Chance with Me		Jerry Lee Lewis
Always Remember		Bill Anderson

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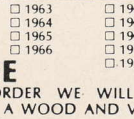

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CHECK _____ MONEY _____ OTHER _____

On the way back, I asked him why he didn't take advantage of the situation by trying to "go all the way." He said he had enough sex to keep him happy, and, therefore, never did it with virgins. He told me my body was so nice I should be in one of the men's magazines.

Why do I remember this so clearly? Because it was my first indication that sex could be something more than sweaty groping and pushing. It was the first time I realized there was vast potential enjoyment in it for girls as well as for boys. But he didn't take advantage of my newly aroused excitement and confusion, to create a situation I wasn't prepared to handle.

His gentle, tender, considerate actions are among the most beautiful memories of my life.

In these ten years, I have progressed pretty far in the lovemaking department. My dream is that someday we'll run into each other again and I will be able to express the feelings his memory inspires.

I would like to give him an experience that *he* would remember for ten years. I owe him this for what he did—which was to give me some badly needed confidence in my attractiveness, and open up new worlds of beauty—and for what he didn't do, because he could have capitalized on the experience in such a way that would have turned me off from sex for a long time. So I hope our paths meet sometime.—*Name and address withheld*

Thanks for the chocolate bar

Ray Bradbury's *Have I Got a Chocolate Bar For You* (October) is heartwarming, affectionate, and a mini-masterpiece of the year.

The editors of *Penthouse* have gained my deepest respect for the publication of this work. —*Richard Klasko, Mount Pocono, Pa.*

Wishing Wanda well

Please keep up with Wicked Wanda—absolutely the best, the funniest, and the sexiest. The detail, the color, and the imagination are super. I am still quivering over the Woodstock Generation. Do something like this again and keep up all the other good things.—*D.O. (name withheld), Palo Alto, Calif.*

Pain and pleasure

I was a twenty-two-year-old bride, and was a very sloppy housekeeper, a nagger, and a chunk of ice in the bedroom.

My husband stood me as long as he could before he took action. One night he came home from the midnight shift at the factory, and after crawling into bed he tried to make love to me, but I resisted his efforts.

Seething with anger, my husband hopped out of bed, grabbed a wooden hairbrush on the dressing table, and flung me over his knee.

For the next several minutes my backside felt the full impact of the hairbrush. As the strokes connected, I felt a sensational pain in my posterior and at the same time I felt a strong desire to have sex.

Falling back on the bed, I spread my legs and my husband mounted me. For the first time, we had wonderful sex which we both enjoyed. The spanking is responsible for this.

Now, whenever I feel like having sex, my husband obliges, but first we have a session with the hairbrush. A happier sex life has made me a better housekeeper, mother, and wife.—*Name and address withheld*

Son of the king of rock 'n' roll

I have been reading *Penthouse* for a year now. Just finishing this month's issue (October), I must say this is the finest one I have read. Henry Morgan is very humorous and I am glad he makes a regular contribution to your great magazine. William Corson's amnesty article, and the interview with Dr. Thomas Szasz were very interesting.

Many times I have felt like writing to you, but I thought you'd probably get thousands of letters sharing the same opinion. I'd like to know how many people share my feelings this time.

I especially like *Son of the King of Rock 'n' Roll*. I am bored with life and want all the action they had in the Fifties. But since I'm only twenty, I'm too young to remember those golden oldies —but when I hear them on the radio now, I go insane. Fortunately we have two oldies stations in this area. That's all I listen to.

I hope the old style rock and roll becomes popular again, and we can "let the good times roll."

Congratulations, Philip Cioffari, on your fantastic story. And, *Penthouse*, keep up the good work. —*B.K. (name withheld), Los Altos Hills, Calif.*

I have never written to a magazine before, but I had to write you concerning *Son of the King of Rock 'n' Roll* (October).

I'm an oldie freak and I grew up with all the songs that Mr. Cioffari mentioned. I also grew up in the area where the story takes place.

I'd like to say Wow! Great! Terrific! about this story. I hope there is a chance for more of Mr. Cioffari's nostalgia in future issues. Long live *Son of the King of Rock 'n' Roll.*—*J.H. (name withheld), Bronx, N.Y.*

I am thirty-three-years-old, married, and the mother of a four-year-old daughter. It is midmorning and I have just finished reading *Son of the King of Rock 'n' Roll*, which is in the October issue of *Penthouse*.

I am writing to tell you how deeply that beautiful and sensuous story touched me. I haven't been so touched in a long time. I think Philip Cioffari is a very talented and beautiful person, as well as a wonderful author. His story turned me on like nothing before—even though it was so sad. It is good to see a love story like his, one so realistic and yet fictional. It moved me.

Thank you for making my day.—*Name and address withheld*

Political comment

Suppose you are an apple grower, and you hire someone to pick these apples but this person seems to pick an awful lot of rotten apples. Wouldn't it seem logical to find a new apple picker?—*Name and address withheld*

Overactive imaginations

I am a thirty-three-year-old man, who since early this summer has been a man without love. I was a Cub Scout leader of boys between the ages of ten and eleven years old.

One day a boy from my pack brought me a den chief, an older boy to join my pack. His name was Billy and he was thirteen years old. He started to ask questions about the pack and I could see in his eyes the deep loneliness that I also experienced. I took to him right away. I started seeing him regularly, doing things with him every day, taking him to ball games, fishing, movies.

Well, that is over now, thanks to this society. The word spread that I was a homosexual and while walking the street I would hear remarks to that effect. I didn't pay much attention to the comments, as I was only showing Billy a good time and never suggested or approached him in any way. Billy just made me feel good when I was with him.

But in this little Peyton Place where I live, word

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got around fast. Billy's father, who works two jobs and is never home, threatened me through his mother, who was a very heavy drinker.

In this world there must be a place for me somewhere. I would like to hear some comments from your readers, as I don't think the subject has been brought up yet.—*Name and address withheld*

A plea for understanding

I am small-breasted, and barely start to fill a 34-A cup. I am twenty-four and have two children who I very successfully nursed, each for twelve and a half months.

I was always able to cope with my breast size by developing my sexual abilities and an optimistic attitude. But lately I am extremely depressed about my figure.

My husband looks at *Penthouse* and compares the breasts of the photographed girls to mine. He sighs loud enough to be sure I will hear, and then he tells me how great they look. He continually calls me "flat-chested," and gapes at girls on the street.

In desperation, I ask him, "What can I do? I am what I am."

I have done exercises faithfully for ten years and I don't want to mess up my body with hormones, creams, surgery, etc., in case I want to conceive and nurse again. What's the solution? Why are some men so hung-up on breasts? —*Name and address withheld*

I very much enjoy reading the articles and stories in *Penthouse* and looking at the lovely girls. I would like to respond to some of your letters praising large-breasted women and the ability of large breasts to be more stimulating. I don't agree with this.

After the breasts grow over a certain size, they aren't as shapely and have a tendency to sag more. I am aroused by a lovely pair of breasts no matter what size they are. Small breasts can be quite appealing. The most important thing to me is whether it pleases the woman to have her breasts caressed and kissed. Sensitivity is the key. To use an old cliché, "More than a mouthful is wasted anyway."

Take heart, small-breasted women! There are some men who really admire small breasts. It is the woman behind them that gives them their appeal.—*Name withheld, Placerville, Calif.*

Rave for the rubdown

My husband and I are avid readers of your magazine and we thought we might contribute this suggestion for bringing variety into the average sex life. We are a happily married couple in our early thirties.

The first few years of our marriage were exciting since I had no premarital sexual experience. But as in most marriages, the "newness" wore off and we found ourselves a little bored sexually. This came to a crisis point when my husband brought home a "swingers" magazine and suggested we give it a try. At first I was hurt and angry. But eventually we were able to discuss it openly. My strict Catholic upbringing just wouldn't let me accept the idea of a "swap." We tried improving our erotic stimuli to each other. When we went out, I wouldn't wear anything under my dress, we made love in the car and at motels, etc., but while these things were all fun there was still something lacking.

Quite by accident I stumbled upon an answer. I'm a member of a health club, and part of the exercise schedule calls for a massage at the close of the workout. I always enjoyed the massage, found it relaxing, and enjoyed chatting with the masseuse. But I had never considered it an erotic experience since I have no bisexual interests. One afternoon I was drowsing on the table after a particularly hard workout when I suddenly realized that I was reacting to the rhythmic stroking massage of my thighs. My hips were rotating and, although I was very apprehensive, I couldn't stop! Though no words were spoken, the young girl gradually localized the massage, gently stroking my pubic area and finally massaging my clitoris. My orgasm lifted my hips from the table and afterward I was truly relaxed. The masseuse was so casual and businesslike that I felt no guilt and from a later discussion I found that she provides this same massage to many of her patrons and does not consider herself or the act bisexual—just a friendly physical experience. When I told my husband of it that evening he was fantastically aroused. We made love for hours. We tried the massage at a local "parlor" with both of us present and watching. Although he really enjoys this, and I enjoy turning him on, I find his presence inhibiting. However, I have continued the massages at the health spa, and never fail to achieve fantastic orgasms and to turn him on by telling him about them. This has provided a necessary outside stimulus without the frightening commitment of "swinging." We have not limited our outside stimuli to this, having developed a non-swapping relationship with a couple with whom we can discuss our fantasies. We have found the massage to be an exciting, relaxing, and totally gratifying experience.—*Name and address withheld*

Prison letters

Here at the Oregon State Penitentiary, there is virtually no real program to help an inmate rehabilitate himself.

It seems to many of us that this institution, with its supply of low-cost labor, is more concerned with the manufacturing and marketing of goods in its industrial centers than it is in rehabilitating a useful member of society.

During a two-year period here there were two murders, three deaths through accident, and one death by suicide, not to mention the number of inmates who have tried to commit suicide.

Two guards were recently fired for the crime of assaulting a sixty-year-old inmate. And just last week, an inmate was brutally stabbed in the chest and beaten while in his cell. Also, at this time, there are more than forty inmates confined in a special unit for minor violations.

I challenge any free community of nine hundred people to match this much human misery. And I do not mention the grief and misery that an inmate's family must endure while their loved one is locked away.

There have been prison tours virtually as long as there have been prisons, but the public that comes on such a tour through O.S.P. should know better than to take at face value what they are shown by the prison administrators.

I'm not trying to say that the fault lies entirely in the prison system, only that there is little effort being made by the administrators to remedy the problems we have.

I know of no cures for the problems we have. I only know of the deplorable conditions of inmate life, and of this system we have here at Oregon State Penitentiary that only provokes the problems that inmates and society already have.—*Name withheld*

I read *Penthouse* whenever I can get it. As a prisoner, I would like to comment on America's history and penal system.

In the first place, our country was founded by a "criminal element," who revolted against a government of tyrants. History books reveal that those revolutionists were heroes who rid themselves of the chains of political bondage. Back then, criminals were heroes.

Then, our "American" ancestors stole the land from the Indians, killed, raped, robbed, and put the "heathens" in reservations and continually broke their own treaties. Again, history books tell us that these "Christian" men were heroes of America when, in reality, they were nothing more than the lowest of criminals. The Indians, who were supposed to starve to death, didn't, so they were moved to even more barren land in a cheap and unsuccessful attempt at genocide. There are many of these reservations in Southern California, unless, of course, oil was found under them.

Today's prison systems throughout America are based upon the same reservation system, the difference being it costs much more to run prisons than reservations. The cost is much more than most Americans realize. Sham rehabilitation programs are widespread, their main consequence being the return of today's prisoner, after his or her release, right back to prison.

Prisoners are stripped of their identity, just as the Indian's identity was stripped from him. Prisons only alienate men and women further from society, just as reservations help to further alienate Indians. American's prison systems are geared to keep a person in prison, not to help him adjust to society's standards.—*Name withheld, Jackson, Mich.*

Special preference

About six months ago, I stayed home from work to dry out after overindulging at a wedding reception I had attended the previous evening. Around midmorning, I went into the backyard for some fresh air. My next-door neighbor saw me and asked why I wasn't at work. She is a fairly attractive widow, about fifty, and has a shy manner. I have helped her several times with odd jobs and became fairly friendly with her. When I told her about my hangover, she seemed to blush and became slightly excited. Pretending to be angry, she scolded me and started leading me by the arm to her house.

In her kitchen, I watched while she mixed several spoonfuls of baking soda in a pitcher of warm water. I told her that drinking soda water wouldn't help me, but she only laughed. When she began to swish a bar of soap in the solution, I became alarmed and said there was no way I would drink that stuff. She laughed again and said, "Of course not, silly. I'm going to give you an enema." I thought she was kidding until she fetched an enema bag and poured the mixture into it. When I tried to protest, she continued her mock severity and said, "No arguments, young man," and marched me into the bathroom.

She started unbuttoning my shirt and I became embarrassed and told her I would just lower my trousers. But she insisted on removing every stitch I was wearing. When I was naked, she instructed me to kneel on a towel with my head low and buttocks high. She knelt next to me and inserted the enema nozzle, telling me to let her know when it started to hurt. Soon I felt quite full and told her. She removed the nozzle from my rectum and I thought the treatment was completed. Instead, she massaged my belly for a minute, reinserted the nozzle, and continued the enema.

Later that day, I felt better and went over to thank her for helping me. She told me she found enemas very stimulating, but that giving herself an enema was too awkward to perform as often as she would like. I jokingly said I would give her one anytime she wanted me to. To my astonishment, she asked me to give her one right then and there. I asked her how she wanted me to give it to her, and she said to just do what

she had done for me. As I stripped her, I got a terrific erection. Seeing her naked, I couldn't keep my hands off her, and we had intercourse right there on the floor. Since that day, we have given each other several enemas with sex afterward. I have found that they are very pleasant sex stimulants.—*Name and address withheld*

Batman and Robin

Congratulations on a job well done in the November issue, especially the Batman and Robin interview. It was very interesting. However, the article leaves a disturbing implication—that the system created by the bureaucrats and politicians is influencing the enforcement of the law. This same system is ruining the United States at the highest levels—look at Watergate and the Agnew affair.

Hantz and Greenberg, it seems, were two cops trying to be honest and dedicated in an overly organized society that is corrupt.

As a Canadian, I am sympathetic to what crime has done to American cities. I think the basic problem is lax gun control. But who enacts these laws? The same corrupt bureaucrats in Washington who are listening to the gun lobbyists who want to protect the industry.—*D.B. (name withheld), Toronto, Ontario*

Monopede mania

Over a year ago my husband showed me the letters in *Penthouse* from and about female amputees, and since that time I have read them all faithfully with a mixture of feelings: gratitude to *Penthouse* for dragging us one-leggers and our sister one-armers out from the unmentionable class, and pleased surprise to learn that men find us especially sexy, even though I am sorry to realize that I do not qualify for the really sexy sisterhood because I have no stump. Except for that disastrous southwest pelvic area I am not otherwise unattractive.

I could perhaps qualify for associate membership in the sisterhood by virtue of my considerable virtuosity as a hopper—and my breasts *do* bounce nicely when I hop, even though I have no stump to wave enticingly. It all stems from my two-legged girlhood and my passion for dancing, which has carried over into my one-legged womanhood the ballerina's fierce devotion to physical discipline and her unquenchable need to dance. So I dance, with only my husband an occasional onlooker, and keep in superb physical condition, a true monopede.

Since an artificial limb is of little use without a stump to propel it, we stumpless one-leggers, if we wish to use our hands while we move about, must hop. I can carry two filled cups of coffee across the room without spilling and without rattling the lamps. When I use my crutches I become a three-legger, able to take four-foot strides, and I can outwalk any two-legger, male or female.

My amputation was a traumatic experience, of course, followed by deep depression, but after this reaction there was a swift change to a determination to compensate. I have done this not only by mobilizing all of my physical and intellectual resources, but also by resolving to be the best sex partner my disabilities will allow. My husband, who never knew me as a two-legger, is a strong, understanding, and compassionate man, and with him I am what must be the world's happiest woman. I suspect I have my amputation to thank for finding myself and my true potential, and if I had the choice of trading any of this to be whole again, I certainly wouldn't.

I enjoy reading the letters and identifying with the one-legged heroines and their sexual adventures, even though none of them is stumpless like me, and I recognize that many of them must be fantasies themselves. I also appreciate what

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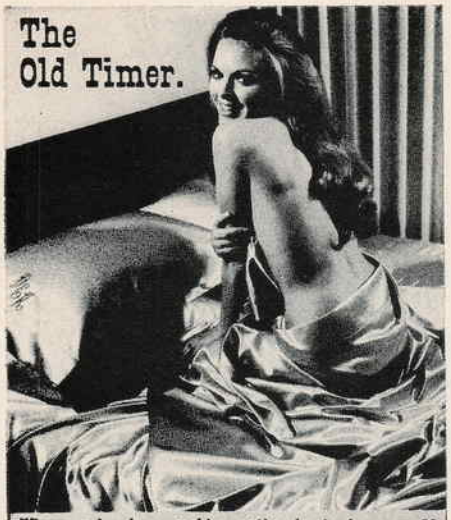

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so many of your correspondents remark about the unusual sexuality of one-legged women. We have that drive to compensate for our sadly damaged self-images, and we try harder! I feel as though I should contribute a few sexual adventures of my own, but all I can perceive in the way of sexual advantage in being a stumpless, one-legged woman is the ability to perform in a few positions impossible for any other female. This adds to variety, but I would cheerfully trade this small gain for a good leg, or even a stump.

A little exhibitionism must be required for a one-legged woman to write about herself to a men's magazine. If I had a stump, and if I were just a wee bit younger, I would try to overcome your addiction to those beautiful two-leggers, and send you my picture. I hope some nice one-legger does—a lot of us would cheer.—*Name and address withheld*

Thank you for *Penthouse* and the Forum letter section. Some of the views expressed have helped me greatly. Just allowing issues like Monopede Mania to be voiced is a help to a lot of people.

I feel that amputee women are *people* too. Although it's nice, a mere passion for a certain part of the anatomy (or lack of it) is a solitary thing. What I'm saying is that just because a man finds the type of woman he is attracted to, they don't necessarily have a relationship. I think many men are so preoccupied with finding the "right woman," that they don't stop to ask themselves, "What is she getting out of this?" I think this is why women feel that they are being treated as objects.

I am an open and sincere guy who likes women in general and amputee women in particular. I have many friends, but I always like to make new ones. I'm sure there are many other men who feel the same way. To any woman who feels she is lonely because of a handicap, such as H.K. in November Forum, I would say, "Don't lock yourself at home, come out and meet us."—*J.C. (name withheld), Los Angeles, Calif.*

Variations

I had been reading your magazine on a semi-regular basis, but when Xaviera Hollander began writing her informative erotic column, *Call Me Madam*, I began to read *Penthouse* monthly.

I was fascinated by one letter from the distraught victim of an anal fetishist. I fantasize his girl friend as a lesbian—the two of us spending hours together licking each other's behinds.

My current lover enjoys all variations, but I really go crazy when she gives me a "nose job." Your women are beautiful and I love them—but let's have less bush and more tush.—*Name and address withheld*

I have found your Pets really delightful to look at, especially for an oldster like myself. We tend to be called dirty old men because we enjoy seeing the female form as it should be, not the shapeless messes we see around us. I particularly enjoyed Anneka de Lorenzo (September) who is the most exquisitely formed of all your Pets. I'd like to request that sometime *Penthouse*, if possible, show some beauties without their pubic hair. I believe there might be some interesting revelations.—*J.T. (name and address withheld)*

The lubricant's tale

I have enjoyed letters from other women in *Penthouse*, and I would like to tell you and your readers a little story that happened this summer.

A friend of mine came to visit for the week. She had just been divorced. Over cocktails and lunch we discussed, among other things, the sexual merits of our respective husbands; apparently hers had very few. We then decided to take a nude sunbath on the upstairs porch. When we got undressed, she was fascinated that I was shaved. She could not take her eyes off me. After a few minutes on the porch, she offered to put body oil on me, which I accepted. She rubbed it all over me, particularly on my behind, and I found myself becoming very aroused. She asked me to roll over so she could do the front, and I gladly did. She started on my stomach, then went up to my breasts and started playing with my nipples. I couldn't help but moan and open my legs a little. I was old enough to know what was going to happen next, and it did. She started kissing my breasts and put her finger on my clit and started rubbing it. I pushed her head down, and she went willingly. I never had a woman do that to me before, but it was great. While she was doing it, I knew that I wanted to do the same to her. After I had a wonderful orgasm and relaxed for a few minutes, I started the same rubdown on her. What a delight it was to suck her breasts (now I know why men enjoy it so much). Finally I went down on her, and it was wonderful. I had never done this before and, while I won't make a habit of it, I will do it again. After this we decided to shave her, which I did. We then decided to have some fun with my husband when he came home. We both put on mini-skirts and see-through blouses and fixed him drinks; also, we went out of our way to bend over in front of him and we were soon telling him about the delights we had all afternoon.

As it was hot when he got home, he had changed into shorts. I could see his erection growing. Finally, we told him to shut his eyes, because we had a surprise for him. With that, we both took off our clothes and sat on the coffee table with our legs open. Then we told him to open his eyes and look. He got really hard and we both started playing with him as well as playing with each other. We then both went down on him trading it back and forth. When he came, we kissed so that we could both taste him. We kept this up the whole week, with many more things that are too involved to describe, except that there were no inhibitions on anyone's part. —*Name and address withheld*

Zero government

In his excellent article *Zero Government: Anarchy on the Right* (November 1973) Samuel Blumenfeld has contributed a creditable addition to the growing literature documenting the dynamic libertarian movement in America. A minor flaw in the article, however, is the implicit assertion that libertarianism is a right-wing phenomenon.

In fact, libertarians reject the contemporary left-right political spectrum as philosophically meaningless. They present a consistent political philosophy that upholds the sovereignty of the individual in both the social and economic spheres.

It has been my experience that individuals who have come into the libertarian movement are about equally divided in terms of their political background. Libertarianism is every bit as much a movement of the "left" as it is of the "right."—*Edward H. Crane, III, Vice-Chairman, Libertarian Party of California, Los Angeles, Calif.*

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AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

Prince, Henry James (1811–99): Religious crank who believed that he was the prophet Elijah and inhabited by the Holy Ghost. When the Church of England refused to accept these claims, he became a lay preacher and made a great deal of money from pamphlets such as *How You May Know Whether You Do or Do Not Believe in Jesus Christ*. With this money, plus the proceeds from two astute marriages, he set up the Agapemone or "Abode of Love" in Somerset, England. It was a vast commune, covering two-hundred acres and opulently built, with—during its heyday in the 1850's—more than one thousand inhabitants. The commune's tenets were obscure but one of its main ones was unlicensed sexual intercourse between the members and especially with Prince, who styled himself "The Beloved." In the chapel, which was furnished with sofas and a billiard-table, Prince publicly copulated with a Miss Paterson, assuring her that she would not become pregnant. When she did, he explained that it was the Devil's last despairing fling. In 1860, a scandal occurred when a disenchanted disciple accused Prince of obtaining money from her under false pretences, and the Abode began to decline. It was briefly revived in the 1890's by Reverend J.H. Smyth-Pigott who moved in with a horde of lady-worshippers and their communal children. But Smyth-Pigott also ran into scandal and was denounced for "immorality, uncleanness, and wickedness of life." Prince survived to the ripe old age of eighty-eight and was then buried in the prescribed Agapemonite fashion—standing up.

Procopius (c. 499–565): Byzantine historian. Born in Palestine, after a spell as a lawyer and later as private secretary to the military commander Belisarius, he returned to Byzantium to become official historian to the Emperor Justinian. In this capacity he published lavishly flattering accounts of Justinian's campaigns and public works, but he simultaneously kept a secret, frank and scurrilous record of all the things he had had to suppress in his published works—especially the scandalous careers of the ex-prostitute Empress Theodora (*q.v.*) and her friend Antonina, Belisarius's wife, who openly conducted a passionate affair with her adopted son. The record was published posthumously.

promiscuity: A general word meaning "indiscriminate" or "confused" which—like the word "intercourse"—has acquired a specifically sexual connotation. Many definitions of promiscuity have been attempted but none is really satisfactory and some are positively eccentric, like the view of one religious writer that a married couple "who love each other too ardently" are acting promiscuously, or the statement by the San Francisco City Clinic in 1945 that a promiscuous woman was one who had sexual relations with more than one man or even with the same man more than twice in six months! In today's usage, promiscuity generally means wide-ranging sexual activity with many partners. Kinsey talked of "the greater promiscuity of the male" and the male's "greater inclination to be promiscuous," suggesting that men have a built-in psychological bias towards promiscuity while women do not. He thought this was due to male curiosity—the desire to compare genital anatomy, erotic techniques, and physical responses of a variety of partners. Whatever the motive, Kinsey certainly found overwhelming evidence to support his theory of greater male promiscuity than female. None of the women in his sample, but 8 percent of the men, had experienced premarital sexual intercourse with more than thirty partners. One percent of men had premarital coitus with over one hundred partners. But even this figure seems insignificant compared with the opportunities offered by polygamous societies. King Solomon, for instance, is said to have had 700 wives and 300 concubines; and the celebrated King of Loango reportedly had no less than 7,000 wives! Much psychiatric theory hinges on the idea that a *female* urge to be promiscuous is pathological, but that similar male urges are "normal." Clearly some female promiscuity is a symptom of psychological sickness, with each new encounter bringing nothing but bitterness, but this condition could also be true for some men. No evidence exists of widespread promiscuity among young people in Britain, the U.S., Australia, or other developed countries. In the British Schofield survey (*The Sexual Behaviour of Young People*) only 6 percent of teenage boys reported sleeping with more than three partners in the last year. Recent American research yields similar results: Weiner (in *Psychiatry*, Feb. 1972) gives data to show that the notion of widespread promiscuity among teenagers has no basis; and Offer (in *Journal of Youth and Adolescence*, March 1972), following a detailed investigation of 1,500 teenagers in the U.S. and Australia, found no evidence of a "sexual revolution." Promiscuity, therefore, seems to be relatively rare, presents no intractable social problems, and is consistently overstressed by moralists.

prophylactoria: Reform homes in Russia and China where prostitutes are rehabilitated and trained for other work. Established in Russia almost immediately after the October Revolution under the auspices of the Public Health Office Central Council for the Suppression of Prostitution, the homes are described as "protective nursing and labor institutes for homeless and unemployed, venereally-infected women." Though not ostensibly punitive in aim, prostitutes could be forced to enter them under Article 35 of the Penal Code as "socially dangerous elements of the population." Similar prophylactoria exist in Red China. One set up near Shanghai in 1951 (when all the streetwalkers were rounded up) bears the slogan over the door, "We are fighting against the degradation of womanhood and are striving for the creation of a new human being." Girls are kept there in virtual isolation for about six months, and trained for factory work. According to statistics published in 1958, 3,100 girls had then passed through the institution and fewer than 1 percent had subsequently relapsed to their old trade. Most observers agree that prostitution appears to have been effectively stamped out in China, but is enjoying a slight resurgence in Russia.

prostitution: The selling of sexual favors for money or other remuneration. Rightly called "the oldest profession," since it seems to have occurred in every known civilization. The Bible mentions "harlots" forty-four times and "whores" and "whoremongers" fifty-three times. The Greeks and Romans had licensed brothels and an elaborate system of classification with set charges accordingly. One object which has survived from Ancient Greece is a streetwalker's sandal with the Greek word for "follow me" cut out on the sole so that prospective clients could track down their quarry by her footprints. Greek and Roman pros-

Culver Pictures

titutes also wore clothes of a special color to mark out their profession and distinguish them from "respectable" women. This useful form of self-advertisement was unofficially employed by British and American tarts until recently by wearing absurdly high heels and split skirts. But now that "tarty" clothes are all the rage it is harder to sort out the pros from the cons. Parisian "putains" in the St. Denis area, however, still mark themselves out by wearing white PVC skirts or macs. Historically and presently, prostitution can be quite a high-class profession, specifically the Babylonian temple prostitutes, Greek *hetairai*, Venetian courtesans, Japanese geishas, the business-deal "sweeteners" in modern America, and the consorts of occasional British cabinet ministers. Viewing prostitution as degrading is more a reflection on an anti-sexual culture than on any inherent feature of the profession itself. Furthermore, the old myth that all prostitutes had venereal disease was exploded by a survey of New York operators which found only 13 percent infected. The majority of prostitutes are women, but boy prostitutes are common in the Arab world and child prostitutes were widespread in Europe in the 19th century. Even in America in the 1940's, underage girls were found soliciting in the streets and in 1942 it was proposed that New

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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We've been waiting all year for this: to point out we didn't adopt Cupid's own symbol for Arrow Cordials for nothing.

We did it, way back in the beginning, because cordials make you feel friendly, even affectionate sometimes.

And since, we assume, that's exactly the way you feel about somebody special in your life, giving an Arrow Cordial for Valentine's Day is one way you can let that person know how you feel.

The advantages of Arrow® Cordials over other tokens of affection are so numerous, in our mind anyway, a complete listing would run off the page. But we should point out two.

For one thing, in a lot of stores, you can buy our cordials in a nice Valentine's Day gift carton that can save you the bother of wrapping.

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Give something beautiful to drink.

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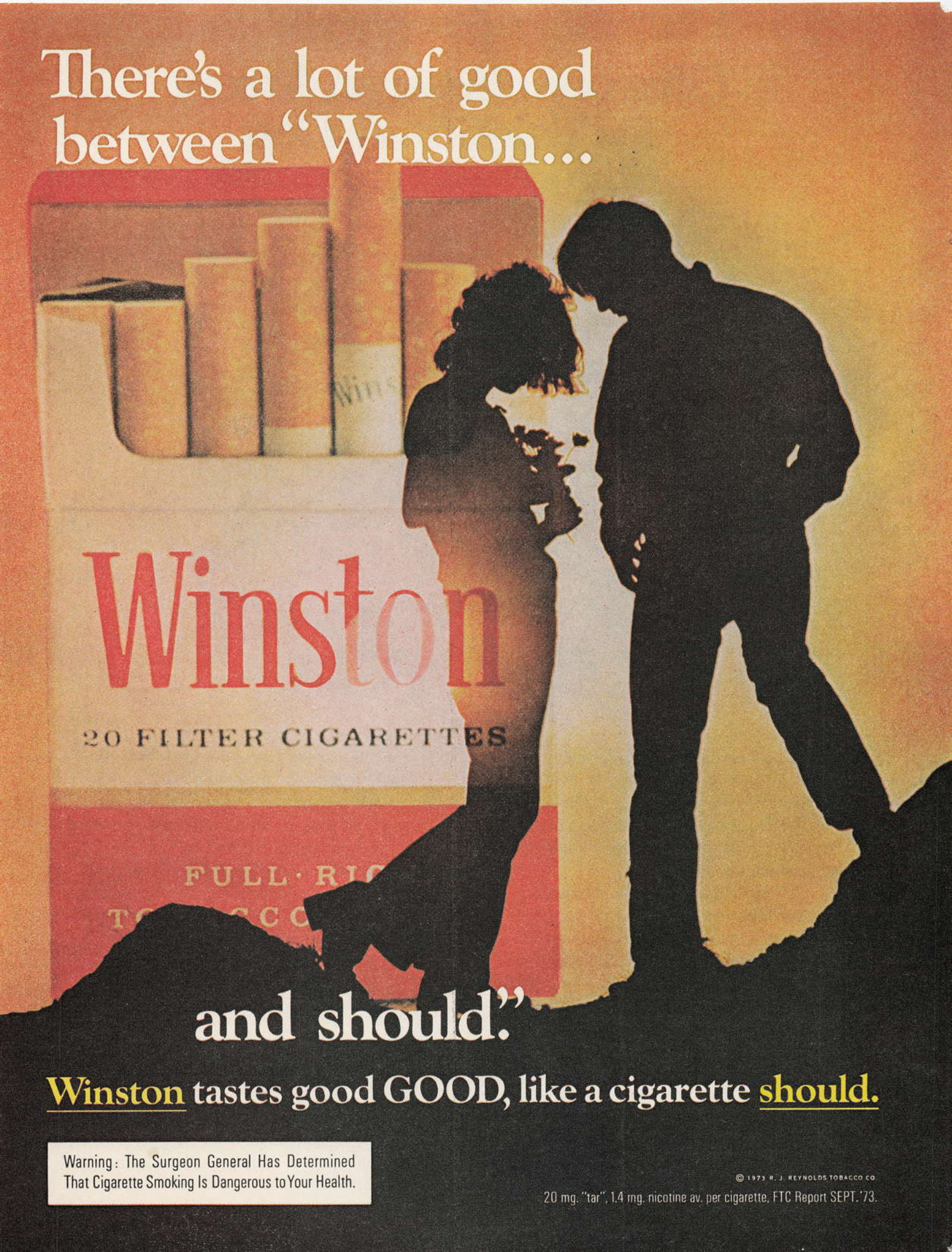
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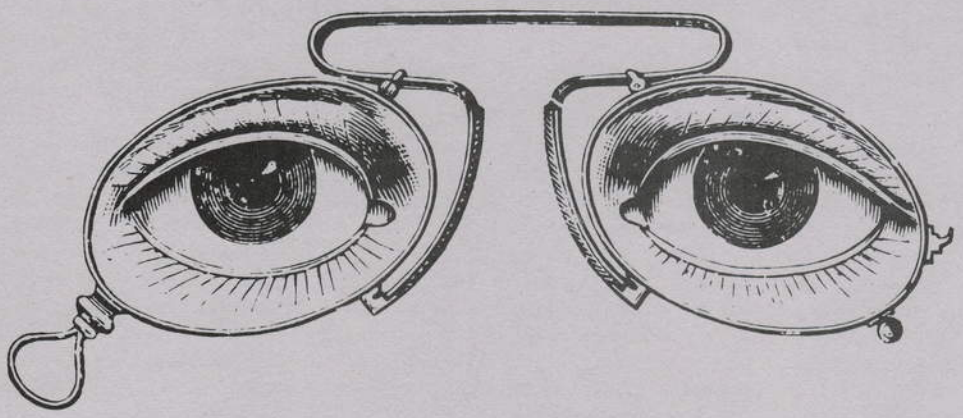
20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



EVERYBODY DOES IT

Once upon a time—about ninescore and eighteen years ago—a bunch of very bright fellows called "forefathers" got together and decided to start a new country. Not that the world really needed another country. But this one, they said, would be different.

They wanted to try a few new ideas they had picked up from some far-out French and English philosophers. Things like: a government designed to act as servant of the people instead of their master; a division of power among three separate branches, each to keep an eye on the other two, and a free press to keep an eye on all three.

Of course these forefathers were not what we would call professional politicians. They were mostly merchants and farmers. There was a printer-inventor-diplomat named Ben Franklin. And a Virginia planter named George Washington who wrote articles (along with King George III) for a British farming magazine called *Horse Hoeing Husbandry*. And a lawyer-architect-fiddler named Tom Jefferson. Also James Madison, John Adams, and others—including a few out-and-out revolutionaries and agitators like Sam Adams and Tom Paine.

The first thing these forefathers did was to draw up a paper stating that from then on this new country was in business for itself—and that the people were no longer subjects, but citizens. They did such a good job that eventually it was made into a Broadway musical and later a movie called *1776*.

It took another thirteen years to win the war, write a constitution, get it ratified, and elect a president.

It's all in the history books. But what they don't mention is that afterwards, the forefathers agreed to keep an eye on their experiment by sending a committee out once a year to scout around and report back on how it was going. The committee has been meeting every Fourth of July at Philadelphia's Independence Hall to compare notes and write a report. Through our own sources, we have managed to get portions of the minutes of last summer's meeting.

WASHINGTON: All right, boys, let's settle down. We've got a lot to go over——

FRANKLIN: And none of it very pleasant, I'm afraid.

JEFFERSON: Damn! Summers in Philly are still as brutal as ever. I don't know how we ever got any work done here.

ADAMS: It's no better in George's town, Tom.

WASHINGTON: Well, we didn't come here to talk about the weather. Suppose we get right down to the state of the nation. Ben, what do you think?

FRANKLIN: It stinks.

JEFFERSON: I'll go along with that. Now what do you say we adjourn?

WASHINGTON: Come on now, gentlemen. You know we can't turn in a report like that.

ADAMS: Besides, we have to work up some plans for the big bicentennial bash three years from now. We have to figure out something really impressive.

WASHINGTON: No, I mean we need some details on the state of the nation.

JEFFERSON: You want some details? All right, I'll give you some details. The government is barely functioning. Those who haven't resigned are under a cloud, because—among other things—the last election appears to have been stolen. Special favors are for sale to the highest bidders. They're going through not one but several Constitutional crises. Our ingenious system of checks and balances is a shambles. The people are turned off—they don't want to hear about it. They just go around saying, "So what? Everybody does it." I think that's become the national motto.

WASHINGTON: You make it sound awfully grim.

JEFFERSON: It's grim! Believe me, it's grim!

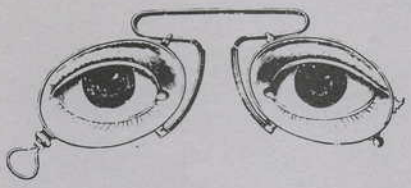
ADAMS: Oh, for God's sake, Tom! A little corruption? A few dirty tricks? Everybody——I mean, the country's gone through that kind of thing before and survived.

JEFFERSON: Yes, and maybe you've done your share to create a favorable climate for it. Don't think I've forgotten those "midnight judges" of yours. Appointing all those hacks to lifetime judgeships the night before your term expired just to louse up my administration.

ADAMS: And you survived that, didn't you? Besides, it was perfectly legal. You're just sore because I outsmarted you.

WASHINGTON: Now let's not waste time rehashing old battles.

JEFFERSON: George, it isn't so much the corruption that has me worried. It's the fact that



the people seem to have lost faith in freedom. I've heard them say there's too much of it.
ADAMS: You know why? Because it's been abused by all the protesters and demonstrators. First it was the peace marchers. Then Black Liberation. Then Youth Lib, Women's Lib, Gay Lib. Next they'll have a Minority-of-the-Month Club! Freedom's fine within limits. But people need a little peace and quiet too, you know.
JEFFERSON: We could have had that under George III, and saved a lot of trouble.
ADAMS: Well, there wasn't that kind of commotion while I was in the White House.
JEFFERSON: Of course not. You had a law passed making it a crime to criticize you or the Congress. You had opposition editors thrown in jail for ridiculing you. And with the ink hardly dry on the Bill of Rights! No wonder you were the first one-term President.
FRANKLIN: He has you there, John.
WASHINGTON: You've been rather quiet, Ben. Where do you think the trouble lies?
FRANKLIN: Too many career politicians running the government. And too many of them lawyers—no offense to present company, of course. There ought to be more ordinary people in the legislatures. Cab drivers, waiters, housewives. People who would be called up to serve for a session or two and then returned to their regular jobs. Just as they now do with jury duty. Let the lawyers work for them as expert advisers instead of running the whole show. After all, you wouldn't want to be tried by professional jurors, would you?
WASHINGTON: You know, that does sound more like what we had in mind.
FRANKLIN: I recall how our friend and honorary member, Lincoln, described it: "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Well, what they've got now looks more like government of the people by the *lawyers*, and for their *clients*.
JEFFERSON: The way things are going lately, a lot of them are too busy defending each other and trying to stay out of jail to worry about running the government.
ADAMS: Hey, it's getting late. Why don't we get to work on the plans for the big blowout in 1976? I've been sounding out opinions on that and I think we should——
JEFFERSON: I've got a better idea.
WASHINGTON: What's that, Tom?
JEFFERSON: Why don't we wait until next year and see if it looks like they're going to make it that far?
WASHINGTON: Fellow forefathers, do I hear a motion to adjourn to the bar for some refreshment?
FRANKLIN: So moved.
JEFFERSON: Seconded.
WASHINGTON: The motion is carried. Let's go.—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

COOL POOL

Composer and percussionist Max Neuhaus is deep into underwater music and he wants everyone to get in with him. He does cool pool pieces that last fifteen hours and he says things like, "Come in, the music is fine, and stay as long as you feel it." All you need is your bathing suit and towel for admission, but you must get *into* the pool to hear the music. Sitting on the side and dunking your head, ostrich fashion, is only half-satisfying; being immersed is part of the piece because you experience it through the water.

With the pool temperature a comfortable ninety-two degrees, floating on your back with your ears in the water, your eyes staring at the stars, you are enveloped in water and immersed in sound, and you enter a sensual trance of pure pleasure. Or try the loose fetal crouch, with eyes closed, breath held, suspended between the pool floor and the surface, penetrated by sound and surrounded by water—it's like returning to the womb, friendly, warm, innocent, free, and ecstatic; almost hermetically sealed from the world.

It's no wonder that Max makes water music; he's a floating composer. He lives on a 1932, thirty-foot cabin cruiser aptly named *Melody*, which is often docked at a Hudson River boat basin in New York City. He says he likes the freedom of movement combined with the self-containment of boat living.

His studio is a tiny four-by-four foot space in the bow of the boat that contains a toilet, a barometer, books, magazines, and his electronic equipment, including an oscilloscope volt meter and a five-year supply of components he needs to make the sounds. "People don't believe I sit on the head to make music," Max says. "They see all sorts of symbolism, but it ceases to become a john when I'm working. Sitting here, I can reach everything I need."

Neuhaus is a tall, handsome man with shoulder-length dark hair and a firm body that can stand the rigors of a fifteen-hour concert. At thirty-four, Max has already had an impressive career as an avant-garde percussionist, traveling through the United States and Europe performing his own works and compositions by John Cage, Morton Feldman, Pierre Boulez, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Earle Brown, but eventually he got tired of concert-hall situations and intellectual music games. He feels that people have been intimidated by electronic music. "To me, music is a sensual experience and I want to get into situations where other things can happen." He wants to make music everyone can understand and enjoy, in Max's words, "available music." *Water Whistle*, his pool piece, is a perfect example. He conceived the piece on his boat, when it occurred to him that sound travels faster and better in water than in air.

Sound has a different "presence" under water, and before his first performance in New York, Max spent six weeks in the pool, working to determine how much pressure was needed to explore its nature.

Neuhaus figures that it would cost $6,000 to produce the "Water Whistle" sounds with complicated electronic equipment. Using water, however, is considerably simpler. His machinery consists of a pool-length hose with fifteen smaller hoses attached at even

intervals along the master hose, and dime store plastic whistles inside small plastic kitchen funnels that control the direction of the sound. Water is pumped through the hoses, activating the whistles. The overall effect is a constantly varying, multi-directional sonic drone. The sound comes as a resonant, oscillating whistle-shriek producing softly discordant pitches that somehow are soothing. The listener changes the sounds by diving deeper or swimming farther away from the whistles.

Max likes the concerts to last from ten to fifteen hours so that people can freely experience the music, change environments, and come back, without the pressure of time. He wants the greatest feeling and the most choice for the concert audience, who, in effect, also become the performers.

If you feel up to a pool of music in your own back yard, contact Max Neuhaus, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010, for the party of your life. Just imagine gliding underwater through swimmers' legs, your head filled with mysterious sound and your body cradled in the perfect water-bed. How erotic can you get?—*Anne Wehrer*

SHOWS

MEAN STREETS

Every so often, somebody will decide that movies are like music—or would be like music if the people who made them knew what they were about. I don't mean musical movies. No aesthetician ever thought *those* were like music. But every so often, somebody will decide that the movies of some director —preferably Italian—is significantly "operatic." This happens to be true of middle-period Fellini, like *The Nights of Cabiria* (1956), where the emotional weight seems beyond all range of the logical meaning. And it is a good description for the work of Visconti, who actually has an important reputation as a director of grand opera. You can virtually chart the decline of Visconti as a fall from opera to music drama, from Verdi to Wagner—from, say, *Senso* (1954) to last year's *Ludwig*.

All of which is to introduce the work of another filmmaker, also Italian (some generations removed), which is floridly and appealingly operatic. As I write this, Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets* has just shown at the New York Film Festival, and people are busy praising and overpraising it for its tough-as-nails realism. It's about New York City street life, set in the late 1950's (a time lag you may not notice while seeing the movie), and if you mean to say something good about a treatment of that subject, "realism" is the standard term to use. Actually, *Mean Streets* is remarkable less for its realism than for its unabashed emotionalism. Though often violent, the violence promotes a melodramatic intensity rather than any picture of unvarnished reality. I don't mean this as a condemnation. I mean it as a point of interest—and a compliment. I happen to like theatrical movies, movies that show there is more to put on film than just a one-to-one imitation of life.

Scorsese shot his film pretty much on location—mostly south of Bleecker Street, in that part of Manhattan known as Little Italy. Its action covers about a week, during the autumn Feast of San Gennaro, an annual tourist attraction that, as somebody in the movie remarks, is good for the neighborhood but a pain in the ass for everybody who lives there. San Gennaro fills the streets and provides a center of public activity for the movie to return to from time to time.

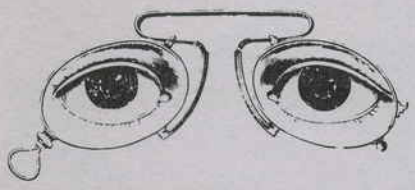
But the patron saint of *Mean Streets* is more probably Francis of Assisi, who seems, strangely enough, to be the most viable example to the community of young hoods, small winners and big losers, with which the film concerns itself.

Charlie (Harvey Keitel) openly admires St. Francis. Sometimes Charlie burns his fingers in candle flames and little fires as a slight foretaste of damnation; sometimes he conducts private colloquies with God. Charlie's occupation is the neighborhood. He runs errands for his uncle Giovanni, a benevolent minor Godfather type, whose business interests seem compassionate and may even be semi-legitimate. Soon Charlie will take over a fancy restaurant, a gift from his uncle collected on a bad debt, and a fine chance for a kid who can remember his opportunities and forget his liabilities.

He has two liabilities, and both are pals. One is Johnny Boy (Robert DeNiro), a walking, talking invitation to trouble. The other is Johnny's cousin Teresa (Amy Robinson), a hungrily passionate girl subject to epileptic fits. Teresa loves Charlie, but she wants to move uptown, out of the neighborhood, and that's bad for business. Johnny is bad for everything. A funny, big-mouthed deadbeat who insults his creditors, he has gotten himself thousands of dollars in the hole to a dangerously insecure young loan shark. Since everybody's great interest, after running the Feast of San Gennaro, seems to be the lending and repaying of money, Johnny's predicament, and especially his nonchalance about his predicament, threaten the very basis of society.

But somehow Charlie needs the girl, with her sex and her seizures. And he needs her cousin, rather as a bid for failure in the face of almost certain success. He must know—and in a sense, wish—that they commit him to a kind of doom.

"Kind of" is a crucial condition. Charlie's doom isn't final. Nobody's is—except for a drunk murdered, pretty much for demonstration purposes, half way through the movie in which he has no other function than to die. He is shot dead—in return for an insult —by a stupid teenager ambitious to prove his worth. The event furnishes a minor vignette. There are a lot of other vignettes—funny, sad, physically violent—all rising for a moment out of the streets and the local bars, and then all settling back into the fabric of the neighborhood.



Mean Streets is full of pain and a sense of anguish so finely stretched that it approaches lyricism. But it avoids tragedy—not by resolving problems, but by noticing that eventually everything subsides. Even the fervent Charlie, despite his self-appointed destiny in hell fire, ends by nursing a flesh wound under the spectacular but cooling shower of a smashed fire hydrant. Like everyone else, he falls into the rhythm of an amelioration that dampens his pain, but at the same time denies him the intensely individual torment he especially craves. In its own way, this is a movie about community control.

Everybody in the cast is almost unknown except for Robert DeNiro, who plays a different kind of loser as the doomed big-league catcher in *Bang the Drum Slowly*. He's better here; and his role is better, more attractive, vital, and infuriating. Harvey Keitel looks like he could be the son of Jack Palance, and his character is really a humanized version of the constantly suppressed hysteria that Palance has made a trademark. It's a good characterization, though not a great performance. Like much of the rest of the movie it makes up in power what it lacks in finesse.

In many ways, *Mean Streets* looks like a bitter, East Coast answer to the California idyll of *American Graffiti*. Like George Lucas, who made *Graffiti*, Martin Scorsese is a film-school graduate. And like Lucas, Scorsese has turned the material of his own background into a partly mythic structure for a movie. This is the way young writers write novels; by raising and somewhat objectifying material that is close to autobiography. It is generally not the way young directors make movies—at least not until recently. The old practice of long and meaningless studio apprenticeship finally does seem to have been supplanted by the self-conscious and self-expressive artistry of directors who began learning how to make movies in school. Scorsese has also learned a lot since he got out of school. His two previous features, *Who's That Knocking At My Door?* and *Boxcar Bertha*, seem to have left everyone unprepared for the excellence of *Mean Streets*.

Still, it is a very young work, with quotations from such masters as John Ford, Fritz Lang, and Roger Corman; and with that delight in cinema that affects filmmakers the first time they really open up their chosen medium. Almost everything wrong with the film is a function of enthusiasm or of excess. *Mean Streets* wastes some energy. But then it has some energy to waste. Fifteen or twenty years ago, with the early crime melodramas of a Robert Aldrich or a Samuel Fuller, American movies seemed to flower into a kind of dark illogical splendor. Some of that 1950's quality appears in Scorsese's film, though it's more intellectual in a sense, and more institutional—because the attitude toward life it celebrates has become institutionalized.

You can take college courses in that kind of movie; you can write books about it; you can do virtually anything with it except recapture it directly. Scorsese doesn't try. His approach is oblique, filtered through a little history of film and some personal memory. Everything has been distanced, and then revitalized, pumped full of feeling—like the throbbing Italian love songs that are belted out from juke boxes throughout the movie. The form is all artifice but the feeling is genuine, the way the feeling in love songs or opera arias can be genuine—not pure and simple, but rich and fantastically alive.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG

"Some people seem to find it inherently risible that pop music should be discussed in technical terms at all," Wilfred Mellers complains in the preface to *Twilight of the Gods: The Music of the Beatles* (Viking, $8.95). These people will have died laughing, I assume, before they reach page 195, where Mellers admits that the Beatles themselves "guffaw at 'intellectuals' (like me) who discover 'hidden meanings' in their songs." But Mellers is not put down. The Beatles, he writes, have "given plenty of evidence that they really know that those meanings are not hidden at all, but are, like 80 percent of the meaning in all art, in part unconscious."

In taking the title of his book from the heaviest of Richard Wagner's operas, *Götterdämmerung*, Mellers's tongue was not entirely in his cheek, for he is a true Beatlemaniac. A superbly equipped musicologist, Mellers has turned from books such as *Music and Society* to analyze lovingly "every line of music and every lyric the Beatles ever wrote," according to a blurb that doesn't seem—thank God—to be literally true. His expertise is such that he can enable the layman to follow him in relating musical devices to the Beatles' lyrics, lives, and times. I got more insight into rock music—as distinct from the rock scene—from this book than from all the rest of the countless words of "rock writing" we've been deluged with.

In applying traditional analysis to their music, Mellers doesn't suggest the Beatles are musically literate enough to be able to describe what they're doing. He relates their music to what anthropologists call the "music of necessity" in primitive tribes and among modern children when they are involved in play rituals rather than mere pastimes.

He finds parallels between the Beatles and primitive music. For one thing, in the original rock explosion "the word, with intellectually communicable meaning, is almost totally insignificant." He quotes the linguist Jesperson: "Men sang out their feelings long before they were able to speak their thoughts." Mellers finds the Beatles' tunes conditioned by the primitive Negro blues and white folk monody, and the distortions in their singing style related to folk origins. Their harmony is not structured like Western art music, but is "the empirical product of the movement of the melody, modally conceived, and of the behavior of hands on guitar strings. . . . Since pop music is made by ear-musicians, not eye-musicians, it resembles primitive musics in involving improvisation, variations on simple patterns within clearly defined but unnotated conventions."

Finally Mellers cites the big beat—certainly at the heart of rock—and explores it in a fresh way: "The incremental repetition of brief non-developing phrases generates and at the same time is generated by an unremittent beat. The continuity of the beat destroys the sense of temporal progression, so that once more one lives in mythological rather than chronological time."

Of course, the Beatles (as a group) have now gone to Valhalla and there are rumblings that rock itself may be headed in the same direction. So this may be a good time to mention a couple of older books that sum it all up. Unquestionably the most informative book on rock is the late Lillian Roxon's *Rock Encyclopedia* (Grosset & Dunlap, $4.95). It is a model of comprehensiveness, even though, as the author admitted, it was impossible to keep it up to date. Most of the entries are for groups and performers (with full discographies), but there are also clear, authoritative pieces on styles, and in-depth articles on such inside rock phenomena as the record producers, who can be more important to the sound than the arrangers. The most remarkable thing about this encyclopedia is its lively style. (I remember an encyclopedia editor once telling a contributor to take back a piece and "dull it up a little.")

A good serious history is *The Story of Rock* by Carl Belz, now in its second edition (Oxford University Press—yet! $7.50). Belz is even more elaborate than Mellers in establishing rock as a folk art, but he develops the cultural angle rather than the musical.

In fact, the remarkable thing about the Mellers book in the corpus of rock writing is that it is about *music*. Most of the excitement in rock has been over performers rather than their music, simply because—let's face the

heresy—an awful lot of rock sounds an awful lot like other rock.

The performers have risen to the necessity of asserting their nonmusical identity with a creativity one might wish had gone into the music—except that if rock should die, we could still cherish those marvelously creative group names. Does New York Philharmonic grab you like Jefferson Airplane?

Naturally there have been scads of books about performers, most of them publicity puffs, with the noteworthy exception of Tony Scaduto's well-aimed shot at *Dylan* (Grosset & Dunlap, $7.95). The first full biography to be taken seriously as a biography is *Buried Alive: The Biography of Janis Joplin* by Myra Friedman (Morrow, $7.95). The raunchy memoir, *Going Down with Janis* (Lyle Stuart, $5.95) by Peggy Caserta, one of her many "lovers," is not in the same class.

The outline of Janis's life as a performer is familiar; the insecurity that drove her to sing her heart out for fame also drove her to drink, pop, shoot, or seduce anything she could get her hands on.

Miss Friedman, one of the few associates Janis never tried to seduce, has explored Janis's youth thoroughly and accounts—not merely adequately, but poignantly—for the sources of her terrible drives, as well as her surprising tenderness.

God knows, one trauma alone recounted by Miss Friedman could have destroyed a lesser soul of twenty years. When Janis was at the University of Texas, she was publicly pilloried by a nomination for the annual award of the Ugliest Man on Campus. That was the end of her education. San Francisco, here she comes!

Miss Friedman explicitly avoids the term "self-destructive" as sidestepping what would sound too purposeful if spelled out. She spells it out. "Chronic suicide," she writes, "is what Janis was engaged in throughout her life, the act taking this or that form along the way and penetrating all areas of her tortured existence."

RECOMMENDED READING

The Decline And Fall Of America by Robert DeMaria (Saturday Review Press, $8.95). This sleeper novel was sneaked into publication when the firm was collapsing, but now it's beginning to take off. Lord knows it should. There's hardly a writer around who can be as incisive and hilarious as DeMaria.

Honk If You Love Boise Hafter by John Wallace (Bobbs-Merrill, $7.95). There's more to this concoction than appears on its busy and funny surface. Like DeMaria's book, it involves destruction of the system by those who are unable to participate in it.

World Without End, Amen by Jimmy Breslin (Viking, $6.95). Breslin, who owns the New York borough of Queens as a literary property, has taken a Queens Irish cop and turned him inside out by sending him to Northern Ireland, where he finds that *he* is taking his raps as a member of a put-down minority. Breslin writes hard-assed prose.

NOTE: Science-fiction critic Baird Searles, sick of being unable to find any but the most recent S-F titles, has opened a complete S-F emporium in New York.

The Science Fiction Shop at 56 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014, promises to carry every S-F book in print, hardback and paper, as well as used and rare books. If you can't get to the shop, you can write Searles with your science-fiction acquisition problem.—*Norman Hoss*

SOUNDS

MARIA MULDAUR

Anyone who has followed the folk scene has been well acquainted with Maria Muldaur for about a decade now, first as a member of both the Even Dozen Jug Band and the Kweskin Jug Band, then through her work with husband Geoff and as a part of the tight Woodstock community that has at various times claimed Dylan, the Band, and Paul Butterfield. The release of her first solo album, *Maria Muldaur* (Reprise), has rocketed her talent to prominence. The album features an all-star backup that includes Jim Keltner, Ry Cooder, Jim Gordon, and Klaus Voorman, and a superb production by Lenny Waronker and Joe Boyd. Above it all, Maria comes shining through, her seductive voice displaying humor, control, and limitless virtuosity. Suddenly everyone is talking about Maria Muldaur with reverence, the way a town will speak of the success of a native son.

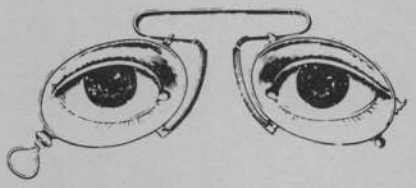
Muldaur regards breaking out on her own in terms of a personal liberation. "The company [Warners/Reprise] was always behind me. But until this year I was never out to make my own career. I had never felt unaccepted. Of course, with the jug band, I had eye-appeal value—you know, show those knees—but the band members respected me. I received equal pay, was under equal pressure. Only, I was the one who had to go home and do all the housework, change the diapers. When Jenny was born I was carrying her on my back,

nursing her between sets. After a while, I knew I had to do something for myself."

She is not a women's liberationist ("Making yourself as strong as possible is the way to liberation—not by hiding in a movement"), yet she supports other women. She is now considering an album using only women composers, among them two extraordinary songwriters, Wendy Waldman and Kate McGarrigle, who were featured with great success on her first album.

When Muldaur speaks of her personal life, it is totally in terms of her involvement with music. She grew up in Greenwich Village during the birth of the ethnic folk revival when music was everywhere, and spent her time listening to Bessie Smith, forming her own groups, and singing anywhere she could. After graduation she spent time in Appalachia breathing the rarified air of the pure folk sound. "I used to try to imitate Memphis Minnie," she recalls, "before I realized how unhip it was to imitate anyone." She returned to New York and hooked up with the Even Dozen Jug Band (along with Steve Katz and John Sebastian), married Geoff Muldaur of the Kweskin band and shortly after joined the Kweskin family herself. When the band dissolved, she recorded two jazz/blues albums with Geoff, and then began to move off into directions of her own.

Muldaur finds her present life satisfying. Now separated from her husband, she lives with her daughter Jenny in Woodstock, which she describes as "a community united by the



common bond of music. The old musical hierarchy has broken down and become padded with normal people. But I love the fact that music can spring spontaneously from anywhere—a shop, a restaurant, or just a group of people walking down the street."

Most of her energies these days are devoted to developing her own music. She seems to delight in discovering the fantastic versatility of her voice. Her repertoire is a melange of divergent interests ranging from raunchy dixieland and soulful country to modern blues, jazz, pop, and rock. Her tastes are broad—she has stood in line to see both Ray Charles and Dolly Parton—though she has definite ideas about her own music. "I've never been what you'd call a belter. But I feel that I've already achieved a heavier sound—both because my voice has changed as I got older, and because I've simply kept at it. Eventually I'd like to work toward a kind of jazz improvisation, using my voice as a musical instrument."

The sophistication of her musical ambitions seems to contradict her child-of-Woodstock appearance. The casual clothes that show off a sensuously robust body and the flower stuck in a mop of untamed hair are reminiscent of more naive days. In a way, Muldaur is like her music. On the surface there is simplicity, but it is built on confidence and ability. Within minutes, she has audiences reeling and shaking, whistling and stomping.

She can approximate the plaintive weariness of Jimmie Rodgers's blues yodel, or recreate the sleazy decadence of a New Orleans dance hall with a turn of voice. But she is best when she rocks. The grit and whine of her voice as it slides between registers and her electric stage presence have the sexual charge of Janis Joplin, skirting the line between genius and caricature.

It is not likely that Muldaur will inherit Joplin's crown. Already her music is moving away from rock and into cooler forms of expression. But for the present it's fine to be stomping the aisles again.—*Lindsay Maracotta*

MOTOWN'S SONGWRITING ROYALTY

What do these hits have in common—Diana Ross's "Reach Out and Touch," the Fifth Dimension's "California Soul," Ray Charles's "Let's Go Get Stoned," and Humble Pie's "I Don't Need No Doctor"? All of them were penned by Motown's songwriting royalty—Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson. Their material has been performed by such diverse artists as Roberta Flack and Rufus and Aretha Franklin; it has been done in French, Italian, and Jamaican reggae; it has even made Japan's Top Ten. Their now-classic "You're All I Need to Get By" and "Ain't No Mountain High Enough" helped make superstars of Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell. Their writing and producing expertise on two Diana Ross LP's helped make her an international star.

Nick and Valerie met in 1969 while singing gospel in the choir of Harlem's White Rock Baptist Church. After a short stint at a small local club they decided to try their luck at songwriting with a third partner, Joshie Jo Armstead. "The three of us had a lot of fun writing songs," recalls Valerie. "Poverty's not so bad when it's spread around. I can remember selling a batch of songs for seventy-five dollars and feeling lucky to get that much."

The team worked for a while as staff writers for Scepter Records Music Publishing, where they turned out tunes for B. J. Thomas, Maxine Brown, and Ronnie Milsap. "Being able to sing was a definite advantage for us. If we got a halfway decent tune together, we'd usually be able to sell it with our delivery." Ashford and Simpson soon quit Scepter, leaving Joshie Jo Armstead behind. Less than two weeks later Ray Charles made their "Let's Go Get Stoned" into one of his greatest hits, and they came to the attention of Motown talent scouts.

"Holland, Dozier and Holland, a Motown songwriting trio responsible for a lot of hits by the Supremes and the Four Tops, were

looking for fresh talent. Somebody whispered our names in their ears and they called us. We brought in some demos, they liked what they heard, and we were set."

Motown was a steadily growing independent label that had revolutionized the sound of soul with its disco-beat stomp drumming, pop/gospel lead singers, high-pitched gospel backups, and sensual rhythms; to all this was added the Ashford/Simpson sound. "In all our Motown songs we've aimed at capturing intimate romantic conversations. The kind of things lovers say to one another when they're alone. We try to adapt ourselves to a singer's needs or get them to adapt to ours."

In the last three years, Nick and Valerie have begun performing. Valerie has sung backups on several Quincy Jones records, including his recent "You've Got It Bad, Girl." She sang a duet with Donny Hathaway on the sound track of *Come Back, Charleston Blue*. She released *Exposed*, her first LP as a solo vocalist, in the summer of 1971.

The album, which featured a deftly executed *a cappella* vocal that few others would dare, gained a modest underground reputation throughout the country. Her second album, simply titled *Valerie Simpson*, did considerably better on the strength of a partially successful single.

Nick and Valerie recently signed a semi-exclusive contract with Warner Brothers Records. "We've got our own music publishing company, Nick-O-Val, our own production company, Hopsack and Silk, and we'll be signing and producing fresh young talent as well. We've been working on a forthcoming Dionne Warwicke LP for Warners that we think will be very special. We'll still produce one or two Motown acts each year. A couple of our songs are on the new *Marvin & Diana* LP, and we have a third Motown album in the can." They have written the music and lyrics for an undisclosed musical film, but despite lavish offers to write for Broadway, they haven't yet found a stage property to spark their interest.

Their latest album, *Gimme Something Real* (Warner Brothers), is their first as a vocal team, and it's a real beauty—an exhilarating blend of pop, soul, and modish Motown gospel. The singing is consistently exciting, with spectacular harmonizing easily surpassing the best of Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell.

Nick and Valerie's songs are sensitive, highly personal, and slightly philosophical; and the production is super-smooth and ultra-professional. *Something Real* is a must for any down-to-earth music lover's collection.—*John Gabree*

JUST A TYPICAL AQUARIAN

Andy Pratt is neither naive nor jaded, neither blasé nor enthusiastic. He is kind, friendly, sympathetic; yet personally detached. He is often unpredictable. It is difficult to feel close to him. He has an aloof glamour that is both fascinating and dynamic, but lacks a certain warmth and tenderness. In fact, Andy Pratt is a bundle of contradictions.

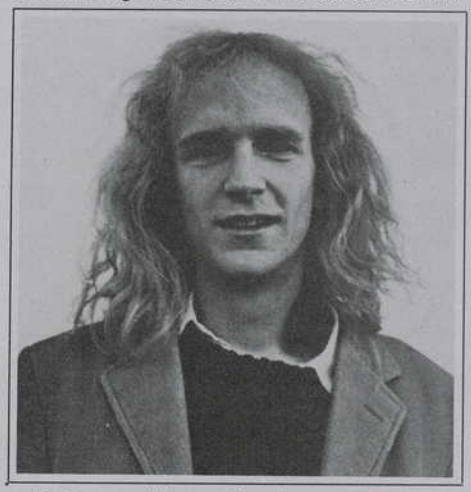
He is the typical Aquarian, the atypical youngest child. Born to wealth, he retains the common touch. He is the product of the Westminster School and Harvard, but he is not intellectual. He has never worked, and yet he is incredibly disciplined. Growing up, he thought of teaching and, well, here is Andy Pratt about to bust through as a major rock star.

"My childhood was nice and dull. My folks were rich and we had a pretty easy life," says Pratt. "Actually my life has really been pretty boring." Pratt, the youngest of four, was born and brought up in Boston. His father, now retired and living on Cape Cod, was the headmaster of a private school in Cambridge. His first exposure to music came at an early age from his mother, a trained pianist. "I always liked music, always listened to records, but never thought about it professionally."

While attending the Westminster School, he played in several school bands. He never took this seriously—it was fun, a kick, something to do. He entered Harvard as an English major and soon began writing songs. During his senior year he taught himself to play the guitar and soon became a lead guitarist, working with various rock and roll bands. One of the groups, a trio called Butler, received favorable reviews in the Boston area. "It was at this point," says Pratt, "that my perception of myself began to change. I began to think I was best at music. I began to make a commitment to music. I began trying to be a good musician."

The chronicle of Pratt's career is typical of any number of fledgling musicians. His first album, released in 1970, went nowhere. Then he played with a series of bands, including Edgar Winter's. "All through this period," says Pratt, "I continued to write songs. Sometimes it was hard work, other times it came easy. Sometimes I would have the lyrics in my head, but the music just wouldn't come. Other times the music would be right in front of me, but no words. The best songs I have written encompass an entire idea. I draw my material from life—the things I see, things I read, the seasons, my moods. When I have this whole idea, the words and the music just come. But this so rarely happens."

During the early Seventies, Pratt's life began to unravel. His marriage was breaking up, and he began to have ambivalent feelings about being a rock star. He retreated into himself. For a while nothing happened. "I just sat around, read books, and dreamed," says Pratt. But he slowly began to put the pieces back together. He credits therapy as a major factor in his return. "I'm involved in primal-scream therapy. I've really just started, but it's fantastic. I go once a week. It has really helped. I'm not so shy anymore, and I'm beginning to understand myself better."



Pratt also signed a contract with Columbia Records, and his second album was released last March. The album, titled *Andy Pratt*, was produced by John Nagy and recorded in Fayville, Massachusetts. All eleven songs were composed by Pratt. Of his latest effort Pratt says, "It's far more progressive and emotional than the one before." The second album is unique and inventive, demonstrating the broad range of Pratt's wit, sensitivity, taste, and talent. Andy Pratt has developed into a versatile and accomplished musician. He has mastered the piano and other keyboard instruments, the guitar, the bass, and the sitar.

Pratt's emotional life has stabilized. He is not concerned with what others think. Independence is of the utmost importance, to the point of rejecting personal relationships. Pratt, twenty-six, lives alone in Boston. When he is not on tour or in a recording studio, he can be found in his suburban retreat. "I am pretty much of a loner," he says. "I really don't have any hobbies. I don't like conversation. I like to take long walks."

Pratt has been described by some as the next sex symbol, but he scoffs at this. "I don't see myself as any sex symbol. I mean, when I get into it I can be sexy, but I think I'm beyond all that, beyond the groupie thing.

"Sure I like beautiful women. I'm like everyone else, the product of the magazines. It's nice to look at someone and think she's beautiful. But I've had relationships with women who I didn't think were beautiful, and then they became beautiful. I usually like dark-haired women, but mainly I like women who like me, who like my music. I enjoy women who are honest and speak their minds. I guess I'm basically monogamous. It would be great to be so much in love with someone that you didn't want anyone else."

Being on the brink of rock-star status still makes Pratt a little uptight. "I have mixed feelings about that. When I'm performing I really get into it and love it. I love beautiful music. I love all kinds of music. I'm a good musician, but I'm an amateur compared to others. I'm not 100 percent committed to music, but I love it more than anything else. Basically I just want a life where I'm working and loving. Being a rock star? I'm just not sure. I want to bring quality and dedication onto the scene, that's all."—*Jean Vallely*

SHORT TAKES

SHORT TAKES

With the current revival of Irish and Scots folk music in the United States and Britain, it was just a matter of time before we got our first pop groups using traditional Celtic music as their inspiration. Folk has always been a big part of Anglo-American pop music, most often as a source but sometimes making the charts itself. The Childe Ballad has been felt recently, for example, in such English pop bands as the late lamented Fairport Convention. But this newest revival seems to be one of the few fortuitous results of the troubles in Northern Ireland and the growing post-political ennui.

So, inevitably, the JSD Band and Horslips have arrived. Both quintets combine multi-instrumental polish with a solid grasp of both folking and rocking. On *Travelling Days* (Warner Brothers PS 2723) the JSD Band shifts flawlessly back and forth between pure folk and pure rock until the boundaries disappear. All the tunes but one by JSD are familiar traditional melodies, unlike Horslips, which on *Happy To Meet . . . Sorry To Part* (Atlantic SD 7030) makes the courageous but unhappy decision to do all originals "in the manner of." Though Horslip's musicianship is nearly on a par with that of the JSD Band, their songs often seem merely imitative.

Still, the electric guitar as a folk instrument is a very different machine than it is in rock, and the full complement of folk instruments —flutes, fiddles, banjos, and so on—make the bands a pleasure to listen to. They'd both be a joy in a crowded bar.

Fantasy Records of San Francisco is one of the small labels whose verve, intelligence, and commitment help keep the bigger labels

on their toes. Fantasy, despite its size, has one of the finest catalogs in the business (Alice Stuart, Creedence, Woody Herman, to name three of the best) and almost any Fantasy record is worth attention.

Perhaps their most successful project is a series of reissued folk, blues, and jazz LP's that they call *Twofers*—double albums at a buck more than single-record prices. Using Fantasy, Prestige, and Milestone logos, they have released, among many others, collections by Furry Lewis, John Lee Hooker, Tom Rush, Mose Allison, John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, and Thelonius Monk. Two of the latest Fantasy packages have old and unavailable Bluesway sets, guitarists Snooks Eaglin and Robert Pete Williams in one, and blues pianists Roosevelt Sykes and Little Brother Montgomery in the other. The series is nicely produced, with carefully remastered tapes and extras such as informative liner notes by the likes of Paul Oliver. Vanguard, another small but dedicated label, also has a twofer program, including big sellers like Joan Baez; and United Artists is repackaging early rock stars in double albums. The latest, *Cookin' With Fats* (UA LA122-2), has some fabulous early Fats Domino. In these inflationary days, they're worth checking out.

NEW AND RECOMMENDED.

Eric Clapton's Rainbow Concert/Eric Clapton (RSO SO 877). A live recording of a very Cream-y Clapton with a lot of help from Pete Townshend, Ronnie Wood, Rick Grech, Steve Winwood, and Jim Capaldi. Not the best from any of them, but worth it for the memories.

Side 3/Raspberries (Capitol SMAS11220). Raspberries prove that the old Beatles' sound is as potent as ever. The big secret is that a couple of them used to be in Vanilla Fudge (if you remember who *they* were).

Jim's Horns/Jim Horn (Shelter SW-8918). Of all the jazz musicians who have tried to catch part of the pop market, none has been more successful than Jim Horn, either commercially or artistically. *Jim's Horns*, featuring many of the best studio players on the Coast and a nonet of great tunes, is his finest yet.

Lee Clayton/Lee Clayton (MCA 365). This month's singer-songwriter entry. Clayton wrote "Ladies Love Outlaws" and "Lord, She Don't Belong In New York City." Better than most, if you ask me, but *chacun à son* cowboy.

Profoundly Blue/Tiny Grimes (Muse 5012). Tiny Grimes's career as a jazz guitarist goes back more than thirty years to the Art Tatum Trio, yet he made his debut before the greater jazz audience only at last year's New York jazz festival. This is his first LP, a superb collection of contemporary blues with Harold Mabern and Houston Person. Tops.

Miz Lena's Boy/Wilson Pickett (RCA APL 1-0312). A shamefully bad record by one of the great soul stars of the early Sixties. Overarranged, overproduced, Pickett and company manage to smother some fine songs (you won't believe Chuck Berry's "Memphis, Tennessee" played like a symphony). The next one's probably going to be *Funky Muzak*.

Breezy Stories/Danny O'Keefe (Atlantic SD 7264). Danny O'Keefe proffered "Good Time Charlie's Got The Blues" and other marvelous stuff on his last record. Nothing as inspired on this, his third, but anyone who liked him before won't be disappointed.

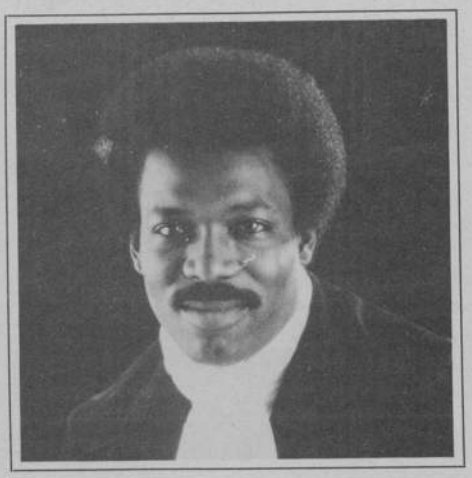
From the Depths of My Soul/Marlena Shaw (Blue Note BN-LA143-F). The jazz vocal seems to be making something of a comeback. Last month, Mark Murphy; this month, Marlena Shaw. Shaw owes a few debts to those who have gone before (O'Day, Lee, Stanton), but for a first album, *From the Depths of My Soul* is remarkably accomplished. With Ron Carter, Grady Tate, and Cornell Dupree.

Pass It On/Bill and Taffy (RCA APL 1-0214). This is like *Albert Hammond Meets Ian and Sylvia*. Who would have thought there was any life left in folk rock?

Let's Get It On/Marvin Gaye (Tamla T329V1). This album is a triumph of style over content. Not a memorable song in the bunch, but it almost works. What a waste.

Angel Clare/Art Garfunkel (Columbia KC 31474). Another oldie but goodie with a newie but badie. Despite some nice songs (Paul Williams, Van Morrison, Jim Webb, and Randy Newman, among others), *Angel Clare* never gets off the ground. The production is so heavy that Garfunkel's voice is often awash in a sound squall. Give a folkie more than three accompanists and he goes bananas.

Sweet Dreams and Quiet Desires/Borderline (Avalanche AV-LA016-F). Borderline (two guys named Gersgen and one named Rooney backed by John Simon, Dave Sanborn, Vassar Clements, *et al*) is a very successful excursion into urban country (countrified rock? rhythm and western?). Mostly originals with a couple of trads thrown in.



Hank Wilson's Back—Vol. 1/Leon Russell (Shelter SW-8923). Leon Russell has everything: flawless control of the keyboard, a uniquely expressive voice, masterful production technique. Everything, that is, except taste. Which is why Leon Russell is a great sideman and such a disappointing leader. Close but no cigar.

Thank You For Touching My Life/Tony Douglas (Dot DOS-26009). Tony Douglas has been playing the Texas country music circuit for decades. Inside the awful cover and liner notes is a superb LP, part standards and part originals (including two great hits, "His and Hers" and the title tune). Tony is the C & W discovery of the year.—*John Gabree*

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"Our discoveries," according to a scientist working in radiation-field photography, "show that we extend beyond our skins, that we have another body of some kind of energy that interacts with our environment."

THE BODY ELECTRIC

By LOWELL PONTE

The research described here is being done by a handful of scientists exploring areas long called "occult." Because they have as yet only begun mapping this new realm, which we call parapsychology, and because many fellow scientists expect them to fall off the edge of a square reality or be swallowed by sea monsters, most pioneer parapsychologists are reluctant to draw any conclusions from their findings. Thus, any conclusions here are mine.

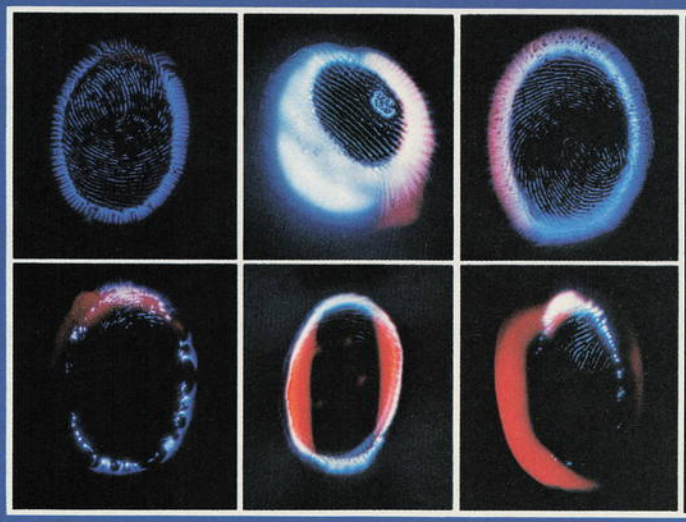
Since before the Dark Ages, when scientists were called alchemists, men have tried to create life out of inanimate matter. Some have sought the secret of life because it is the ultimate mystery, others because it is the ultimate power.

The chemical ingredients that make up the human body have been precisely quantified. But how are they combined to create a self-sustaining living being? Somewhere between death and life something unknown is blended in, something the poet Dylan Thomas called "the force that through the green fuse drives the flower."

What this force is, no scientist can say, but according to a Swedish physician, Nils-Olof Jacobson, it weighs twenty-one grams or about three-quarters of an ounce. In his recent book *Life After Death* (which has not been published in the U.S.), Dr. Jacobson describes how he placed the deathbeds of terminal patients on extremely sensitive scales and recorded at the moment of death an average drop of twenty-one grams.

Other researchers, seeking to generate "the spark of life," have sent electrical charges through gaseous mixtures believed to duplicate earth's atmosphere at about the time life appeared here. During

Photograph by Shig Ikeda



These photographs depict what Kendall Johnson calls "the cycle of arousal," the progression from calm self-control to distraught emotional uncontrol. The first photograph shows a round blue halo, or corona. As the subject becomes upset, the halo begins to dim and disintegrate. The color red appears and, as the emotions become enraged, the red takes over. As the old expression goes, "He was so mad, he saw red."

a recent visit to the laboratory of Dr. Thelma Moss, at the Neuropsychiatric Institute at the University of California, Los Angeles, I witnessed another approach to the mystery of life energy.

In a small, soundproof chamber, illuminated only by the glow of a small red lamp, Dr. Moss's research partner, a bearded inventor named Kendall L. Johnson, attached an electrode to my hand. He assured me that the shocks that were about to come "wouldn't hurt a bit."

Some "photos" were to be taken, but neither light nor camera were needed. For each photo, I had to press a fingertip directly onto an unexposed piece of 4" x 5" photographic paper as a one-second pulse of electricity surged first through my hand, then through the paper, and finally through a wired metal plate on which the paper rested. The sort of photograph produced is suggested by the pictures accompanying this article; all were taken using Johnson's equipment.

The world revealed by this "radiation field photography" is quite different from that seen by the naked eye. Plant leaves, human hands, and even coins are surrounded by "halos" of energy. "What I like best about our discoveries," Kendall Johnson beams, "is that they show that we extend beyond our skins, that we have another body of some kind of energy that interacts with our environment. The more I witness this, the more I feel a oneness in the universe, and the more I feel awe."

Johnson is in the tradition of the gentleman amateur scientist. His training was in business; his only doctorate is in law, and for ten years he had a successful career in insurance.

Then suddenly he dropped out. He hesitates to say why, but admits that curiosity about his psychic premonitions of the deaths of soldier friends in Korea had haunted him. Three years ago, at the age of forty-three, Johnson showed up in a class at UCLA being taught by Moss. The subject was parapsychology, the study of extrasensory perception and other "occult" phenomena, which only in recent years has earned respect as a serious scientific discipline.

Moss had just returned from the Soviet Union—where, by the estimate of Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder in their book *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain* (Prentice-Hall, 1970), the government spends up to $21 million annually on parapsychological research. Moss had been particularly interested in details of equipment being used in Russia to photograph energy emanations from living beings and some inanimate objects. She recounted to the class what the Soviet experimenters had told and shown her, then sadly noted that scientists and electrical experts here had called the designs absurd and unworkable.

A few days later Kendall Johnson showed his teacher photographs remarkably like those she had seen in Soviet laboratories—except that his had been made using a makeshift spark coil he had quickly assembled in a garage. Moss was impressed by Johnson's electrical wizardry and struck up an immediate partnership. Today Moss and Johnson are leaders in the field of parapsychology.

UCLA has provided laboratory space for research but no money, so Moss and John-

A PARAPSYCHOLOGY READER

Viktor Adamenko, "Human Control of a Bioelectric Field"; *The A.R.E. Journal*, March 1973 (available from Edgar Cayce's Association for Research and Enlightenment, Virginia Beach, Virginia).

Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater, *Thought-Forms;* Quest Books/Theosophical Publishing House, 1969.

Alexandra David-Neel, *Magic and Mystery in Tibet*; Dover Press, 1971.

Martin Ebon (ed.), *Psychic Discoveries by the Russians*; Signet Books, 1971.

Walter J. Kilner, *The Human Aura*; University Books, 1965.

Stanley Krippner and Daniel Rubin, *Galaxies of Life: The Human Aura in Acupuncture and Kirlian Photography*; Gordon and Breach, 1973.

C. W. Leadbeater, *Man Visible and Invisible*; Quest Books, 1969.

Thelma Moss, "Searching for Psi from Prague to Lower Siberia"; *Psychic*, May/June 1971.

Thelma Moss and Kendall Johnson, "Radiation Field Photography"; *Psychic*, July 1972.

(*Psychic* is published six times a year by The Bolen Company, 680 Beach St., San Francisco, Calif. 94109.)

Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder, *Psychic Discoveries Behind The Iron Curtain*; Prentice-Hall, 1970.

Lowell Ponte, "A Personal Defense of Parapsychology"; *Popular Psychology*, July 1973.

A. E. Powell, *The Etheric Double*; Quest Books, 1969.

William Tiller, "A Technical Report on Some Psychoenergetic Devices"; *The A.R.E. Journal*, March 1972.

son have built all their own equipment. The Central Intelligence Agency and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration have sent observers to look in on their work—perhaps in hopes of finding some espionage or space application—like new fingerprinting methods or resource-photographing methods or, hints Johnson, a new kind of lie detector. But neither agency has offered funds to improve the meager facilities, which are crammed into a twenty-foot square room. Nevertheless, Moss and Johnson have done a good deal, both in duplicating Soviet work and in developing new research areas, as we shall see.

(Moss and Johnson would not discuss how much has been spent on their equipment, but a small unit being used by Dr. Harold Mackay, a biology professor at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, was built by his assistant, Henry Monteith, for about $50 from parts readily available at automobile supply stores. Monteith and Mackay will provide details to all who write them at the university, their goal being to have as many people doing this sort of photography as possible.)

Soviet studies of the energy fields around living things date from the 1939 discovery by an electrician, Semyon Kirlian, that the energy flowing between an electrotherapy device he had repaired and the skin of a patient could be "photographed" by putting a photographic plate between the two. Since then, working with his wife Valentina, he has developed a new kind of picture-making that involves fourteen Soviet government patents and is known to the scientific world as "Kirlian photography." Put simply, it is based on directing a high-frequency electrical field, oscillating 75,000 to 200,000 times a second, through an object to be photographed and a piece of unexposed photographic paper. As Ostrander and Schroeder describe it, the electrical field "apparently causes the object to radiate some sort of bioluminescence onto the photo paper."

The Kirlians sensed from the beginning that the patterns in their photographs were a life-related energy. Pictures of freshly picked plant leaves were found to be aglow with lights and colors; but as a leaf died, its lights faded. "What we saw in the panorama through the microscope and our optical instruments," wrote the Kirlians, "seemed like the control board of a huge computer. Here and there, lights brightened and dimmed—signals of processes inside. . . . In living things, we see the signals of the inner state of the organism reflected in the brightness, dimness, and color of the flares. The inner-life activities of the human being are written in these 'light' hieroglyphs. We've created an apparatus to write these hieroglyphs. But to read them we're going to need help."

By 1949 the Kirlians had begun to attract widespread scientific attention in the Soviet Union, especially after an experiment by the chairman of a major scientific research organization showed that Kirlian photog-

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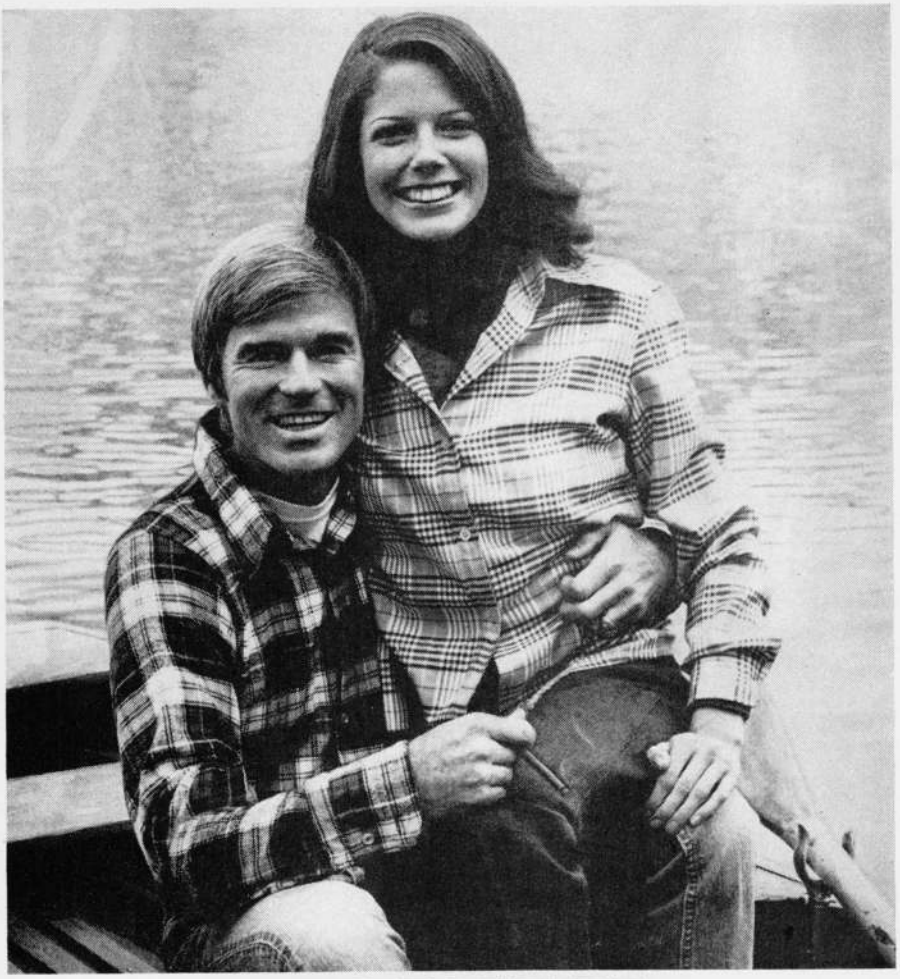

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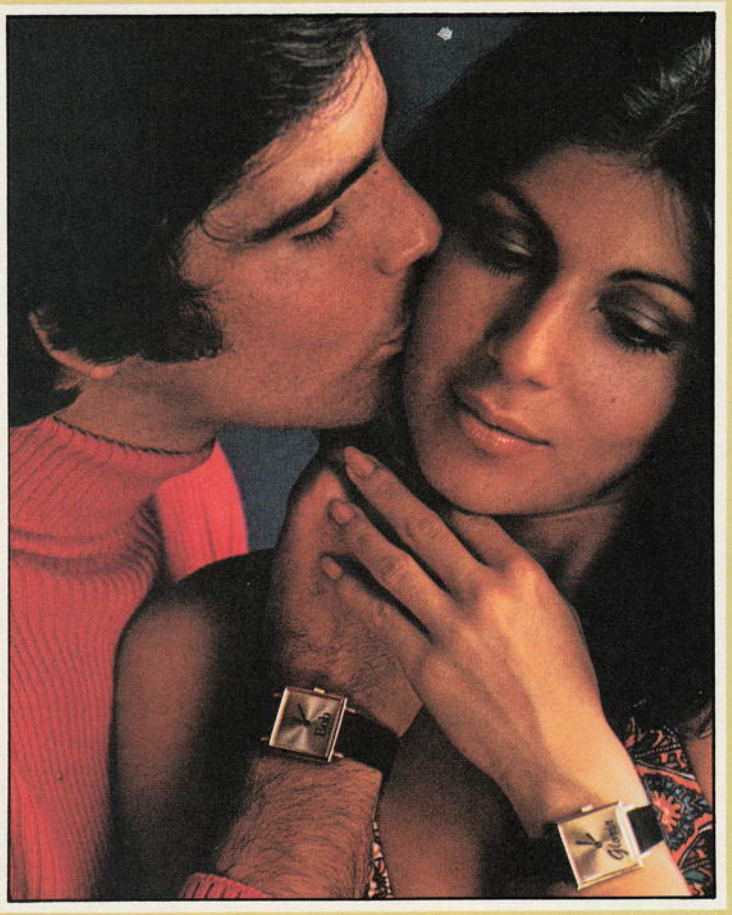

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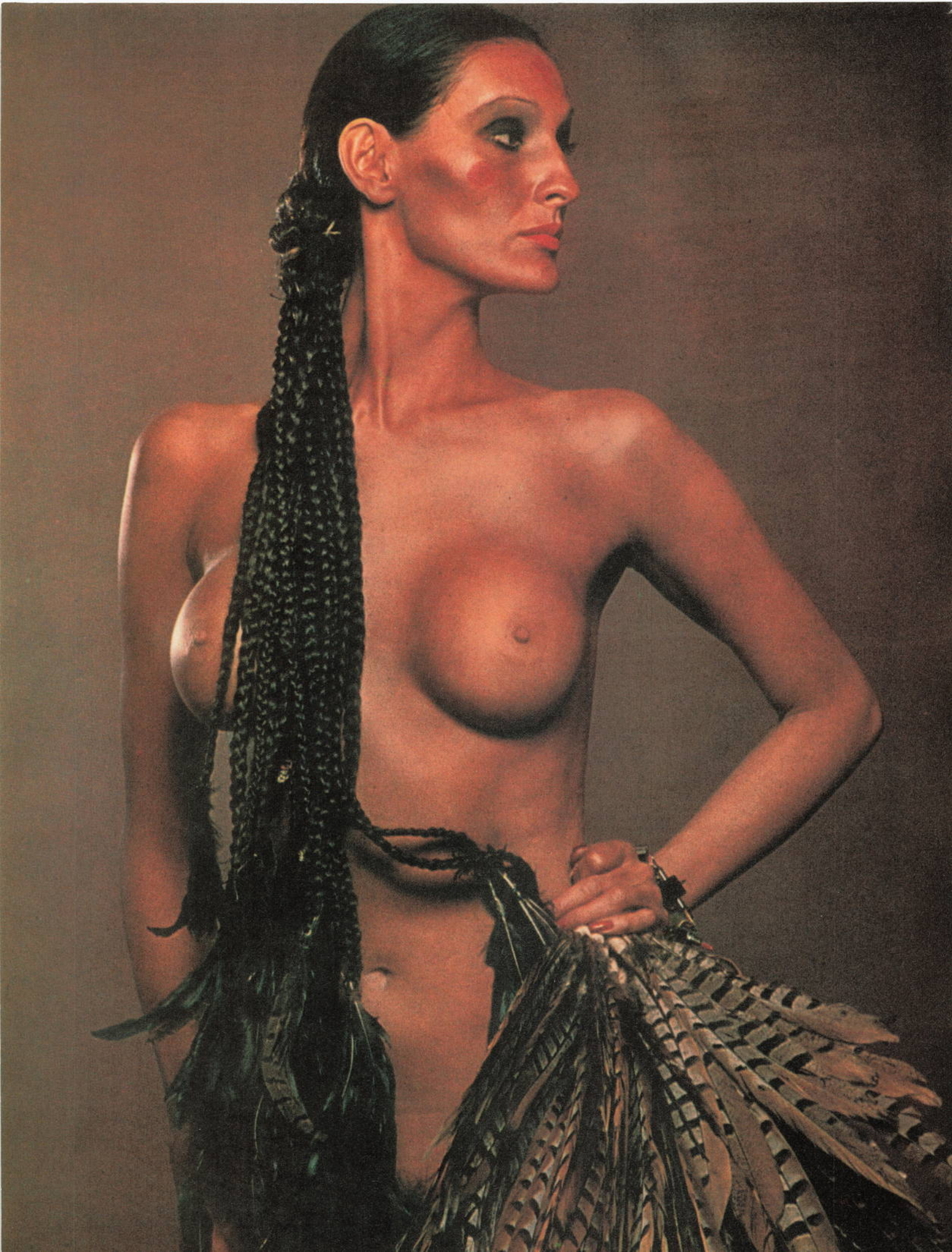
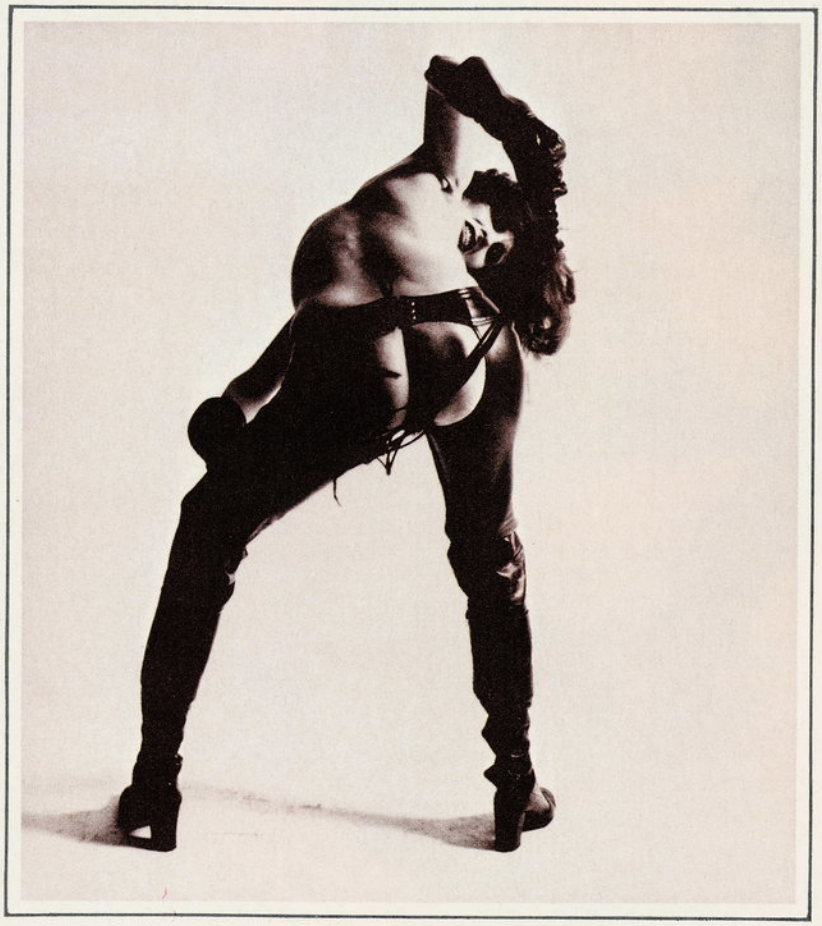


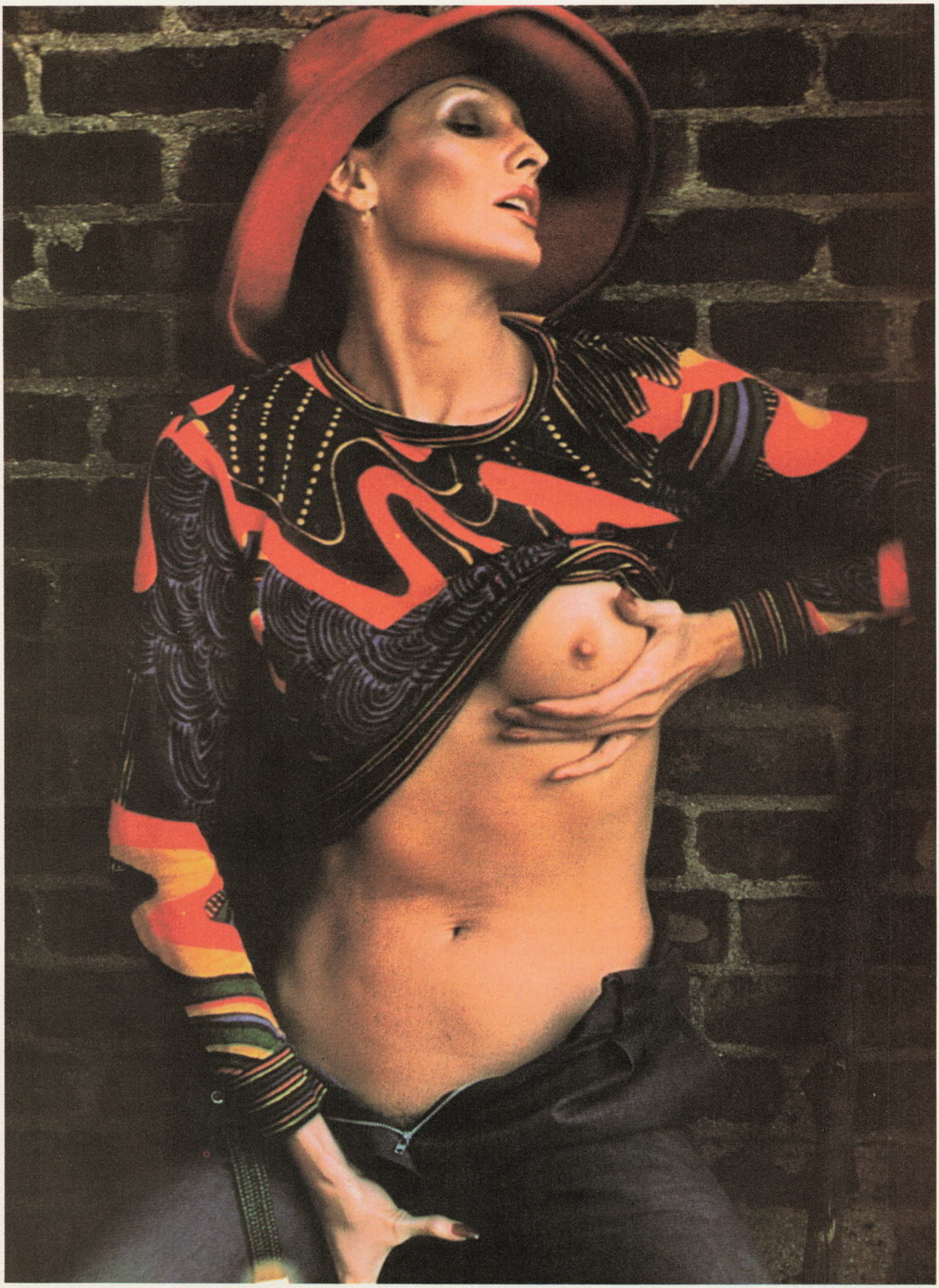
CHEYENNE

SHE CERTAINLY ISN'T SHY

Self-exposure! Soon to be published by *Penthouse—I Am Cheyenne,* the most intimate, suggestive, volcanic volume of self-portraits ever! And here on eight provocative pages is a preview of the book that will soon set the art world on its head! It's the famous fashion model Cheyenne, not content with anything that's ever been done before, bent on a photographic autobiography so daring that no one will ever do it again! For the first time and the last time in history, once is not enough!

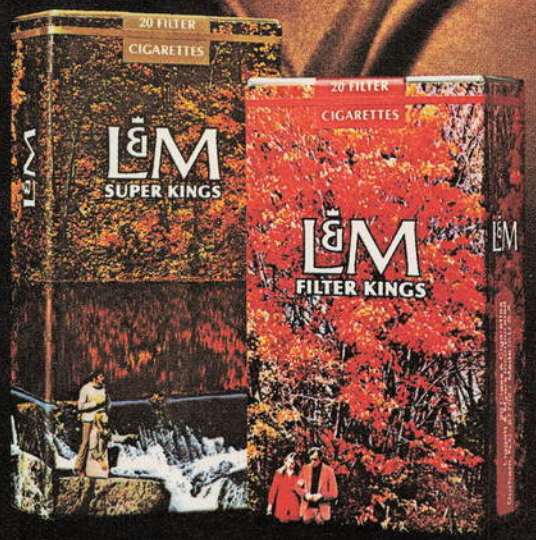
It all started when Cheyenne decided that no designer's clothes matched her own beauty—that no photographer could photograph her own reality. She had appeared in costumes and settings like a half-finished statue trying to escape from its nonessential marble to reveal its inherent perfection. Only modern science has made possible the complete self-display that women since Eve have dreamed of: the delayed-action camera. Alone before an unmanned camera, Cheyenne practiced every abandonment and enticement conceivable to the fantasy of a human being. And since she is a legitimate descendant of that once-proud tribe of fierce warriors and daughters of the plains, she's quick to point out that Cheyenne means "human being." So she should know.





Writes our piquant poser in the text of her *Penthouse* portfolio: "Masturbation is making up for lost time before it's lost"; "To me the dirtiest thing is someone trying to be too clean"; and "I selfishly predict the time will come when men will have transistorized vibrators implanted in their tongues."
Cheyenne told us that "in order to expose my innermost fantasies, I had to be completely away from men, and alone with the camera. A photographer friend lent it to me and then he disappeared—I haven't seen him for three months. So I'm just going to keep playing around with it and see what I can come up with. It's like some kind of therapy, talking to this machine that never talks back. Then when you print the pictures there's something of yourself that you never see but that adds up to all that you really are."
Chief Horned Duck says: "Superbly desirable, overmuch seduction, Cheyenne dwells in the lodge of naked dreams, the tepee of exotic wonder, available exclusively from *Penthouse—I Am Cheyenne.*"

This... is the L&M moment.



King: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Super King: 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Feb. '73).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

THE BODY ELECTRIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

raphy could spot otherwise undetectable early signs of disease contamination in plant leaves.

For Soviet investigators this involved courage, for the Soviet government is avowedly anti-religious and anti-occultist. In a land officially dedicated to "scientific socialism," scientists claiming they could see auras—like halos portrayed by the church, or like the auras and apparitions spoken of for centuries by fortune-tellers and seers—was risky. Parapsychology could be seen as bordering on ideological heresy.

But the Kirlians' evidence has been convincing. Four years ago, for example, the chairman of the Pathology-Physiology Department of the First Moscow Medical Institute, Dr. S. M. Pavlenko, declared: "Kirlian photography can be used for early diagnosis of disease, especially of cancer."

Diseases cause characteristic color and pattern changes in the Kirlian-pictured energy field around the body. Soviet biologist V. M. Inyushin of the Kazakh State University calls this field our "bioplasma body." Whether it is called a "body," or an aura, or a corona, changes in its colors marking a change in health have been seen to appear up to three weeks *before* they showed up in the physical body. Soviet scientists are now only beginning to formulate correlations between aura photography and disease.

In a field such as parapsychology, there is always the danger of carrying subjective speculation too far, that researchers might forget their commitment as objective scientists. Perhaps with this in mind, a Soviet research physicist and disciple of the Kirlians, Viktor G. Adamenko of Moscow's Institute of Physics, has taken a position contrary to his colleague Inyushin's, saying that Kirlian photography pictures no "bioplasma body," but only a "cold emission of electrons" for the human body in its routine chemical processes. Whatever changes are photographed, he insists, are the result of any living organism's continuous "physicochemical reactions . . . which find reflections in the brightness, color, and dynamics" of the aura.

In any event, intriguing evidence has come from studies in the United States and the Soviet Union of so-called "faith healers." In Soviet experiments, first openly discussed at a Soviet scientific conference in 1968, Kirlian photographs were taken before, during, and after a "healing" by the "laying on of hands" conducted by Red Army Col. Alexei Krivorotov. The photos reportedly show the energy field around his hands greatly increasing in brightness prior to the healing, the energy channeling into a tight and focused beam during it, and an increase in brightness of his patient's aura following the healing.

Experiments by Moss and Johnson during the last two years have produced similar results. Their photographs of the fingertip of a self-proclaimed "healer" before and after he performed a healing show the energy aura surrounding his fingertip had markedly decreased in the process. His patient, the fingertip photos indicate, had a dim aura before the healing and a significantly brighter one afterward.

Moss and Johnson reject any quick explanation. The healer and patient claimed to have felt a transfer of energy, described as "heat," but no actual transfer was photographed. What the researchers do surmise is that bright, changing auras tend to accompany vibrant physical health, while dim, blotched, uneven auras, or "stagnant" auras that change little from hour to hour, tend to accompany poor health.

Do faith healers aid patients by supplying an "aura transfusion" in the same way doctors might supply a blood transfusion? Johnson says this is possible but unproven. Might an apparatus like a battery charger someday be perfected that could boost a weak aura, or might a technique be found for treating auras directly? Apparently such a technique already exists and has been around for some four thousand years. It is called acupuncture.

> Soviet scientists have found that the human body's energy field has several hundred bright spots that appear in Kirlian photographs as flares. These spots correspond to the eight hundred main acupuncture points into which Chinese practitioners insert their needles.

A finding of Soviet Kirlian photographers, confirmed by Moss and Johnson, is that the human body's energy field has several hundred bright spots that appear in photographs as flares. These correspond to the eight hundred main acupuncture points into which Chinese practitioners insert their fine needles.

Practitioners of acupuncture have always assumed that humans had an "energy circulatory system" running up and down the body in vertical meridians. In their view, if this system got out of balance, or congested, the flow would stagnate and the body would lose vitality. Acupuncture, some Kirlian researchers hypothesize, operates by breaking up logjams hindering this energy flow, thereby restoring energy balance to the body. In a book edited by Stanley Krippner and Daniel Rubin, *Galaxies of Life* (Gordon and Breach, 1973)—the best work available on aura photography—Dr. William A. Tiller of Stanford University details the work of a North Korean scientist, Kim Bong Han. By injecting radioactive isotopes into key acupuncture points and tracing them in patients' bodies, Kim has produced strong evidence of another circulatory system, unknown in Western medicine yet apparently indicated with accuracy by acupuncture charts. Kim's work also supports the ancient acupuncturists' assumption that each meridian of the body is linked to specific glands.

In the Soviet Union and the United States, scientific interest in acupuncture and aura photography seem mutually supportive; both fields of study indicate that human beings are continually changing energy systems. In this new light, Buckminster Fuller's cry, "I seem to be a verb," makes clear sense.

Oriental thought has always viewed the universe in this fashion. Taoist philosophy, which underpins Zen Buddhism and influences much modern Chinese thought, always has taught the need for balancing positive and negative cosmic energies. In India, entire Yogic disciplines center on the control of *prana*—particles smaller than atoms, inhaled with the breath, which carry intelligence and life energy. Gradually Western science is catching up with oriental mysticism, as the current search for a hypothetical subatomic energy unit called the "quark" suggests. Simplified, mathematical descriptions of what the "quark" should be sound very much like ancient mystical Hindu descriptions of *prana*.

Thanks to the images of our world provided by energy-field photography, our view may become more oriental. Man's need for calm is a case in point. As Kendall Johnson described it, the emotionally imbalanced person, in radiation-field photos, will show a broken, irregular aura; an angry or frightened person can appear as an uncontrolled blotch of red. In the half-hour of photo-taking with me, the first pictures Johnson took showed a medium-sized aura with gaps or broken spots; after I relaxed and had meditated for five minutes, my aura brightened greatly, grew larger, and became uniformly clear.

"This is the difference," Johnson says, "between your monkey mind and your Buddha mind." Accompanying this article are photos depicting what Johnson calls the "cycle of arousal," the change from calm self-control to distraught emotional uncontrol. The first photo shows a round blue halo, or corona, without gaps or discoloration. As

a subject becomes distracted, disturbed, or troubled, the picture changes. The halo begins to dim and gaps emerge. The color red appears, and as physical emotions are aroused, the red takes over—ultimately as a blurred blotch, characteristic of rage or loss of control. Perhaps the old expression, "He was so mad he saw red," means more than we once suspected.

Johnson and Moss have done some experiments with the so-called "kissing effect," the name they give to energy-field interaction between two persons' fingertips. Preliminary study suggests that two people can enhance or dim one another's auras, and that in everyday interaction, auras subtly repel each other at close range and never merge together. But a mother apparently has some ability to "heal" her children by transfusing aura energy to them; and lovers likewise seem to transfer some aura energy in a "healing" fashion, by the "laying on" of parts of the body. You can give something of yourself, literally, when you touch a loved one, and the feeling can truly be an electric tingle.

Arousal also becomes visible in radiation-field photography when artificial stimulants are involved. Moss and Johnson induced some subjects to consume large quantities of alcohol and recorded that with each glassful the subject's aura increased in pinkish brightness, until, after more than a dozen ounces, a "rosy glow" was achieved—a large, uniform pink aura. Tests using marijuana, sponsored at UCLA two years ago by the National Institute for Mental Health, showed a similar "rosy glow" phenomenon, and a similar enlargement of the corona energy field.

The red blotch shows up one other place in the photography of Moss and Johnson. When a healthy leaf is gashed with a pin and photographed it shows the wound in the color of blood. It also shows strange bubblelike forms inside its veins.

The Soviets claim that if, say, 10 percent of a leaf is cut away, Kirlian photographs will reveal a "phantom leaf," an intact energy field where there is no physical body. If true, this might help explain statements by many amputees that months or years after losing a limb, they could still "feel" it as a phantom limb.

Moss and Johnson have failed to duplicate this "phantom leaf" effect. They stress, however, that their equipment is less sophisticated and operates on a different frequency than the Soviet models. (Prof. E. Douglas Dean, of the Newark College of Engineering in New Jersey, using Kirlian-type equipment built in Czechoslovakia, has reportedly achieved results similar to those reported by Soviet researchers.) While changing frequency, says Johnson, objects have been seen to appear, then disappear completely at another setting, then appear again in other colors at a higher frequency. He speculates that "some kind of harmonic effect" influences radiation-field picture-taking, and adds that it may alter the way we see one another at the frequencies we call "visible light," the electromagnetic vibrations we sense with our eyes. Some seers claim to see auras around everybody, and Johnson admits he is amazed at similarities between his photographs and the drawings and descriptions of human auras by psychics Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater compiled in the 1925 Theosophist tract *The Etheric Double* by A. E. Powell (Theosophist Publishing House).

While studying the "phantom leaf" effect, Moss and Johnson made other discoveries. For one, healers can in many cases increase the brightness of a leaf's corona, and apparently can delay its dimming unto death. For another, if these healers have "green thumbs," other people have "brown thumbs"—plants literally wilt in their presence. Whether this means there are "negative healers" in the world—people able to dim or drain the auras of others—or whether a machine could achieve the same results, are open questions. Witches in ancient lore were accused of doing this.

> Is life merely a kind of gravity that holds our energy in one quivering bundle, while binding itself to the earth with a magnetic pull of twenty-one grams? And does it release instantly at death, like an electromagnet when turned off; or does it fade away slowly, like the glow in a Kirlian photograph?

The last major American scientist to promote ideas about "energy bodies" died in prison because he could not prove his theories to the satisfaction of his peers, yet refused to surrender his beliefs. His name was Wilhelm Reich, and he had been among Freud's earliest disciples in psychotherapy. After breaking with Freud, he began to search for the essence of life, the vital energy the Hindus called *prana*. Reich eventually would call it *orgone*. Critics said Reich meant "sex energy," but this oversimplifies. In 1940 Reich invented the "orgone accumulator" or "orgone box" to channel this energy. It was a chamber whose walls, ceiling, and floor consisted of several alternating layers of organic and metallic material. By remaining for a time inside this chamber, Reich claimed, a person would be revitalized by the concentration of life energy or "bio-energy" it pulled from the earth's energy field. Reich convinced a number of patients that their best hope for cure was to remain inside such boxes for long periods.

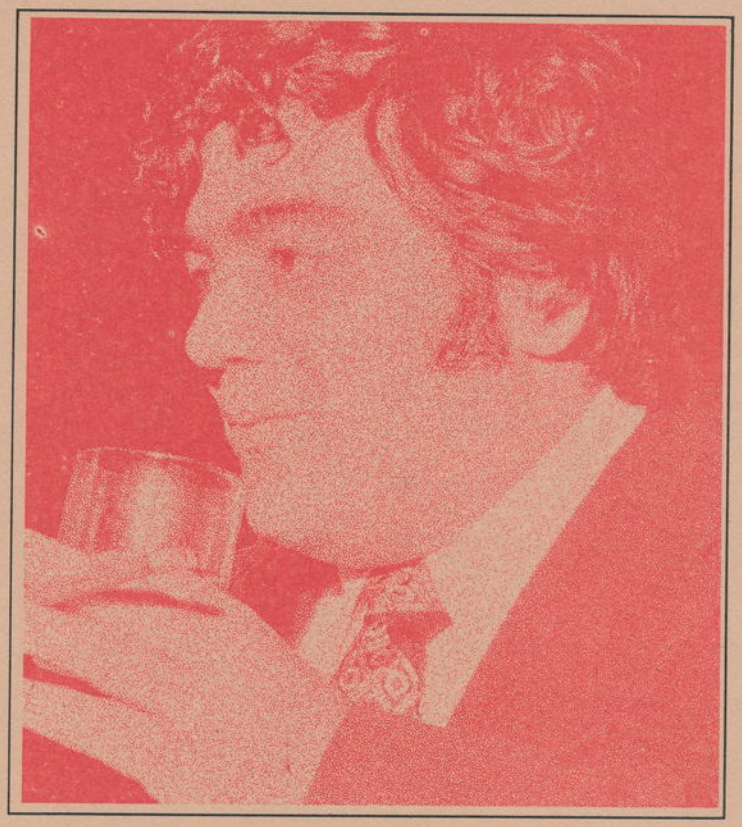
In 1954 the U.S. Food and Drug Administration gained an injunction against the distribution of Reich's orgone boxes on the grounds that his claims for them were fraudulent. When Reich ignored the injunction and called the courts incompetent to make judgments of scientific fact, he was, in due course, charged with contempt of court and imprisoned. Less than eight months later, in November 1957, he died of heart disease in the Federal Penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

In *Galaxies of Life*, Stanley Krippner, the director of the Maimonides Medical Center Dream Laboratory in Brooklyn, heralds Reich's intellectual resurrection: "Personally, I feel that there is an important connection between the findings of Kirlian photography and the orgone theories of Wilhelm Reich and the bio-energetic therapists. When I was in the Soviet Union, I told the scientists about bio-energetic therapy and found them to be extremely interested in Reich's concepts."

Some Soviet scientists have speculated that living cells emit ultraviolet photons—packets of light energy—that can affect the "health" of similar cells. Their experiments with cells, described by science writer Eleonora Gorbunova in the June 1973 *Soviet Life* magazine, raises the possibility that what we call the "human aura" might be the photon chatter from billions of cells routinely talking at once, in a language indicative of their health. Or it might be some sort of intensity field that overwhelms any incoming negative messages.

An obvious question: What holds vast cities of cells together as one organism or prompts them to act as one organic unit rather than a collection of random cells? And, why does life energy hold cells together rather than drive them apart? Soviet scientists have coined the phrase "biological gravity." Is life merely a kind of gravity that holds our energy in one quivering bundle, while binding itself to the Earth with a magnetic pull of roughly twenty-one grams? And does it release instantly at death, like an electromagnet when turned off; or does it fade away slowly like the glow in a Kirlian photograph of leaves and flowers?

The New World was settled by opening it to all comers. The new world of parapsychology in general, and aura photography in particular, may benefit from a wide social invasion—as science, as art, as fad, as occultism. Potential problems, however, arrive with the observers from NASA and the CIA—the possibility that the new world might turn brave and that parapsychology might go the way of nuclear physics in serving the power-hungry. That risk seems part of the price we are fated to pay for extending the limits of knowledge.



JIMMY BRESLIN

Until very recently Jimmy Breslin was merely one of the best newspapermen in the world and the author of two humorous books: *Can't Anybody Here Play This Game?* (a laughing-through-the tears saga of the first year of the New York Mets) and *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight* (a very funny novel about an inept Mafia gang).

So when Jimmy recently turned out a serious novel, called *World Without End, Amen*, he confounded the literary people who had thought him simply a talented reporter and buffoon. *World Without End, Amen* is a grim story of a middle-class New York City Irish cop who has been stunted by an environment that has made him a patriotic bigot, forever on the take, with nowhere to go and no dreams left.

It is just possible that this book may be the best novel written about Americans in a long time. As Harrison Salisbury wrote in the *New York Times*, "[*World Without End, Amen* is] the best slice of pure 100 percent America to be put between book covers in this or any other recent year." Most other reviews ranged from those heights down to very good.

Jimmy Breslin was born October 17, 1930, in the heart of the depression, in the borough of Queens which must not be confused with the borough of Manhattan although both are in New York City. Queens, as Breslin has described it, was a world ruled by a medieval Catholicism that helped stifle the imaginations and creative impulses of several generations.

He attended a Catholic grammar school and graduated from a public high school but he was an indifferent, if not a rotten, scholar. He went to work as a copyboy on the Long Island Press when he was seventeen. Then he had writing jobs with the *Boston Globe*, the Scripps-Howard Syndicate, the New York *Journal-American*, and others. He wound up on the New York *Herald Tribune* with a syndicated column. After the Trib folded Jimmy got into magazines, books, and finally television reporting and commentary on WNBC-TV in New York.

Along the way he became enamored of Rosemary Dattolico whom he married and who bore him six children. Jimmy obviously feels that since he is an Italian by marriage it gives him license to bad-mouth that ethnic group the same way he savages his own Irish. The most significant thing about Breslin is that he knows who he is and where he came from. He doesn't necessarily like it. But he knows that nobody ever really escapes. He knows he is an Irish-Catholic kid who is suddenly forty-three years old and has more books to write than he may have time for.

Because of his crazy eating and erratic drinking there is sixty pounds too much of Jimmy Breslin. He is perhaps 5'10" tall . . . or he used to be. He has slumped. When he walks—and sometimes when he sits or stands—his head thrusts forward, his face tilts down, and his dark eyes look up directly at you from under thick, dark brows. The face, for all the fat, is still handsome. But it doesn't matter because he doesn't know it. His hair is black and curls over the collar. In short, Breslin looks like an amiable bull who is slightly wary and who could, if you acted badly, ram you right through a brick wall. Dying too soon is probably his biggest fear. Richard Wald, now president of NBC News and formerly his boss on the *Herald Tribune*, tells of a day when Jimmy was writing his column in the editorial conference room. "Suddenly we heard this bloodcurdling scream and we rushed in. There he was, sprawled in a chair, choking, clutching his chest. He kept yelling that he was dying of a coronary. Then we saw a giant bottle of coke standing on the table—empty. He had chug-a-lugged the whole thing and given himself a massive, but harmless, gas attack."

His lower-class background has helped make him a devout liberal. His friend, Mario Cuomo, a prominent New York City attorney, says Jimmy cannot believe it's possible to be both a good person *and* a conservative. When the Cuomos and the Breslins went to dinner together for the first time, Cuomo cautioned his conservative wife to keep it light and not rile Jimmy.

"We all tried," says Cuomo, "but inevitably war broke out. The evening ended with us walking away from Jimmy who was standing in the middle of Hillside Avenue screaming, 'I don't care how pretty you are! I don't care if you're a fine wife and mother! You are evil! Do you hear me? You are no good!'

"Despite this, I like him and I am in awe of his incredible ability to scan a scene, take in everything and translate it into the most natural, pure, and common prose."

Jimmy is currently at work on another book, which he won't talk about other than to say, "It's about New York."

This *Penthouse* interview was conducted by Richard Ballad.

WIDE WORLD

Penthouse: When you write, you use proper grammar. But when you speak you commit every possible mistake, and you swear all the time. Is this part of an act?
Breslin: Well, fuck, it's such a relief to be able to talk the way you want to and get away from that strict business at the typewriter. It relaxes you. Then, yeah, I suppose it becomes part of the act, too.
Penthouse: How did you do in school?
Breslin: Lousy. I went to high school for five years. One year, I can remember failing every subject.
Penthouse: But you must have liked to read.
Breslin: No, I never read much. I never read a goddamned thing except sports writing. I read W. C. Heinz in the old New York *Sun* and Tony Betts in the New York *Mirror*. Those guys could write.
Penthouse: But you've obviously read widely since you grew up.
Breslin: No, I don't think I've ever read very much. Well, I read a lot more than the average person, sure, because I *have* to read a lot of stuff for a living. But mostly I talk and I listen and I look and I write.
Penthouse: Have you done this consciously to keep your style clean of other writers?
Breslin: Yeah, I'm afraid to read too many people because you wind up with thirty dead guys looking over your shoulder while you're writing. I've seen that happen to a lot of people, very learned people. I worked once on the copy desk in the sports department of the Boston *Globe*. They had a lot of correspondents from Harvard and M.I.T. who would help out on the weekend editions. I'd read their stuff and I wouldn't know what they were talking about. They were only reporting a fuckin' lacrosse match, for Christ's sake! Put it in English! They were making it into something terrible—imitation Henry James. I says fuck those schools. I'm glad I didn't go, if that's what they're going to do to you.
Penthouse: Why did you want to be a writer?
Breslin: That's all I ever wanted to do. I always liked newspapers, I don't know why.
Penthouse: Do you think there is an anti-writer, anti-artist feeling in America?
Breslin: Well, I think the Nixon people probably would help it along if you let 'em. They'd like to put you in jail. But I don't think the general populace knows the difference. They don't care or think about it enough. Of course, some of the shit that writers have pulled—the publicity stunts they pulled over the years—I mean, I read things about Hemingway I couldn't fuckin' believe.

I never knew no man with this much energy. You know, wrestling this, wrestling that. He was wrestling wolves. I was impressed. I'm scared to death of the cocksuckers even today because of all the shit I was taught about them when I was a kid. But now I know that a wolf is really like a big dog! And Hemingway was supposed to be such a fighter, a boxer. I met Champ Segal here in the city once and he told me how this guy Brown had a gym and he said to Champ Segal one day, "Would you box with this guy and be nice to him?" So Champ says, "Here comes this big fuckin' stumblebum with a beer belly and he looks like a fuckin' savage with hair all over his face, and he don't know how to hold his hands and he tries to bite me. And I hit him a fuckin' rap to teach him manners. I didn't hit him too hard but I give him a good enough shot, yeah, 'cause he didn't know how to fight." Then Champ says to me, "But put it down in the paper that I said he had a very good left hand."

All these stories. Hemingway was supposed to have given Dempsey a tough time in an exhibition or something. Shit. There ain't nobody very close to knockin' out Jack Dempsey even today. Christ, he's seventy-five and he can hardly stand up with his arthritis, but if he ever caught you with one, right now, there'd be hell to pay.

Another myth about writers is the sex thing. They all gotta have that great sex drive. But a guy sitting on a typewriter all fuckin' day is so drained, you know, that the sex drive goes in between the "a" and "e" keys. Then you go out and get fucking blind trying to get human again. And then some guy tells me he also laid five broads the same day? It's bullshit.

I don't believe stories about drinking and I don't believe stories about sex. And I certainly don't believe stories about physical prowess. That's the whole thing about this country. They're always saying, "The guy's got balls, he's strong, he's big." There's so much fear in that.
Penthouse: Do you think *you* drink too much?
Breslin: Yeah, probably. Sometimes. Sometimes I never drink, though. I knock it off for long periods. That's why I like doing the books best. I get some control over my life then. But when I'm running around plugging books or on the daily in-and-out stuff, writing short pieces and doing television, I can't wait to get the hell out. I go right to a saloon as soon as I finish work. I just like the saloon life. I get a few beers and I bullshit and have fun. But when I'm home doing a book, it's the best life in the world and I lose a lot of weight.

> Another myth about writers is the sex thing. A guy sitting on a typewriter all fuckin' day is so drained that the sex drive goes in between the "a" and "e" keys.

Penthouse: Does your weight bug you?
Breslin: Yes, it bugs me because I know where it comes from. It comes from eating fuckin' snack food—I don't sit down and eat a healthy meal. But mostly it comes from drinkin'. You drink a ton of beer and you wake up in the morning and you don't feel good and you eat wop food. That does it.
Penthouse: Do you worry about dying?
Breslin: Yeah, when I get a hangover. But I don't worry about getting hit by lightning or somethin'. I just worry about destroying myself, which I am doing. There's nothing wrong with me so far . . . but wait.
Penthouse: What do you do to have fun?
Breslin: Drink and bullshit. I don't play golf or tennis.
Penthouse: Were you athletic as a kid?
Breslin: Yeah, but no more.
Penthouse: Do you like music?
Breslin: I don't like the fuckin' hillbilly music. I hate country music. Jesus!
Penthouse: You like rock?
Breslin: It's all killin' me. Guitars—I'm going to get killed by a guitar. Can't anybody learn any other instrument but a guitar?

You know, Count Basie's wife threw a party for some wounded vets or something. And she hired the Brooklyn Bridge, which was a band. She figured young people wanted that music. So Basie and Louis Armstrong were sitting there, two old guys in Bermuda shorts, and they're watchin' the Brooklyn Bridge set up. Cables and plugs and connections and amplifiers and wires and generators maybe. And Basie says, "Seems to me the most important man in this band is the electrician." That says it. I like Simon and Garfunkel, Billie Holiday, Tony Bennett. The Supremes did some great stuff. But Jesus, we're drowning in mediocrity now.
Penthouse: Let's change the subject a bit. There was a fine piece in *Harper's* some time ago about how women don't realize that men get their identity from *them* and that without women and their childbearing function, men would have no identity, no reason for being. The author said the trouble was that men didn't involve themselves in the rearing of kids. What do you think about that?
Breslin: Absolutely—kids are it. That's why I feel sorry for homosexuals, those poor fuckin' faggots. The sameness of their lives. All male. No kids. That sameness will kill you. As they get older, it must be terrible.

But, yeah, fathers don't plunge into the job of being fathers. They don't say to the mothers, "I'm gettin' in here." Being a father is a hard job. It's not a job you can do offhand. When I do it offhand I can see it isn't good enough. You've got to put your life into it and most people don't. A kid is really your only product. A book don't mean nothin'. The only reason a book is important is because I got the six kids and I need the book to feed 'em. But that's heresy. It's too simple a subject for today's complicated world.

You know, one day Joey Bushkin—who plays piano and writes songs—said to me, "What the hell shot have we got? We're tryin' to write and compose things. A broad has you trumped every time. She can make a child. What shot have we got to do anything important compared to that?"
Penthouse: What was it like, having so many kids to support in those early years when you were making about $150 a week as a reporter?
Breslin: Well, I don't know. Sometimes it was hard. Sometimes I made less than that. We had twins within eleven months. Now they're eighteen years old. They came home from the hospital and they were up all night and slept during the day. They would scream and keep us awake. It was murder. You'd feed them and then they'd throw it up! Every night for nine months, and we were broke, we didn't have a quarter. I had a sports piece to do for the *Saturday Evening Post* for a thousand dollars. I was working as a sportswriter then and I'd come home at night and I was too tired, too mentally screwed up, to sit down and work for the money I needed.

So for the thousand dollars I went to a loan shark. And then I got a break there. The loan shark got murdered. A guy shot him and put him in a trunk. I was on my way into work and I picked up the *Daily News* and there was a picture of him on the front page: "Body Found

In Railway Express Agency."

Penthouse: Did the police question you?

Breslin: Those dopes never came, you know that? I was sittin' in the office all day.

Penthouse: Loan sharks get rough when you don't pay.

Breslin: When they're alive they do. This one was an Irish shylock working on the West Side. He hung out in the Old Nick bar. That was where Trigger Burke shot Poochie Walsh. Oh, that was a tough joint. The Upper West Side was a hell of a place! Good luck to you up there, in those days.

Now it's the Puerto Ricans. And the old Irish in the neighborhood cluck their tongues and say, "Look at these animals! I wish we were back in the quiet days." *Quiet* days! You walked around there then and you were afraid of gettin' your head blown off. They were crazy, those people.

Penthouse: Back in 1969 Norman Mailer ran for mayor of New York and you ran for head of the city council. Why did you try that?

Breslin: Lillian Hellman had a hell of a line. She said we were two silly boys running around wasting our time, trying to become famous. In other words, if you're a shoemaker, go make shoes. If you're a writer, write. Stop the bullshit. I don't know why I did it.

Penthouse: Here's a term you hate. "New Journalism." What does it mean?

Breslin: Yeah. I do hate it. To me the *real* new journalism is the old-fashioned journalism of Woodward and Bernstein for the *Washington Post*. They covered a police case. A burglary at the Watergate. They went out and knocked on doors and made phone calls and met guys late at night. They didn't make lunch dates in Georgetown in some restaurant to listen to "official" leaks. They acted like police reporters. I think police reporting is the basis of all journalism. War reporting, political reporting, it's all the same. Digging it out.

New Journalism? I don't know how to define it and I don't know what it means. It's a good gimmick, sure, and the public falls for that shit. Capote said he invented the non-fiction novel. And Mailer says history is the novel and the novel is history. And the public buys it. They love that shit. The literary people love it.

Tom Wolfe, for example, should forget about journalism and really write because he's a brilliant writer. He should stop the bullshit.

Penthouse: What about Gay Talese, who wrote *Honor Thy Father*? What about his interest in the world of the massage parlors?

Breslin: Well, it just doesn't interest me. It's all very unimportant stuff. It doesn't strike me as something worth applying your ability to. Yeah, he wrote *Honor Thy Father*, which is a whole thing about a family in the Mafia, and he never put in what they do for a living, which is selling heroin. He should pay a little bit more attention to important things like that.

Penthouse: Do you know Talese personally?

Breslin: I know him, yeah, but I haven't seen him in a long time.

Penthouse: What about William Buckley, do you think he could have been a good writer if he weren't such a dilettante.

Breslin: Well, Buckley don't write that good. He can't ever get serious about writing because he really can't do it. Nobody can follow his sentences.

Penthouse: You do stuff for WNBC-TV in New York. What do you think of TV and the people on the tube?

Breslin: I watch some of these fellers on the other shows and I fuckin' well smirk. Nobody watches 'em because they are not using the proper word combinations to stick in people's ears to keep them coming along. The language is too flat, too bland.

But this guy Brinkley, David Brinkley. He does the most flawless television scripts I ever saw. He's got all the inflections and it comes out magnificent on the screen.

He's one son-of-a-bitch of a performer. Of course, not one fuckin' word makes sense. He bats a thousand. He doesn't say *anything*. *Nothing*. The man says absolutely fuckin' zero. Or he makes a point you know, like, "Congress is not functioning very well this year." That's his idea of a point. But he does it so fuckin' well, who cares what he's got to say? He's a pleasure to listen to. It's a verbal ballet. He's sensational. But Eric Sevareid says even less. He fuckin' compounds it because he mumbles. He's awful. But it's all form. Some guy at the bar watchin' Sevareid will say, "Jesus, now that is a smart son of a bitch because he sounds . . . boom, boom, boom." You know?

[Dick Schaap, sports editor of WNBC-TV, has the temerity to knock and then enter his own office, which Breslin is using for this interview.]

Breslin: Get out! Get the fuck out. I'm being interviewed. Stop interrupting.

> ‘Bill Buckley don't write that good . . . Nobody can follow his sentences.’

Schaap: Look, he still has forty-seven questions to ask you, and you don't know any short answers. When am I gonna get my office back?

Breslin: Fuck you!

[Schaap leaves.]

Penthouse: What about becoming a full-time television personality yourself? It's pretty heady stuff, isn't it?

Breslin: Yeah, it is. But it ain't gonna happen to me because I ain't going to be here in five years. Let me write. That's all I want to do. TV is very good for helping book sales. That's all. If I didn't have so many kids at home I might have time to devote to my fuckin' ego and I could stay on television. It would be fun. I could become a good, sick television guy. But I don't have the time, thank God.

Penthouse: What do you think of television people?

Breslin: Well, there comes a point in their careers where a level of confusion sets in and they think they're being paid all this money because there is some special magic in *them*. Like they really think, "I'm Jimmy Breslin and you gotta pay me a million dollars a week just because of *who I am*. All because I got a top lip that comes down when I smile and . . ." well, who knows why people like you?

Television is a great mouth, it eats people alive. Anybody that says TV news is an easy business, a glamour business, is full of shit.

Penthouse: You've written a lot of tough things about your own people, the Irish. Don't you get complaints?

Breslin: Oh, sure, yeah. They scream. But it's nothing. I believe that you can write anything and say anything and you never get in trouble. I think those things are built up too much. People get mad at you. So what? That's good.

Penthouse: Tell us about the rest of your family—your parents, your——

Breslin: Oh, well, I have a mother, a father, and a sister. My sister now has a Ph.D. She's a consultant to the state education commissioner on early childhood training. I never saw my father. He went out for rolls when I was seven and I never saw him since. I think he's in Florida. My mother was an investigator for the department of welfare.

Penthouse: She reared you alone?

Breslin: Yeah, with my grandmother, who was a widow. A couple of aunts and uncles were in the house.

Penthouse: Then you had some male influence?

Breslin: Yeah, it was some help, I guess.

Penthouse: Was it a childhood you'd want to live over?

Breslin: No, it wasn't all that much fun. There was too much family squabbling going on and too much drinking.

Penthouse: Then what you wrote in *World Without End, Amen* are things you've experienced firsthand.

Breslin: Oh, sure. The Irish homes in Queens were the worst messes. People say that modern parents can discuss divorce sensibly, and have their children ready, psychologically, to handle the fact that a father and mother aren't going to be living together. I don't believe one line of it. But I think the eased divorce laws are terrific and necessary. You want to give in to your own angers and break up? Fine. So get a divorce. If there's no kids involved, I don't give a damn what people do. But I think your life isn't your own to do with what you please once you've made that commitment and have had a kid. I think the damage of divorce, for kids, is incalculable.

Penthouse: Are you pretty close to your sister or mother?

Breslin: No. I came from a cold Irish family. Nobody was close to anybody.

Penthouse: But your relatives are still around. They still talk to you.

Breslin: Oh Christ, yes. Are they around! [Laughs.] And are they callin' up, too. Wow! After the book came out.

Penthouse: What about the Roman Catholic church in your life?

Breslin: That was something you had to go to. The church played a big part because I went to a Catholic grammar school. It was a hellfire religion, a medieval religion, in those days in the diocese of Brooklyn. The devil was right in the classroom. The people were well intentioned—the nuns and priests—and some of them were good. But I think it was harmful, as far as I was concerned.

Penthouse: Didn't you get anything good out of it?

Breslin: Oh, yeah. Of course. Religion is a tremendous strength. I still believe in it. What are you going to do?

Penthouse: You go to mass regularly?

Breslin: No. I mean I miss it all the time. Every

Sunday morning when I wake up I feel a little guilty that I didn't go. That will never leave. The kids go on and off. It's not anywhere near like it was when I was a kid. But their religion is a lot better. They have a much better view of life than I had when I was a kid. We were taught such conformity in thought. All the chanting and the prayers. They ruined the creative ability of an awful lot of people. How many Irish or Italian writers did we produce out of this huge Catholic education system in New York?

Penthouse: Well, you. Pete Hamill. Mario Puzo. Joe Flaherty. . . .

Breslin: Fine. But that's only four or five names out of *millions*. You can't write unless you rebel first. Paul O'Dwyer [New York City Council President] has been screamin' that at Catholic educators for forty years now and they call him a Communist. He says you have *no* writers because if the kid doesn't rebel he's never goin' to be able to write. It just goes part and parcel with the thing. And people are conforming so totally that they're going to be forty by the time they learn to rebel and then it's too late. So kids brought up like that will only write insurance policies and traffic tickets.

Penthouse: What about racial prejudice in children?

Breslin: That's fading too. I was going to say I'm a member of the last of the screwed-up generations, but there's still one behind me. But anyone who is coming out of it now—passing into adulthood—it's a different ball game.

Penthouse: Where did *your* liberalism come from?

Breslin: Well, in our house we didn't have the usual bigotry. Maybe that's where I got a break the others didn't have. You see, my mother was dealing with the minorities all the time, because she worked for the welfare department. There were certain words, ethnic slurs, that weren't allowed to be used in our house maybe thirty years before they were abandoned in other people's houses.

Penthouse: You're a liberal, Jimmy, so you've got to like women's lib, right?

Breslin: Well, it's terribly boring, but the whole movement is right. Betty Friedan and Gloria Steinam and those people really don't understand the problems of women. But they stood up and did something. They did help get it rolling. But now you've got people like Barbara Jordan, that congresslady from Houston, Texas. She's a powerful politician who happens to be a woman. Boy, you look at her and she's like a boss: She's strong. She's much stronger than our New York congresswomen like Elizabeth Holtzman or Bella Abzug.

I think you're going to see more like that. The politicians produced by this movement are going to be more political and less woman. They're going to be relying on their political ability, not their femininity, and I think that's the truest liberation of all.

Penthouse: New York State now has the toughest drug law in the country. What do you think of it?

Breslin: It probably won't work. If they hit a big drug peddler, the temptation will be too much for the police. The payoffs will be immense. Immense. The people they will finally drag in, you can bet will be some poor fuckin' derelict blacks on the bottom of the ladder. So it shows a naiveness on Governor Rockefeller's part. But what do you expect from him? A guy who lives on a big estate? There's no narcotics problem up there, so how could he know?

Penthouse: You really think he's naive? You don't thinkit's cold, calculated electioneering bullshit?

Breslin: Well, yeah. Sure it is, really. I said "naive" because I wanted to make him look like a jerk. But it is really cold, calculated political maneuvering. Sure. And the public likes it. It sounds good. Only it's not going to work. It's going to work on forty black kids from the South Bronx, that's all. And all the good citizens of New York will think that then they're going to be safe in the streets. They'll find out.

Penthouse: You've watched Governor Rockefeller a long time. What do you think of him?

Breslin: He's rich. That's what I think of him. He gets out of that car and he just stands there and if they don't take the coat off his shoulders he just lets it drop. Somebody is supposed to take it off his shoulders or catch it. He doesn't give a shit.

Penthouse: How did he get such a reputation as a liberal?

Breslin: I guess because he buys liberals. He just buys liberal typewriters, you know? He pays a ton of money. In 1968, when he was making noises about running for president, a writer named Larry King did a piece for *Harper's* magazine on Rockefeller. After the piece came out, he got a phone call offering him money to come and write speeches for Rockefeller. He didn't want to do that, so he said that he wanted $350 a day, seven days a week, with a six-month guarantee. King threw that out and he thought he'd get rid of them. You know what they said? "When can you start?" He never did go with them, but that's the kind of money they were going to pay. And that was for *one* speech writer. Rocky must have had thirty of them. The man pays big money. And that's why those people have great difficulty in understanding human beings. Everybody can be bought, at some price, some time. That's how they figure.

> I went to a loan shark once for a thousand dollars. But I got a break. A guy shot him and put him in a trunk.

Penthouse: What was the saddest story you ever covered?

Breslin: The Robert Kennedy thing. When he got shot in Los Angeles, that was the worst. That took something out of me. When I finished writing in the *Los Angeles Times* office, four or five in the morning, I knew I'd really lost something there.

Penthouse: Did you feel good when the Kennedys came along?

Breslin: Yeah, well, of course, absolutely. And then I *knew* Bobby Kennedy.

Penthouse: The Irish thing?

Breslin: Well, a little bit, the Irish thing. But not that much. I was young. And it was good, you know. I still think Bobby Kennedy was the best single thing in politics I ever knew.

Penthouse: Yes, but he did have some peculiar notions concerning due process.

Breslin: Yeah. He made mistakes. But I think he did the best he could. I got along with him personally. Too good. It wasn't a healthy relationship for writing. Too close. But he was the best. And when he got shot that was the worst. An ugly fucking dirty hotel kitchen. What a place to go.

Penthouse: What about Teddy Kennedy?

Breslin: I don't know him that good. I know that he could have used a Queens Boulevard lawyer there at Chappaquiddick. They took a classic leaving-the-scene case and turned it into the worst fuckin' mess I ever saw. I mean that was the type of accident case which is very common. Something happens. The guy gets all flustered, screwed up, and he leaves the scene.

Penthouse: But this wasn't hit-and-run. The victim was right in the same car with him.

Breslin: I know. I know. He made a hell of a mess out of it. You're always better off stickin' at the scene.

Penthouse: Tell us about President Nixon. What do you think of his problems with Watergate and all the rest of it?

Breslin: It's all so predictable. The only thing you couldn't predict was that he'd get caught. Everybody knew he must have been doing it. His whole life has been that way. It must be hell to be around him now, because of his paranoia. And that Rosemary Woods, that secretary of his, Jesus! It must be like hell to be in there. He was here in New York after the '62 election when he didn't make it in the governor's race in California. He came into town the first time and I was on the *Herald Tribune* and I called Rosemary Woods to say I wanted to do a column on Nixon. And she said, "Well he's very busy, he's not in the office at this time." So I said, "Okay, never mind. I'll get him." I meant, I'd *contact* him, myself, some other way.

Well, two days later the paper got a letter from Nixon and they sent me a memo. It read, "Dick Nixon called this morning. He said Jimmy Breslin is vicious and vindictive. He said Breslin said he was going to *get* me. And I think you ought to know what kind of a feller you got workin' for you."

The other time I brushed Nixon was in Saigon in 1965. He was there giving a briefing to the press. He was standing under one of them ceiling fans that go around, slow, and it looked like a fuckin' scene out of *The Maltese Falcon*. And he said, "Gentleman, let me assure you, there will be a military victory within a year." That was 1965. So after he went through that shit he said hello to me. He said, "I saw a front-page story by you the other day, but you didn't make it the next day because you got knocked off by the Watts riots." *You didn't make page one because of the Watts riots.* That was how he put the whole thing into perspective. I mean the Watts riots. Thirty-two dead, or something —people shootin' each other and Nixon thought that my only reaction would be that *I* got screwed out of a front-page story. Because that's the way he would have felt if *he* had been Jimmy Breslin. You see? That's how he thinks. Those are his priorities. "Fuck the people getting killed. Look what's happening to ME!" Cocksucker.

Penthouse: Thank you, Jimmy Breslin.

"The body rules...
it must be
washed, fed
and fucked regularly."

Beatrice

La belle France has always been fortunate in her visitors from the north. In A.D. 845, untamed Vikings burned and pillaged Paris but later they established seminal cultural beachheads in Normandy. In 1871 Bismarck's Prussian hordes brought fire and death but they also ended the petit-bourgeois corruption of the bogus Second Empire. And sometime in the early months of the present decade, Beatrice Vogler fled the inhospitable ice of the wintry Baltic and settled down among friends in a beautiful 17th-century château in the south of France.

"I just prefer warm weather and places where I can dress as I please, and that includes not dressing at all if I feel like it," says twenty-two-year-old Mlle. Vogler. "I'm an outdoor person. I like to go to the beach.... I like sports, tennis and riding, and I don't like being a slave to the weather report. In Sweden, physical warmth is more than a habit, it's a fetish. They build houses that are overheated all year round—even in summer. My friends just sit in their hothouses year in and year out and grow plump and dozy.

THE BEATRICE OF OUR DREAMS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY BLOOMBERGER

But the south of France is beautiful all year round, if you don't count *le mistral.*"

That sometime inclemency—literally, "the master wind"—isn't enough to blow away Beatrice's plans, if only because she doesn't make any. "I just live from day to day, doing things that please me. I sunbathe on the beach, or go for a ride in the country, or give little parties for my friends. Sometimes I bake them a cake. And if I want to stay in bed all day, I do. I'm really more like a cat than a person."

For a girl who hates work, Beatrice's activities are many and varied. She plays the guitar and keeps a detailed diary of everything that ever happens to her. Her nimble fingers ply colorful yarns at her busy loom, weaving cloths to make capes and wall-hangings from. "It's something my mother taught me and one day I'd like to try making a

tapestry. In Paris, I saw a famous series of medieval tapestries about unicorns, who were supposed to be valuable for their horns, which were powerful aphrodisiacs, especially for virgins."

Any allusion to sex causes Beatrice to smile sweetly in her fluorescent fashion. "I have a philosophy about love and men and sex. I have many men friends I adore, but a girl should only sleep with husbands and strangers. You have the best sex with men you don't know at all, like in *Last Tango,* or with men you love 100 percent....I prefer French men, they're a whole galaxy of types—gentle, sophisticated Parisians, and peasants, who are relatively brutal. But they're all lovers.

"By moving to France, I've chosen freedom, but it hasn't really made me free. The body rules. They say it must be washed, fed, and fucked regularly. A real woman needs men all the time, and I will certainly always need them. I think there's something wrong with women who imitate men and say they can get along without them. Women are enslaved by their own bodies. For that reason, women's liberation is an illusion...a bad dream. These feminists make me laugh."

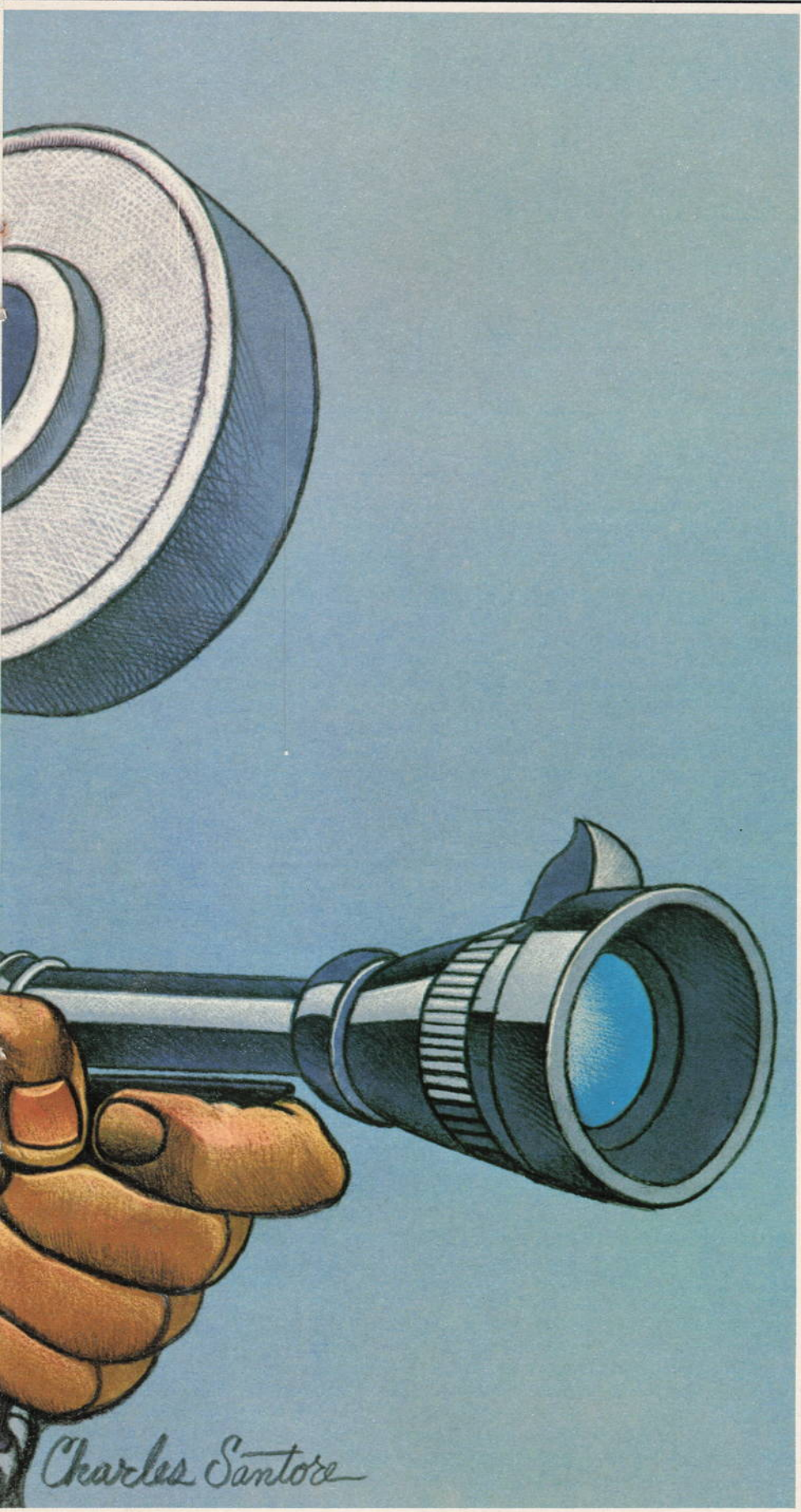
Beatrice's acquaintances among the creative elite that frequents the Côte d'Azur have made her 39-24-36 credentials an object of easy appreciation, but not all their rubbing has induced this genie from her bottle. "Actors and producers and directors keep inviting me to be in their films but I'm not interested in acting, and besides, the whole idea frightens me. I just want to live quietly here, in my house, with my cat Lucifer. He's my greatest fan...he worships me...but he's very hostile and aggres-

sive to strangers. He's my watch-cat, and strange people make him nervous."

Through what fateful ballot boxes, then, did Beatrice Vogler's mythological Scandinavian Norns elect their arctic-torrid daughter to *Penthouse* Pet of the Month-hood? "I met Jerry at one of my parties.... Jean-Francois introduced us. Jerry's a great photographer—he takes pictures the way I'd like to do tapestries.

When he showed me some Polaroids he'd shot when I wasn't looking, I decided he would be the first man to photograph me.... No, I haven't slept with him. But he says that I've given him something that I probably never gave to any other man. Something he can dream about." And, like a dream, Beatrice may be occasionally forgotten, but even when unremembered, she stays with you—always.

MISS BEATRICE VOGLER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



The scene is a plush, oak-paneled New York office. John Milius, a young filmmaker from California, is meeting with David Picker, the president of United Artists. Picker, a boyish, athletic-looking man in his forties, is dressed in coat and tie. Milius is wearing an open-necked blue cowboy shirt, lightweight cavalry twill pants, and pointed boots. Picker points his guest to a couch, then gets up from his desk and takes a nearby chair. He is drinking iced tea, which he offers the visitor.

"I'd like you to do a movie for me," Picker says, nervously rattling the ice cubes in his glass. "Do you have any projects in mind?"

Milius is quick in response. "I want to make a film about Teddy Roosevelt and Raspouli, the pirate. Also one on General Stilwell and his experiences in Burma." Milius's eyes flash as he clicks off his ideas. His self-confidence is apparent.

"What about that script written by your friend?" Picker asks. "*Rolling Thunder*? I hear that you might be interested in directing it."

"I'm thinking about it," says Milius. "I haven't decided yet."

It's a revenge story about a Vietnam POW whose family is murdered. They both agree that Clint Eastwood or Lee Marvin would be excellent in the role.

"I don't know if you heard, but I'm going to be leaving U.A. shortly," Picker says. "I'll be working on my own.

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The Macho World of John Milius

By Tom Seligson

The Twins Are in Pluto! Libra is Splitting the Cusp of the Ram! Caution Indicated through Thursday!

By Henry Morgan

It all began with a corporal's guard of Chaldean goatboys about four thousand years ago. In those days the average Chaldean goatboy was about as smart as an American cowboy of the 1880's. To make the point a bit clearer, your ordinary, run-of-the-mill cowhand, for his brain power, was awarded a dollar a day and saddle sores. His job was exactly the same as a sheep dog's. The only difference between them was that the sheep dog didn't make up lousy songs.

So these Chaldean nitwits would lie on their backs at night and look up at the stars. It was easy to do and, besides, it was the only game in town.

"Hey, Gilgamesh, don't that look like a bear up there?"

"Up where?"

"Up there, stoopid. Next to that thing that looks like a dipper."

"Nah. Looks to me like an owl's ass."

"Not there. Over the other way . . . next to that thing that looks like your Uncle Shurbanipal."

Well, the word spread, and soon half the goatboys in Babylonia were lying around looking at what they called "after the sun goes down pictures up there."

One kid would think he saw a rabbit. Another kid would see a pomegranate bush, and so on.

It is strange but true that while the Babylonian kids were following the night sky in the direction the sun took during the day, the Chinese kids of the same time were making up their own names . . . but going *against* the sun. (It's especially odd because we always think of the Chinese as doing things, not backwards, but *sideways*.)

Well, after a couple of thousand years the Greeks took it up. Your typical Greek shepherd could lie on his back and see, not only your crab and your ram, but a whole menagerie, in addition to what he called the Pleiades, Andromeda, Orion, and Harold Stassen.

Later, Galileo, your friendly optician, made himself a telescope in order to see the sky in better perspective.

"My God," he said, "that whole damn thing is moving!"

By the time of Newton, a lot of wiseacres had agreed that the earth moved around the sun, the moon moved around the earth, gravity held the whole shmear together, and a lot of other stuff too technical to go into at this here time.

The bad part was this. Somewhere back in there, a bunch of jokers had decided that—since there was no other explanation for why life on earth was so friggin' foolish—it must be the planets. (It was too soon to blame the Jews. These days it's sort of a split decision.)

It has only recently come to be known that some serious errors have been made in the past. This year Professor Gregor Borzoi has set the record straight by publishing the facts that (A) astrology is a Russian discovery, and (B) the names of the zodiacal signs are all wrong and so are the influences of the stars.

We are pleased to be able to print the revised charts. Don't be surprised at some small changes that may have come about because our translator was pressed for time. Aries, the Ram, for instance, is Avram (Arnold) in Russian. And the true sign of Arnold isn't the ram at all. It's the egg-salad sandwich.

We start with the beginning of the (true) Zodiac.

(October 1-11)

OLD	NEW
Capricorn The Goat	Agnew The Goat. (remains the same)

You who are born under this sign have slitty eyes. You have a bad habit of selling out for between two and three dollars. You tend to cry a lot, mainly because your nature tends to be very warm and sympathetic towards yourself.

Beware of taking any job which depends for advancement on the death of the boss.

Famous people born under this sign: Caligula, Attila, Bluebeard, Bonnie, Clyde, Richard M. Nixon, Rasputin, Moe the Goniff, the Thief of Baghdad, Garboard Strakes, Adolf Shickelgruber.

(October 12)

OLD	NEW
Taurus The Bull	Arthur L. Newman The Idiot

You are stubborn, vicious, and a pest. Males born under this sign tend to have runny noses. Females are on the stringy side with ugly blotches all over; they also breed rapidly, wear dirty underwear, and tend to bloat. Both sexes seem to be excited by trolley cars and margarine. Do not go to the office on Friday.

Famous people: Pinky Lee, Pee Wee Reese, Baby Rose Marie, Bitsy Grant, Wee Willie Winky, Mary Small, Shorty Shrift.

(April and some May)

OLD	NEW
Aries The Ram	Diocese The Mongoose

Potent, very potent. Try not to mention Spiro Agnew to Frank Sinatra. The conjunction at this time of Newman and Jim means you have bad breath. Many people wish you ill but they shall die.

Try not to nasalize your vowels. Train wrecks may prove harmful. Cast thy bread upon the waters. (Not money, you klutz, real bread.)

Famous people: Jonathan Swift, Swifty Morgan, Morgan Le Fay, Faye Emerson, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Fearless Fosdick, Richard M. Nixon, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Ralph Hauk, Ralph Hic, Ralph Hoc. Nixon.

(The rest of May)

OLD	NEW
Gemini The Twins	Jim Crabs

You are a wonderful person, and you never hesitate to tell your friends so. They all secretly admire you but are ashamed to come right out with it. You are talented and terribly attractive, but nobody is the least bit jealous because of your kindness and winning ways. You are a good dancer. You have very nice teeth. If you are arrested for child beating, nobody will believe it. But

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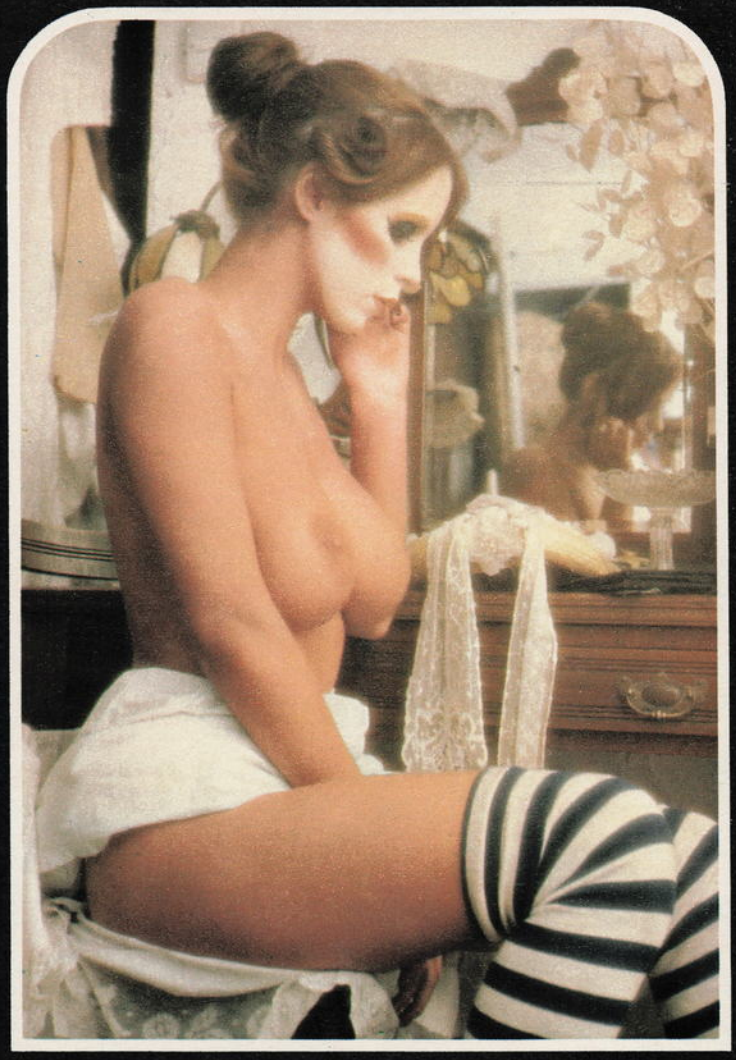
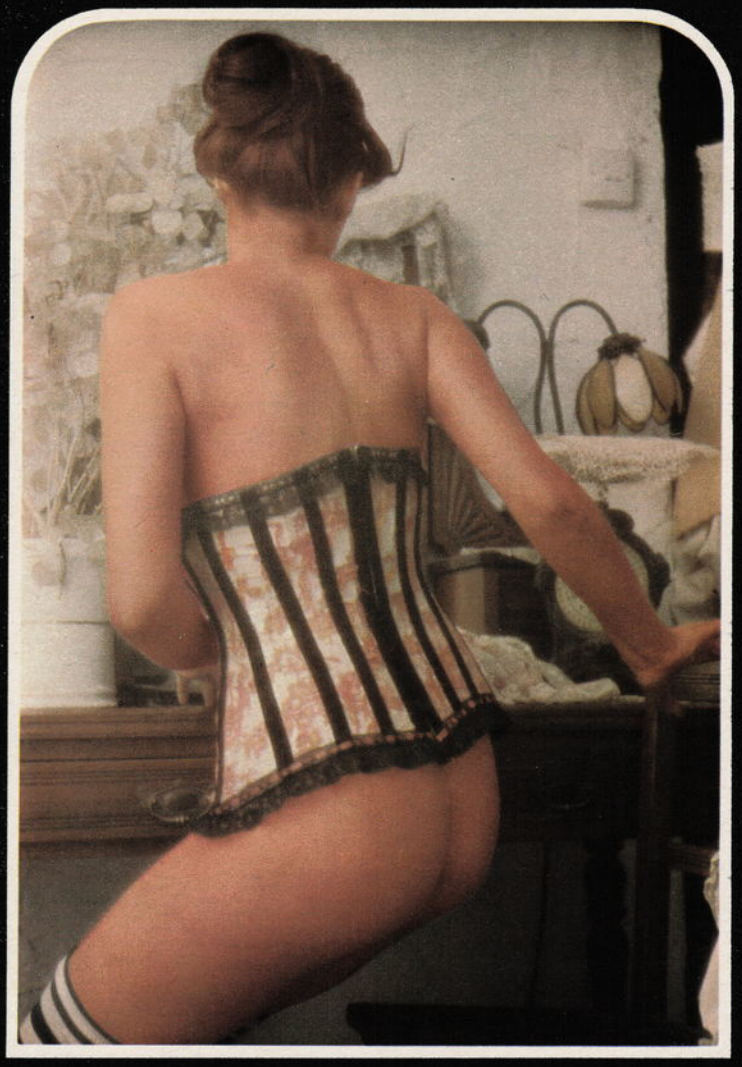
Living Doll

A lingering glance at the prettiest plaything in Paris

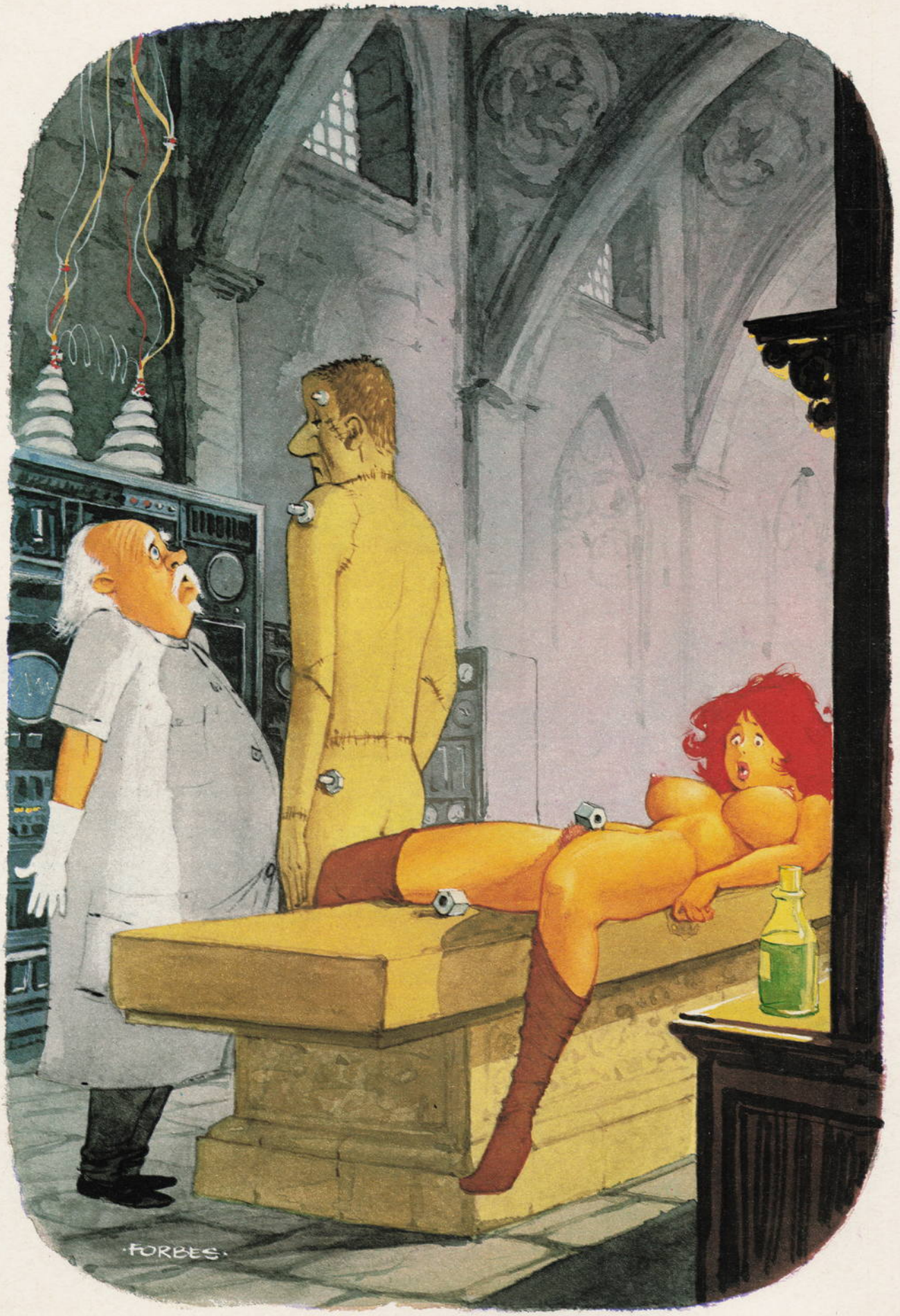
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF HOWES

When she left school, twenty-two-year-old Monique Bernadin's first ambition was to become a fashion model. Several weary months spent traipsing round the top French model agencies soon disillusioned her, however. "They all tell me my chest is too big," she sighs. "They say I split all the dresses. I tell them that some girls, they are built like women, not like the ironing boards, and I go and find a job in *le théâtre*." Fashion's loss is acting's gain, as Monique's impeccably proportioned 38-25-37 configuration is rapidly becoming a familiar sight on the French stage and television. Her favorite form of expression is mime: "I feel that somehow I speak better with my body than with my mouth," she avows. "When I begin to move, I feel my body is...well, possessed ...it's like it takes me





over, I can't control it." Her strong sense of the physical also spills over into her personal life. "I think that bodies are fascinating. Sometimes I see a pretty man in the street and want to go up and touch him all over. It is not just a question of sex—good bodies are so nice to touch, so warm and friendly. One time I go to stay with these two friends who are married, and at the end of the evening we all get into the same bed. We all three make love, certainly, but also we enjoy each other's feel, we cuddle up together all night." Monique's willful love of new sensations, different sensual experiences, sometimes frightens men: "The Frenchman, he has a big reputation as a lover, but often he is so *traditionnel*. I prefer the Englishmen I have known —they are shyer at first, but after that they can be *fantastique*."



"You were going great.... What happened?"

These women—these strippers, these exotic dancers—were, to us pimply, mumbling, and pathetically violent youths, the real girl friends, saints, and artists of the world.

The Passing of Baltimore's Block

by Robert Ward

"Hey, Ward-o, this is Mike. Let's go down the Block tonight, whatya say? They got Chili Peppers, yah know, didju see her last time? She gets up onna stage, cups her hands over her breasts and says, in this incredibly sexy voice, 'Heeeeey Beeeeeg Boyyyyys, cooooome up here, with Chiliiiiii, nooooo?' She drives you outta' your mind. Look, my folks are comin', I'll meet you and Spencer down at Arundel at nine."

And then comes the lying, and the cajoling, and the champion riffing, "Ah Mom, I gotta go to the library for a while. Yeah, I gotta go study up on the as . . . Crimean War. It's real interesting. Lotta people got massacred. See you later." Then I'm off to the Northwood Shopping Center and the Arundel Ice Cream Parlor, where I will meet Ned and Mike and Spencer, who will take us in his chopped and channeled '56 two-tone Chevy down to the Northwood Liquors, where we will pay old Jim, the shopping-cart collector, two dollars to buy us a pint of Sloe Gin. Ah, so silky smooth, gives you quite a buzz, friends. Just right for the occasion, for tonight. We were tooling down Loch Raven Boulevard past the veterans' hospital, and I thought of them in there all coughing and hacking away with the bad TB, and I felt sorry that they couldn't be with us. Couldn't take a big bus down to Baltimore Street, our city's two-block strip of sin. Ah, the Block, with its Club Oasis, and Club Troc ($1.75 a beer), and that unspeakable armpit, the Miami Club ("Live Rats on Stage"). And then there's our true Shangri-la, the ancient Gayiety Burlesque House, with its golden pillars and rococo stage with the plaster nymphs peering out of the eaves. And on that stage, in that green-blue-indigo spotlight, were our saints of the Block, Ms. Chili Peppers, Ms. Candy Barr ("A Little Piece of Southern Hospitality"), and Ms. Virginia Bell ("and her Fab 44's"). Oh, we came as a gang, but we went away like a congregation who had seen the light. And you might say it was chauvinism, and you might yell it was one-dimensional, but what a dimension. For this was the real Fifties, that era we worship as secure and safe and fun. But for those of us approaching or waving good-bye to thirty, the Fifties was, above all, the Age of Horniness. Legs you could not see, but only imagine. Breasts that pushed out from V-necks, huge breasts of Pam Hooper and Diane Conway, eighth-grade Wonderwomen. And necks and backs and piles of stiff starched hair piled on the head in beehives. And what did

Bettmann Archive Shig Ikeda

they keep in those hollow cones, what instruments of delicious torture?

And the questions, the endless questions:

"Didja hear about Mole? He got tit offa Sandy Franklin."

"No, I don't believe it."

"No, he did. He's straight about it. He coulda maybe scored home run, but her old man came in."

And, Dear Readers, we were not, let me emphasize, we were not those Fifties' innocents, with the pathetic bebop lingo. Oh, we spoke that scan every once in a while, but there was always the parody. The self-parody, which itself was full of hope, and full of worship for the female form. Tit, for God's sake. Impossible, unreachable, invisible. And Ass, and the Other, which you didn't even think about. Oh, sure, you were a tough dude, with your pink jacket with "Four Aces" stitched on the back, and you were ready to support the Greeks against the Remington Avenue Drapes—but THEY were still out there, those per-fect girls, like Diana by Paul Anka, and the Queen of the Hop, who turned away when you came near, as if you smelled strange. And we scowling mean-assed Aces who rode around Loch Raven Reservoir mooning the necking couples . . . we could not be released.

And so we went instead to the Block, to see our fallen angels. These women, these strippers, these exotic dancers, were, to us pimply, mumbling, and pathetically violent youths, the real girl friends, saints, and artists of our world. And it was a fine art, friends. Ask the man who came to the blue light of the Gayiety, a *Baltimore News Post* ("IKE SAYS NO TO KOREAN DEMANDS") rising, rising mysteriously off of his lap. And ask Jack D., the toughest of the Greeks, whose chiseled features melted, widened, and spread with joy at the sight of Candy Barr's long cowboy-booted legs. And ask Michael Spencer, who cursed and hooted when we had to wait for the dead-eyed rummy comics to finish their bits:

"Don't yell at me, boys. Are you wif or agin me?"

"You're as funny as a fart inna space suit."

Which is no way to act around Billy "Cheese 'n Crackers" Williams, who is doing his damnedest to make us howl.

But we were not amused. We Aces, decked out in pink-jacketed splendor, are no longer horny punks, but kings waiting for the royal entertainment, our collars flipped up, our hair slicked back, our blue-suede shoes sitting on our feet. We were at the Gayiety to be dissuaded from the notion that chains in people's faces and crazy attacks on folks' cars weren't the only viable alternatives. Now you may say, no sir, this is pop sociology, you knew no such thing. And I will say, yes, you are right . . . we were first and foremost down the Block because we believed in the Act. When Blaze Starr came bustling out on stage, with that apple-red hair and those huge, buoyant breasts, well, it was the Moment. When Chili Peppers came on, and lay down on her red bench, and lifted her one black meshed leg to the spotlight, and began to tickle that same leg with a peacock feather, and then let that feather work its way ever so slowly to the dark V in between those hard soft thighs, and then slowly slowly took off those hose, and worked that feather around and around in there, and let out with those little ecstatic apostrophes to nature, love, and sex, well, let me tell you folks, we *believed* in the Act . . . this wasn't any cheapo strip routine . . . this wasn't any top-heavy Irama the Body bouncing her jugs at the boys in the front row . . . this here was class . . . and the moment of revelation . . . the revelation of the mystery of sex and the essence and the torture of Western passion, if you please (and I know you do).

That is, if you will permit me to explicate for you, Dear Reader, the revelation was all part and parcel of the Act itself. What was revealed was, ironically, that the mysteries of sex, attraction, love, passion, and loss could never be revealed at all. Only dramatized and elaborated. No, Masters. No, Johnson. You are quite wrong. You can't work it all into a neat little adult package, because no matter how you tie the ribbon, there is always this breast which pops out, this rib sticking

through the brightly colored papers. Only the mystery, Lord, which cannot be revealed. Amen, good friends, amen.

THE ROMANTIC IN BABYLON

"Ward, Mike here. Listen, I been thinking. If your grandfather can get us seaman's cards, we can get a ship to South America and see some of those South American women. I've seen pictures . . . remember Chili Peppers? Well, they all look like Chili Peppers down there."

This particular bit of fantasy (and it would take reams of figuring, and the dreams of a genius, to know how much our reactions had been conditioned by this time—this time being age seventeen, about three years since we had first sneaked into the Gayiety) was spoken to me by Michael Thomas, a brilliant poet and friend. My best friend from twelve to twenty-six, when he died from heroin. We had discovered the Block together, we had discovered girls together, and if we were a little older now, and a little less in love with Blaze and friends, we were still young and naive enough and sentimental enough to occasionally make a foray down to see them work at the Club-Tree Gayiety. Now, rather than saints, we saw them as fellow outlaws, for our own Sixties' outlaw consciousness was just being born, and we looked for Brothers and Sisters the way Rockefeller looked for investments.

The idea, friends, was Adventure and Romance.

The reality was my grandfather, Captain Robert Ward, at seventy-four the oldest sea captain in the Baltimore harbor.

He managed to get Michael and me jobs as ordinary wipers and deckhands on a broken-down old tourist boat named the *Port Welcome*. This was not *Trader Horn*, friends, nor the *Queen Mary*. This tub's route consisted of a leisurely, not to say dull, cruise down the Chesapeake Bay, with stops at Tolchester, Maryland, a seaport distinguished mainly by its stinging sea nettles, and Betterton Beach, which featured a clapboard fortress called the Hotel Betterton—a construction that leaned at a sixty-degree angle over the lapping waves.

So it was not the Arabian Nights, but it was romantic all the same. Sparky, the ship's clown and alcoholic *extraordinaire*, kept us alive and excited with his tales of loose women and card games in the Virgin Islands. A huge, powerful man with kinky black hair and a bulbous Karl Malden nose distinguished by a long scar that crossed the veiny bridge and ended at his short mustache, Sparky became our Long John Silver, our Wallace Beery, our newest Brother in the ongoing struggle against our own middle-class roots. We loved him with the desperation of the young.

He loved us in return, and took us to every club on the Block, where we were now accepted as regulars. He introduced us to Tempest Storm, a red-haired beauty who, we were told, was involved with the Long family of Louisiana. He shared his wine with the paraplegic Arky the Bagman, who rolled up and down the Block on a platform screaming Ahhhhhh Ahhhhhh, his blue eyes rolling around helplessly in his head. He took us down by the docks, where we sat and drank Jim Beam, and he told us of how he had been in Florida on location with Elvis Presley, shooting a movie called *Viva Las Vegas*. On those mornings when he wasn't totally sick (and they became fewer and fewer), he woke us up and dragged us on deck to see the sun. We were embarrassed by his romanticism and his sentimentality, but his courage and generosity won us over. I remember the night we sat in the Gayiety watching Candy Barr, and Sparky turned us onto some hash and told us about his nose scar. Two Great Danes had been fighting on the beach at Bermuda, and their scrap had sent them out into the water. Soon they were out too deep, in danger of drowning. Sparky had dived in, fully clothed, and tried to separate them. For his efforts, the panic-stricken dogs had both turned on him and nearly bitten and clawed him to death.

"But I saved those bastards," he said.

And we believed him. Like Blaze and like Chili; we believed in his Act, and we were happy to have been able to bring some species of love into his rough and troubled life.

One of the last nights Michael and I ever saw him (the summer was ending and he was going off to Florida to make the carny circuit) he took us to the Two O'Clock Club, which was now owned by Blaze Starr. Before we had realized what was happening, we were sitting at the back bar with Blaze herself. Sparky was telling her about two sailors who had robbed and beaten another member of the *Port Welcome*'s crew, an old sailor named Gene, who was famous on board ship for being able to hand-roll his cigarettes faster than anyone else.

"They try to rob me all the time, honey," Blaze said in a hoarse voice which sent shivers up my back, "but I do just like you, Roy, I kick their asses." Then she gave a deep rich laugh, and Michael began to shake his head.

"She's wonderful," he said. "She's like a cross between Lucille Ball and Mae West."

"And better than either of them," I said, patting my friend on the back.

"Hey, you two," Sparky said, "I'm outta cash. How about buying a round of drinks?"

"They're on me," said Blaze. She smiled at us and nodded her head.

"Thank you," we said, feeling small and intimidated, but very good.

"It's nothing," she said. "I treat my friends good, honey."

LOOK WHAT YOU DONE, BABY,
WILL YOU LOOK WHAT YOU DONE.

"Hello, Robert, this is Spencer. Yeah, I wanted to call to tell you congratulations on the new book, that's great. You'll be the second bard of Baltimore. H. L. Mencken will have to move over . . . you're twice as fast . . . fifty times more brilliant."

Embarrassed silence from me, and a flare in the ego.

"But I'm not calling about that exactly . . . I mean I'm glad about it . . . I knew you could do it . . . but, ah . . . well listen man, I remember the Aces, and the Gayiety, and the old dude Sparky . . . whatever happened to him?"

"He's still down on the Block. I ran into him about a year ago, and he looked really lost and wasted . . . stone rotgut boozer now . . . Why'd you call, Spencer?"

"Ah . . . listen, you maybe better sit down. Michael's dead. He shot up with a dirty needle and got spinal meningitis, and they tried to keep him alive with machines and things, but his brain kind of got burned out. . . . Christ, I took him to Union Memorial, and this Filipino intern kept saying, 'Esss no good, heeees got de bugs in heees blood, you know?' "

I sat down on a chair, and looked over at my wife. She was very beautiful watching television. Spencer was going on with his imitation of the doctor, and I couldn't hear it right, and it began to sound like Chili Peppers saying, "Come up heeeeeere, beeeg manssss," and that memory began to drown out what was really going down. So I began to laugh a little. But the sound was metallic and stagey, like I'd learned this was the Big Scene response.—January 1969

They did it, of course, as you and you and I always knew they would. In June 1973, a young man, fresh out of his second marriage and deep within the dreamworld of his own miseries, his new novel, and his newly freed angst-terror plans, made the trek from upper New York State, down superhighway 81, past the mountains and steel towns in Pennsylvania, finally stopping at the old shingled house on Woodbourne Avenue in Baltimore, Maryland.

Seven of his oldest friends had stayed on in Baltimore, in spite of the citizenry who are world-famous for their uncanny ability to bore Jesus out of Paradise, in spite of the climate which has all the worst aspects of the real South (like humidity, 99 degrees) and none of its charms (breezes, and good cold rain be damned), in spite of the new Baltimore architecture that had "progressed" from Gothic to Totalitarian in five short years. But these were a hearty, tough, and sentimental gang of communards who believed that they might make the city bend to their ideas of justice, sensuality, and real progress. Their big advantage was that they were working in a vacuum, and so perhaps it was possible to make the city come to life.

On my second day back in my old city, I spoke with the current mayor, Donald J. Schaeffer, and the Commissioner of Housing and Community Development, Robert Embry. Both of them were justly proud of the plans for Baltimore, and both of them sounded a bit amused, and at the same time concerned, about what would happen to the Block, which would, if it stayed where it is, be right in the middle of the new progressive downtown.

"We don't want to tear it down," said the mayor, "if it were only located someplace else. You know, if the Block owners could get together, and maybe agree on where they would like to go."

Embry, a short, stocky man, and very likable (so unlike the old-line Baltimore politicians who went hand in hand with the Block in its heyday—Jack Pollack and Trotta and the Dalasandro family, all of whom might have stepped out of *The Godfather*), said the same thing:

"We don't want to get rid of the Block. Hell, it's an attrac-

tion. But it's going to seem a little odd sitting there next to the new district police station."

Yes, I thought, that would be more than a little odd. But I kind of liked the idea. In the middle of all that beauty (stainless-steel variety the new central police station has golden one-way windows, architect: Franz Kafka) and progress and security, would be the little old ugly rundown funky con-artist, whore-loving, exotic-dancing Block. A constant reminder of what we were all about. Like the newspaper article I had seen in the *Baltimore Sun* just the day before, "Father Stabs Son To Death Over Crabcake." When asked how he could do such a thing, the man had replied, "Well, there was only one left, and I was damned hungry." Oh yeah . . . the Block in the midst of Eden. It was an idea worth considering. . . .

ONE MORE TIME AROUND BOYS, AND THEN WE CALL IT QUITS

And so . . . so . . . they are going to demolish the Block. In another year or two there will be no tawdry strip houses, no strippers. And what's more, when I am in my right mind (and we must be in our right minds sometimes, friends), I suppose it's inevitable. Who needs it anymore? Who is willing to, ah . . . suspend the disbelief? . . . I mean you can go to Fells Point and get that college nooky baby, and there ain't no teasing going down. But I still have this thing, see. I still believe in the Block. Or do I just believe in my own past, or want to believe in my own past? These things become difficult, they sorely do.

And so, the next night, I found myself sitting once again with Ms. Blaze Starr in her Two O'Clock Club, across the street from the old Gayiety, which burned down in '71.

"For the insurance," says Ms. Starr. "They got a *lot* of insurance out of that, honey."

I smile and drink my Scotch and look around the Two O'Clock. It is a class place, black leather everywhere, and a huge horseshoe bar with the stage and the runway in the center. Right now the girls are starting to come in, and Blaze tells me to talk to them while she takes care of her finances.

"You know," she says, "I'm one tough businesswoman, honey. I'll be the last to go on the Block. And when they start closing the other places, I'll triple my profits. Not that I wish the other owners any trouble, you understand. They're my friends, but, honey . . . well. . . ."

She gives that smile. Oh, Mae West, forget it. In fact, oh, Virgin Mary, and Saint Teresa of the Roses, you can bag it too. Blaze, Sister Blaze, is the main woman.

Next I talked to Miss Exotica 1973, whose Christian name is Ms. Terri Lawrence, and she comes from Highlandtown.

"Yeah," she says, nervously working her hands over her curlers and chewing some gum, "I was working on the day shift at Proctor and Gamble, you know, all that assembly-line work. The most boring job in the world, honey. And my friend Viki, she's a dancer. Well, she says, come down here and try to be an exotic dancer. And I said I couldn't . . . I mean *strip* in front of a bunch of men? But I saw what kind of money they were making, and I tried it . . . the first night, I almost died. Some guys were drunk and yelling, and I had heard about what happened to Candy Sweet the day before. Some guy came out of the crowd and started to strangle her. But it was all right . . . it went over, in fact, a lot of guys really liked me . . . they cheered me . . . you know. . . ."

I knew. At least I think I knew. I knew what it was like in old rowhouse Highlandtown, in those drab, endlessly dull summer nights. The only diversion was the Walt Disney flick or the bingo game. And I felt something new about these women, something beyond the romance of my youth, or my later super-political Brothers-and-Sisters-All consciousness. I now felt that what they were doing was, in its small way, heroic. They had opted for self-expression, for recognition, for that Other, which most of us only dream about. They were willing to risk being laughed at, hooted at, even strangled rather than to go back on the assembly line.

A moment later, I was talking to Candy Sweet herself, a thin dark-haired girl of about twenty-six, with a rather pronounced overbite. She was shy and nervous, and like Terri Lawrence, played with her split ends while we chatted.

"I'm from Remington Avenue," she said.

I was shocked and delighted. Our old enemies. The Remington Avenue gang was without doubt the most feared of any gang in Northeast Baltimore. Behind the Marine Hospital and plush Johns Hopkins University were the old frame houses. The families came from West Virginia, and the deep South. They arrived in Baltimore with few skills, and tried to dig out a living. Everyone I had known from that area, except one boy who got a scholarship to the University of Maryland, had ended up on junk, on booze, or in jail. Or they were dead.

"I love Blaze," said Candy Sweet. "She keeps the bums and the hustlers out of here. She don't make us do nothing we don't want to do."

"Like what?"

"Oh . . . like the other bars . . . they aren't as nice. They don't have any class, you know . . . like a girl will have to give a guy head in a back room if he buys her champagne . . . or jerk him off under a table. We don't have to do that here."

Now, in spite of all my worldly experience, I felt a bit shocked. Saint Chili giving head in the back room. Oh, no sir. Her appeal, after all, was that she was red-hot sensual, but also ice-cold unreachable. Myth. Perfection. Platonic sex. Head-jobs in the back room? Ugh.

Candy left to get dressed, and Blaze returned.

"They treating you good, honey?" she said, patting me on the leg.

"Yes," I said, "everyone's been very helpful."

"Well, I want them to be that way. Mr. Goodman—that's Sol, honey, he was my agent when I was touring—he taught me how to get along, how to save my money. Next year, if they start tearing down the Block, and I know they will, honey, seven clubs are going to get their eviction notices this year . . . well, I plan on moving to Glen Burnie and opening Blaze Starr's Country Cooking. I wanted to move this year, but they were afraid down there. I told them I didn't plan on moving the *club* there, but they were nervous. I think they thought I was going to have topless chickens or something, so they kept me out. But I told them, honey, Blaze'll be back . . . you hear me? I come a long way from Pole Creek, West Virginia, and I got a long way more to go."

"How did you start dancing?"

"I started when a date took me to Washington. I was a waitress at the Mayflower Doughnut Shop for thirty dollars a week. Then I met Mr. Goodman, and soon I was making . . . well, a whole lot more than that. I was free."

There it was. Freedom. None of us had thought much about that before. They danced and stripped because it gave them a kind of freedom they couldn't find in their straight lives. I took a look around. Women behind the bar (Blaze's sisters, I found out), women as dancers, a woman emcee. The Two O'Clock Club was liberated in the classic Marxist sense of the term. Women owned and ran the works.

"You know, honey," Blaze said, "I love what I do. I think all the girls who work here really love it. This isn't a porno movie . . . this is burlesque . . . I mean, it's a very personal thing, dancing. Take my act. I don't do a regular strip, nothing dirty in it . . . I do a comic strip. I've got a whole act."

"I see," I said.

And I did see, for I had seen her act a couple of times. It was very funky, very funny burlesque. She came on wearing a gown, and then lay down on a red chaise lounge and sprinkled powder all over herself. I remembered her promenading up the runway, dropping her feathered boa with the insouciance of a queen, parting some sailor's hair with her breasts. It was all done with consummate style and good humor. It was entertaining, and it told us something about Ms. Blaze Starr. About her courage, her ability to survive, and her comic vision of sex. Porno movies had nothing to say to any of

us. Except that sex could be exhausting, and as dull as accounting.

"Now here's someone I really want you to meet," she said. "My co-feature, and don't you think she'd really be nice for the center spread in *Penthouse*? Miss Sandy Shores, the baby doll of burlesque."

I turned, and I'm sure my mouth dropped open a bit. In front of me was the most sensational-looking woman in the Club. Black hair, red hotpants, and long, perfect legs. Oh Chili, Oh Virginia Bell, I'm sorry to forsake you, but. . . .

"Hellllo there," she said, in perfect stripper's hoarse-throated wonder. "Do you have any questions you'd like to ask me?"

Oh many, many, I thought, gnashing my teeth. Michael, you should not have died.

I asked Sandy and Blaze what they thought of women's liberation.

Sandy Shores said, "Sure, I want equal opportunity in jobs. I tried to get an apartment in a high-rise downtown because it was closer to work, but they wouldn't give me one. Not because I was a woman, but because I was a dancer. But, as for acting and dressing like men, well what can I tell you, I'm a lady."

Blaze handed me a copy of a booklet called *Blaze's Booby Book*, which features photos of her and two original Country and Western songs, and said, "Well, honey, if they really knew it, women have always been free. Nobody ever stopped me. I just used what I had and went out and did all right."

"Yes," I said, "but what about the charges that what you and Sandy are doing is somehow demeaning to women, makes them look like sex objects. . . ."

"Look, honey," Blaze said, "These are mine."

She put both her hands over her breasts.

"I do what I want with these," she said. "And I used them to free myself."

I considered the subject closed.

Blaze went off to take care of her business again, and I chatted with Sandy Shores (that is, when I was able to speak properly—I still get very nervous in the presence of beauty, sex, and passion). She wanted to be an actress, she wanted to appear in *Penthouse*, she wondered if I could take her home. . . .

"What?" I said.

("Heeeeey Beeeeeg Boooooy, you wan come up weeeeeth Chili?")

"Would you like to take me home tonight?"

"Yes," I said, "that would be nice."

"I hope you like my act," she said, lifting her perfect leg and crossing it, rubbing the stockings together.

"I'm sure I will," I said.

"I've got to go backstage."

"Yes," I said.

And so I had another drink, and another, and watched Miss Exotica 1973, Terri Lawrence, go through her act. And as I watched, what Blaze had told me began to make more sense. I thought of Terri in Highlandtown, thought of that slow, repressive life on the line at Proctor and Gamble, and I saw all her hurt and anger come out when she moved slowly, sullenly through the dance. Her mouth was curled down, partially in submission and partially in real defiance. And when she went to the floor and spread her legs, it was slow, powerful, and commanding, and yet painfully self-conscious. She was wounded, this big strong woman, but she was also in the process of healing herself. I watched her with a new fascination, with the fascination one has when one finally learns about jazz or painting.

I began to understand that there was real intelligence of the most personal kind behind what these women were doing. The strip, like the blues, tells us something about the dangers and fears of life.

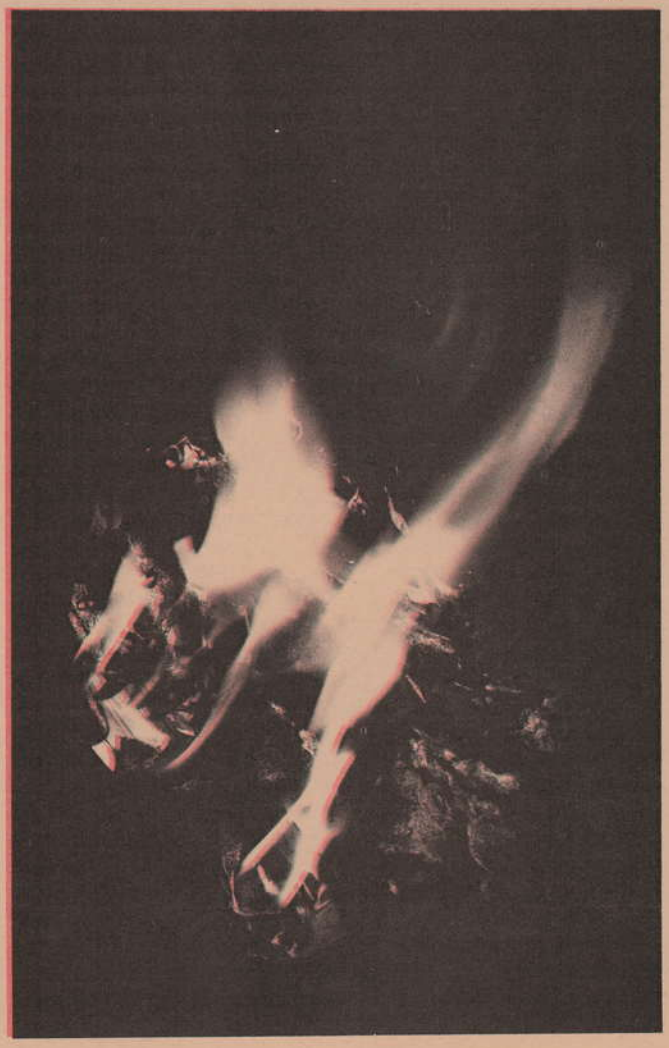
Knowing that, I understood more when Sandy came on.

She came whirling out of the blue lights, twirling her feathered boa, and wearing a long see-through blue negligée. I thought of what she had mentioned to me about her life, her wealthy Jewish parents in Pikesville, her dropping out of college. She was dancing and twirling about, doing splits and leaps: she was the Jewish Princess gone to the outlaw world, she was an actress who had chosen to live on the edge. Her dancing celebrated the facts of her existence, her youth, her beauty, and her attempts to be free of the suburban dredges. She whirled, teased, laughed, and grew sullen. She was young and turned on to her own body, turned on to her body in the midst of her own drama; a drama that redefined the body and the self, made her transcend her personality and her past, and that finally transcended even sex itself—for sex is always defined in relation to your partner, but the body in a strip is defined only by the extent and the ability of the dancer's fantasy life. Of course, that fantasy life has itself been shaped by events, people, money, and family. But the dancer has the ability and the freedom to determine how these obsessions will be patterned, and so the exotic dance, the striptease if you will, is, in the hands of the ladies of Baltimore Street, the most personal of mediums.

I watched, slightly drunk, very happy for her happiness, as she whirled once again in front of me.

Then she leaned over the bar, did a split, caught my eye and stuck out her tongue in a lewd, ancient, and honorable sexuality which stirred me, turned me on.

I laughed and held up my drink to her, to Terri Lawrence, to Blaze Starr, and to the whole grand dying Block itself—the home of the saints I had worshipped as a child, revered romantically as an adolescent, and now loved again, as any man loves sex, art, the body, and the courage to try to extend the tightly bound limits of our short, blunt lives.



The Macho World of John Milius

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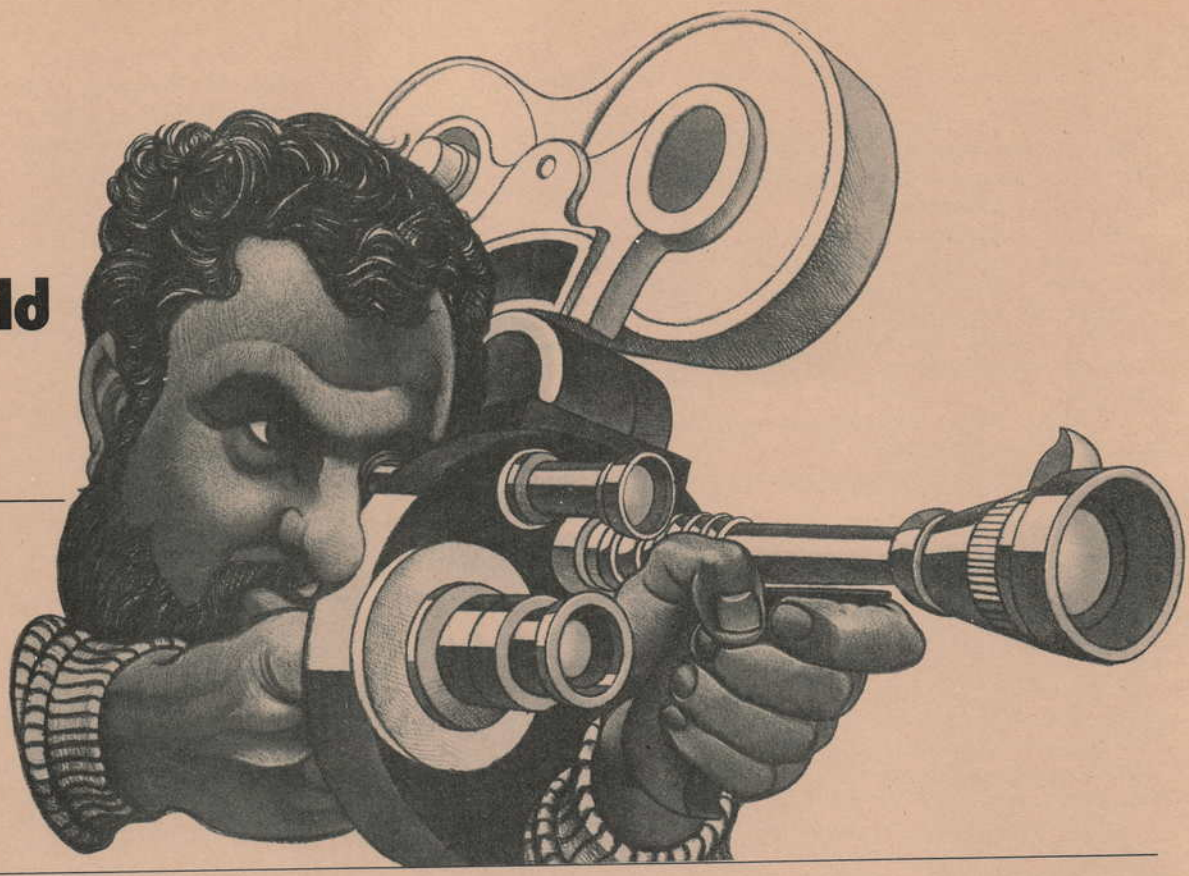
"I could shoot the end of the world for $5 million."



I've been given $15 million to make any films I want."

"You can make a lot of films for $15 million," says Milius. He pauses and smiles. "I could shoot the end of the world for $5 million."

Afterward, Milius says the meeting was like many others he had recently attended. Producers are often nervous in his presence. They want him, and he knows it. "I've gotten used to being treated that way. Frankly, I think I deserve it. When you're a writer *and* a director, you have a right to be a star."

But John Milius is not a typical Hollywood star. He could carry his fan mail in one hand. Few people recognize him on the street. His name is, however, considerably well known by actors, directors, producers, and critics, and his work has been seen by millions. At twenty-nine, Milius has achieved a reputation as one of the most dynamic and colorful talents working in films today. And his recognition has come in an area traditionally noted for its invisibility.

Until recently, Milius has been primarily a scriptwriter, a profession that has been made up mostly of unheralded, highly paid non-personalities, busily churning out words from the back rooms of studio lots. But Milius has emerged from the back room as a creative force equal to many actors and directors. Much of this attention stems from the nature as well as the volume of Milius's work. His accomplishments over the last two years include rewrites of *Evel Knievel* and *Dirty Harry*, and original scripts for *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*, *Jeremiah Johnson*, *Dillinger*, which he also directed, and *Magnum Force*, another "tough cop" sequel to *Dirty Harry*, which also stars Clint Eastwood. The fact that all of his films deal with staunchly independent, often violent men—cops, gangsters, Indian killers, and hanging judges—characters who feel they are a law unto themselves, has invited the inevitable comparisons with Aldrich and Peckinpah, and caused no less a critic than Pauline Kael to warn about the "ugly right-wing" tendencies in his work.

Milius has become something of a legend in a jaded town not easily impressed, especially by newcomers. A heavyset former surfer, who in the early Sixties used to hold his own in the not infrequent clashes between bikers and boardsmen on the Malibu beaches, he had a classic Hollywood feud with John Foreman during the shooting of *Roy Bean*, and once had to be physically restrained from handling the producer in the manner he once used with the Hells Angels. An avid gun-fancier, Milius took lunch-hour target practice on the set of *Dillinger*, and had the right to shoot all the animals used in the filming of *Jeremiah Johnson* written into his contract. Moreover, he has insisted on receiving a gun as partial payment for each film—he held up the rewriting of *Dirty Harry* until the desired gun was actually delivered to his door—a not insignificant demand considering that his taste in guns (English Purdeys and Italian Perazzis) runs as high as the price for his scripts. The $300,000 he received for *Judge Roy Bean* is close to a record for an original screenplay, and the manner by which he obtained it is characteristic of his method. Having written it as a labor of love, Milius was worried, as are all scriptwriters, that his work would be heavily altered in its transmission to the screen. Consequently, along with his opening price of $150,000, he asked to direct it himself. Because they wanted John Huston, the producers disapproved, but the gambit forced a raising of bids until $300,000 was reached. It wasn't a bad sale for a man of his age, whose previous high was $85,000.

Milius made his directorial debut with *Dillinger* and moved into a position of even greater independence and clout. There are other directors he still would be willing to write for, but he no longer has to worry about other hands soiling his personal vision of America with their thumbprints. Smelling a winner, the producers have intensified their pursuit. Milius, it seems, will be with us for some time.

When Milius was in New York to promote *Dillinger*, his movie about the last year in the life of the gangster starring Warren Oates as Dillinger and Ben Johnson as Purvis, his F.B.I. pursuer, I met him at his hotel suite. He was wearing his customary outfit—an inexpensive blue cowboy shirt, brown cotton pants, and pointed boots. He looks older than his twenty-nine years, and it's easy to see from his imposing physical presence how he is capable of intimidating producers. A large, burly man, with thick shoulders and arms and a substantial stomach hanging over his belt, he's built like a defensive lineman who's given up weightlifting and just discovered beer. Although his tough-guy appearance is offset by the softness in his brown-green eyes and the mobile expressiveness of his face, Milius speaks like a pregame athletic coach, punctuating every other word with a raising of his voice and a brisk roll of his shoulders. He laughs easily and long.

I asked him about the common theme that runs through all his films: the strong-willed, independent, essentially lonely man, animated by some obsessive personal goal—be it jumping the Grand Canyon on a motorcycle (*Evel Knievel*), killing every Indian in sight (*Jeremiah Johnson*), or robbing banks for the challenge. Even his characterization of Purvis is that of a haunted man guided by his own individual code of morality.

"These characters fascinate me," Milius says, cocking his head. "They're very American. What's more, I can identify with them myself."

Milius says that surfing, which he did regularly for ten years and which he is now getting back to, is his greatest influence. Although he plans no films about surfing—"You can't teach actors how to surf, and the people I would want in it are now too old"—he has a $30,000 contract with Atheneum for a surfing novel, *Big Wednesday*.

"I grew up as a lawless surfer in Malibu at a time when all surfers were fiercely individual, living by their own laws and values. Surfing was a wonderful way to express yourself. It was a microcosm of the rest of the world. You saw the rise and fall of great men, eras that came and went, great history-making days. In surfing you were judged as a person by your ability on the board. It consequently imbued in you a sense of style. You could see surfers with a bad flashy style and you'd know that they would be inferior when you met them—pushy and social and trying to become part of the gang.

"On the other hand, when you saw someone with a smooth, graceful style, you could know more or less what their character would be like. Surfing was a sport of grand gestures. It was like the training of a samurai, a thorough discipline for anything I would do in life."

Milius takes self-discipline seriously, both in his characters and in himself. Although he hates physical exercise, he once studied kendo, the ancient art of the two-handed sword, with the same intensity of purpose he applied to the waves. "I didn't want to study karate or any of those martial arts because I felt they were perverse. I felt people wanted to learn them so they could beat other people up. You can't go around carrying samurai swords." He laughs gleefully, his eyes narrowing into a demonic grin.

"However, I was able to fend off a bunch of hoodlums down at U.S.C. one night. I was going to my car and they kept on circling around me. They got closer and closer. So I whipped out my sword from the car. Whoooosh! It was really good, you know, the flash of the sword and the style and everything." He laughs, his stomach shaking over his belt. "I was going to cut their car in half, but they just took off. Later I went to the police station and told them what happened. They said I was lucky I wasn't shot."

"I imagine many people like to categorize you as a 'macho' type," I commented.

"I know," he said. "It's always brought up that my work is 'manly' and 'macho' and 'ballsy.' But I don't think it has *any* sexual connotations at all; I don't even think in terms of masculinity. I admire people who are strong in character, strong in moral fiber—men *or* women. I have no problem in accepting strong women. What is important is strength of purpose."

Milius acknowledges that he's "insecure in some respects. Like Purvis in *Dillinger* I would be jilted at my wedding ceremony if I pursued a beauty queen."

Milius compensates for this insecurity by making a habit of never questioning his actions. "I just go ahead," he says. "As Teddy Roosevelt once said, 'I do not fear the consequences of my actions. I fear only the wrath of God.' Once you've decided to command, to seize greatness, whether it's to be a great bank robber, or to be a great hunter of bank robbers, you never question from that point on."

"You think you have the capacity to command?"

"I know I do," he says without hesitation.

It comes as no surprise that Milius's original goal was a career in the military, to be a general in the style of Patton, making life-and-death decisions in the thick of battle.

Unfortunately for the Pentagon, Milius never made it into the military. An asthmatic condition, which is still with him, kept him out of the service just at the time when his warrior instincts could have been put to full use in the rice paddies of South Vietnam. But one of his first scripts, which was never shot (although Warner Brothers bought it for $25,000), was a story of Green Berets along the Cambodian border. An admirer of General MacArthur, Milius says he agreed with him about Vietnam—that we never should have gone in. But there's a hint, just a hint, in the tone of his voice of a missed opportunity, a situation he would have been right for. "Once we were there we should have fought a proper military action, rather than hamstringing ourselves with that government." He pounds a heavy fist into an open palm. "If you're going to fight a war, you fight a war. You don't fool around."

Milius's love for guns is an aspect of his character that comes as no surprise. His favorite off-the-set pastime is shooting. "Very few people know as much about shotguns as I do," he had said. "I've studied them for years.

"I've been hunting all my life. As a child I used to go shooting illegally at Malibu with the highway patrol." That was for quail, which Milius still prefers as his game, although he has also hunted for elk and deer. "When I did hunt larger game, it was always for the meat, never as a trophy. I've shot a lot of meat in my day, and I've never had a quail stuffed or kept one set of antlers. What I like is the sensation of shooting a bagful of quail and eating them that night. It's the feeling of being out in the wilderness and being able to fend for yourself that I like. It brings you closer to nature than the guy who just buys his meat already wrapped in plastic."

Milius owns lots of guns. His collection includes many expensive shotguns, and a machine gun given to him by Francis Coppola after making *Dillinger*. He plans on continuing to request a gun in return for each film he makes. He'll have more time to use them when he eventually retires. "I'll come back from my campaigns someday," he says, sounding older than his years, "and I'll settle down with my wife." What then? "I'd like to raise bird dogs. You need a good dog when you're hunting for quail."

Milius is reluctant to accept a political label, but refers to himself as a "right-wing anarchist who believes in the total freedom of the individual, but only so long as he doesn't trespass on other people. If someone does trespass, like Dillinger, he has to be stopped. Dillinger gets what he deserves. He gets shot full of holes. That's what you pay for stepping on others." Basically, however, Milius is apolitical and rarely votes. "The only person in American politics I like is Barry Goldwater, and that's because he tells the truth. But I also get a kick out of Fidel Castro. I like his style. If I were a soldier forced to invade Cuba, I could see myself saluting him over my M-16 and him saluting me over his AK-47, before we shoot the hell out of each other."

It's evident that what most animates Milius, like the characters he creates, is not any philosophy or set of beliefs larger than himself, but an individual code of behavior and the exploration of his own personal resources in situations of challenge. To that end, directing movies has become a suitable substitute for leading men on the battlefield. Milius refers to his films as his "campaigns." He opens a book on General Stilwell, which he's reading as research for the future film. "Listen to this," he says eagerly. " 'A good commander is a man of high character and moral backbone. He must be physically courageous or successfully conceal the fact if he is not. He must know the tools of his trade—tactics and logistics—and he must be impartial and calm under stress. He must reward promptly and punish justly. He must be accessible, human, humble, patient, forbearing. He should listen to advice, make his own decision, and carry it out with energy and resolve.' "

"You think that applies to a director?"

"Absolutely." He smiles, relishing the description.

Milius's favorite directors are the Americans Ford, Hawks, and Welles; the Japanese Kurosawa; the Frenchmen Chabrol and Truffaut; and the Italian Sergio Leone. He also admires George Lucas, a fellow film student from the University of Southern California and the director of the enormously successful *American Graffiti*. "Ford is dead and Hawks and Kurosawa aren't working anymore," he says, "but I'd write something for the others and feel it would be in good hands."

He explains how he learned about film.

Milius is happy about *Dillinger*, but thinks of it only as a start. "This was a battalion-sized action," he says. "Most directors go out on a company-sized action. In my next one I'll be commanding a regiment. And eventually I hope to command a division."

"You study the films you like, at least that's what I did. I've seen *The Seven Samurai* forty-eight times. I've seen *My Darling Clementine* maybe thirty-six times. I've seen *Red River* at least thirty times. I've seen *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* twenty times. I've seen *Citizen Kane* constantly. I've studied the shots that I liked and learned how the directors accomplished certain things. Then, when you make a film of your own, you have an idea of what you want to do and how you want to do it."

Writing scripts is also a highly disciplined activity for Milius. "I usually only work one hour a day, from five to six o'clock in the afternoon. I sit in a bare room, and in that one-hour period I do six pages of script. No more, no less. Every day. That way I don't let myself write only when I want to write, when I'm in a good scene or something. You've got to get used to the idea that you do it regardless of how you feel about it. Otherwise, you'll never get done with anything."

Milius doesn't believe in actors. "I believe in *screen personalities*. I like people who are acting to be themselves. I don't ask them to do anything they wouldn't normally do. So they're able to improvise and do things on the spur of the moment. I give them very specific directions. I don't discuss their fathers or mothers with them, their motivations or the motivations of their characters. I expect them to do their homework and find out about the characters themselves. The instructions I do give them are brief. For example, I told Harry Dean Stanton, who plays Homer Van Meter in *Dillinger*, that 'this character is funny.' That's all. I'll say, 'Be a little more outrageous, smile, do it faster.' I remember one fellow was giving a speech and it took him three minutes. I told him he had to do it in a minute and a half. He said, 'I can't do that, man. I was really into it.' I said, 'Well you better get into it in a minute and a half or it's out of the picture.' "

Director-General that he is, Milius feels confident about commanding his actors. "The actors were impressed by the fact that I knew definitely what I was doing. They knew who was in charge from the first moment they stepped on the set. *Dillinger* went extraordinarily smoothly. There were some conflicts, but I handled them.

"One actor didn't like his closeups in the rushes. I handled it by telling him if he didn't like it, he could meet an off-screen death. Warren Oates, who played Dillinger, was temperamental and complained about a lot of things, but we got along. Once he complained about the number of takes of a particular scene. I knew he was also a military buff, so I just stared at him and said, 'When MacArthur came ashore at Liaotung he had more than three takes.' That shut him up. You've got to be careful about clashes with a star, but I wouldn't tolerate it from a character actor. If one of them gave me trouble, I'd just tell him which way the bus was."

Milius goes on to name his favorite actors. They include, somewhat predictably, John Wayne, Marlon Brando, and James Cagney. "Cagney is my favorite actor of all time."

When he's asked if he will ever make a love story, Milius laughs. "You mean a film without violence in it, don't you?" he says. "I'll get to a love story at some point. Frankly they're hard to do, at least if you do them right. For example, I don't like sex on the screen in my movies. [*Dillinger* contains no explicit sex scenes between the gangster and his girl friend, Billie Frechette.] I find it very difficult to portray it right. I think when people kiss, it's a very private moment. It's hard to show a kiss in good taste, and it would be even harder to show sex that is meaningful."

Milius much prefers the action movies that have been his stock in trade. "I want to do things with tanks and horses careening around. Action shots are fun to direct. You savor them, like dessert."

"You've been both a writer and a director," I commented. "What do you think of the *auteur* theory of filmmaking—that the director is the most creative influence on a film?"

"I think it comes down to who's the strongest personality on the set. If the writer is the strongest personality, it's his movie. If the producer is the strongest personality, it's his movie. If the director is, it's his. It has nothing to do with what each one does. *Evel Knievel*, for example, was definitely my movie. *Jeremiah Johnson* was more my movie than Sydney Pollack's or Robert Redford's, although it's probably a terrible thing to say."

"What about *Roy Bean*?"

Milius pauses. "Now that was a *draw* between Huston and me. I like Huston a lot, I really do like the old rascal. Working with him was a memorable experience, and he taught me a lot about directing." Milius leans back in his chair, his arms folded at his chest. "I think he met his match in me. You see, he liked mutilating my script, rewriting it, and that really pissed me off. I'd yell and scream, say it was crap, spit on it. He'd look at me calmly, say, 'This is just a point of departure, John. I wanted you to get riled up.' " Milius sticks out his face and lowers his voice to imitate Huston. " 'Go to your room, work on it, and slip it under my door later. I'll be drunk.'

"The night before the scene with Roddy McDowall, which I was supposed to rewrite, I stayed out drinking with the stuntmen and propgirls, getting drunk and not touching the script. They called me up at nine the next morning, frantic. I took a leisurely drive, went down to the hardware store to get some shells, thinking Huston would never use the original even though it was better. When I finally got there, he came over and said, 'Where's the script?' 'Here,' I said, handing him the original. He looked it over and saw what it was. 'It's great,' he said, slapping me on the back. 'You're learning.' "

But Milius is not happy about *Roy Bean*. "I think it's a better movie than people give it credit for being, and in the future will probably be regarded more highly than *Jeremiah Johnson*. But I don't think it's as good a movie as it could have been. I was disappointed."

"Do you think you could have directed it better than Huston?"

"Yes, no doubt about it," he says without hesitation, a convinced look on his face.

Milius is happy about *Dillinger*, but thinks of it only as a start. "This was a battalion-sized action. Most directors go out on a company-sized action. In my next one I'll be commanding a regiment. And eventually I hope to command a division." O+E

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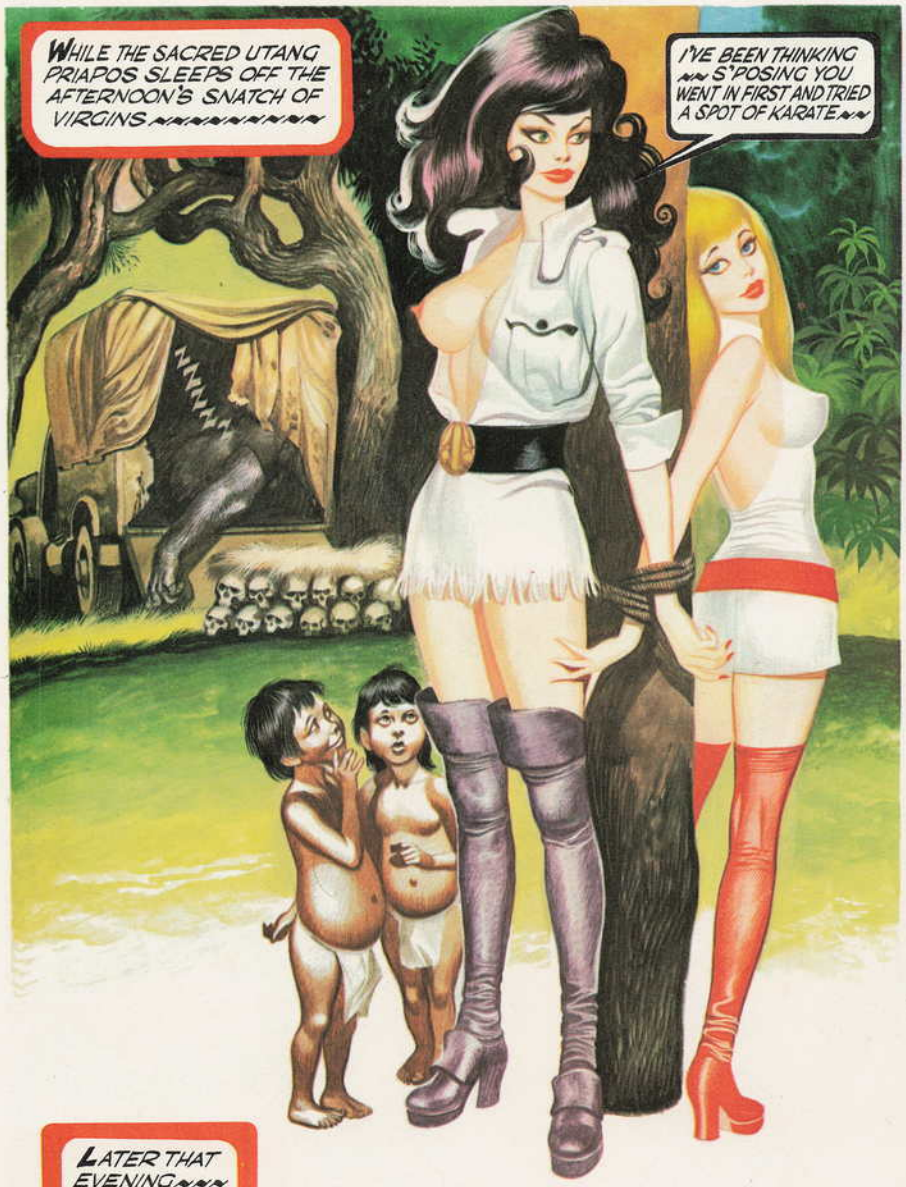
OH, WICKED WANDA!
IN PURSUIT OF A GHOULISH WHIM, WANDA IS ASSEMBLING A BIZARRE MUSEUM OF MISFITS IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL OF HER SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH. BRITISH PORNOPHOBE, CYRIL BLUESTOCKING AND BRIGITTE BIDET, MARTIN BORMANN AND CHESS CHAMPION BERNIE FISHFINGER ARE AMONG A GROWING LIST OF CELEBRITIES THAT HAVE ALREADY BEEN FROZEN ALIVE TO PROVIDE COMPANY FOR WANDA'S EMBALMED FATHER, KING-GNOME WALTER VON KREESUS. IT'S GONNA GET WORSE.....
SCENE: OLD WALTER'S TROPHY ROOM.....STOREHOUSE OF THE OLD MAN'S YOUTHFUL MEMORIES
PERCY! COME ON OUTTA THERE
WELL— DO YOU LIKE IT?
SISTER ANNA VO MISSIONARY 1850-1872
GORDON PASHA
TO WALT from your old mate the MAHDI
EVERYTHING'S SPANKABLE IN MY BOOK, CANDYFLOSS DARLING, BUT.....
by FREDERIC MULLALLY
and RON EMBLET

HERE'S THE PITCH. WE'RE GOING AFTER THE REAL BIG GAME THIS TIME
NOTHING LESS THAN THE DREADED UTANG-PRIAPOS!
THE LEGENDARY APE WITH THE PERMANENT HARD-ON! WHAT USE WOULD THAT BE TO YOU, BOO'FUL?
BORNEO
CALL IT FANCY / I WANNA MATCH IT AGAINST SAVOURY HOLLANDAISE. IRRESISTABLE OBJECT MEETING INMOVABLE FORCE DIG?

AND SO, DEEP INTO THE BORNEO JUNGLE
SUPER GEAR, WANDA — SPECIALLY THE BUSH-JOCKETTES. IS IT SPANKABLE TO ASK WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS?
TARZAN! TARZAN BABY — CAN YOU HEAR ME?
76
DR LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?
GET LOST!

YOU WOULDN'T BE PUTTING ME ON ABOUT THE HEADHUNTERS AROUND HERE?
I MEAN, I MAY LOOK THICK, BUT.....
GULP! ..... YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT!
CEASE FIRE!
THUD
UH-T..T..TAKE US TO YOUR LEADER- UH- P..P..PLEASE, GENTLEMEN!
EEEHHHAAAAA
DROP DEAD!
DOCTOR LIVINGST.....
I BRING GREETINGS FROM THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN ACROSS THE BIG WATER.....
GET A LOAD OF THIS GUY!
PLATITUDES for PLEBS
WHY DON'T WE JUST EAT HIM?

PAID UP MEMBER
OF THE BMA
FOR SALE BIJOU TOWN HOUSE
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT! A WORLD WAR TWO U.S. ARMY TRUCK!
HEY! YOU DON'T QUALIFY—YOU SHOULD BE AT HOME WITH THE KIDS!
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S A BURNT-CORK OFFERING TO THEIR LEADER IN THERE
DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE?
IT'S ALRIGHT—YOUR MOTHER'S BABY SITTING. BESIDES—I'M SICK AND TIRED OF COFFEE MORNINGS
LEADER? THAT'S THE UTANG-PRIAPOS! THESE NUTTERS HAVE MADE HIM INTO SOME KIND OF FERTILITY GOD!
WOW EEEE
EEE
PRIVATE PATIENTS WELCOME
AVAILABLE FOR MASONICS
UH-HUH~~ SO HERE'S ANOTHER FINE RAPE YOU'VE GOT ME INTO!
DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE~~
STOMP STOMP
DON'T COUNT ON IT, PUSSCAKE. MAYBE HE DOESN'T DIG WHITE CHICKS

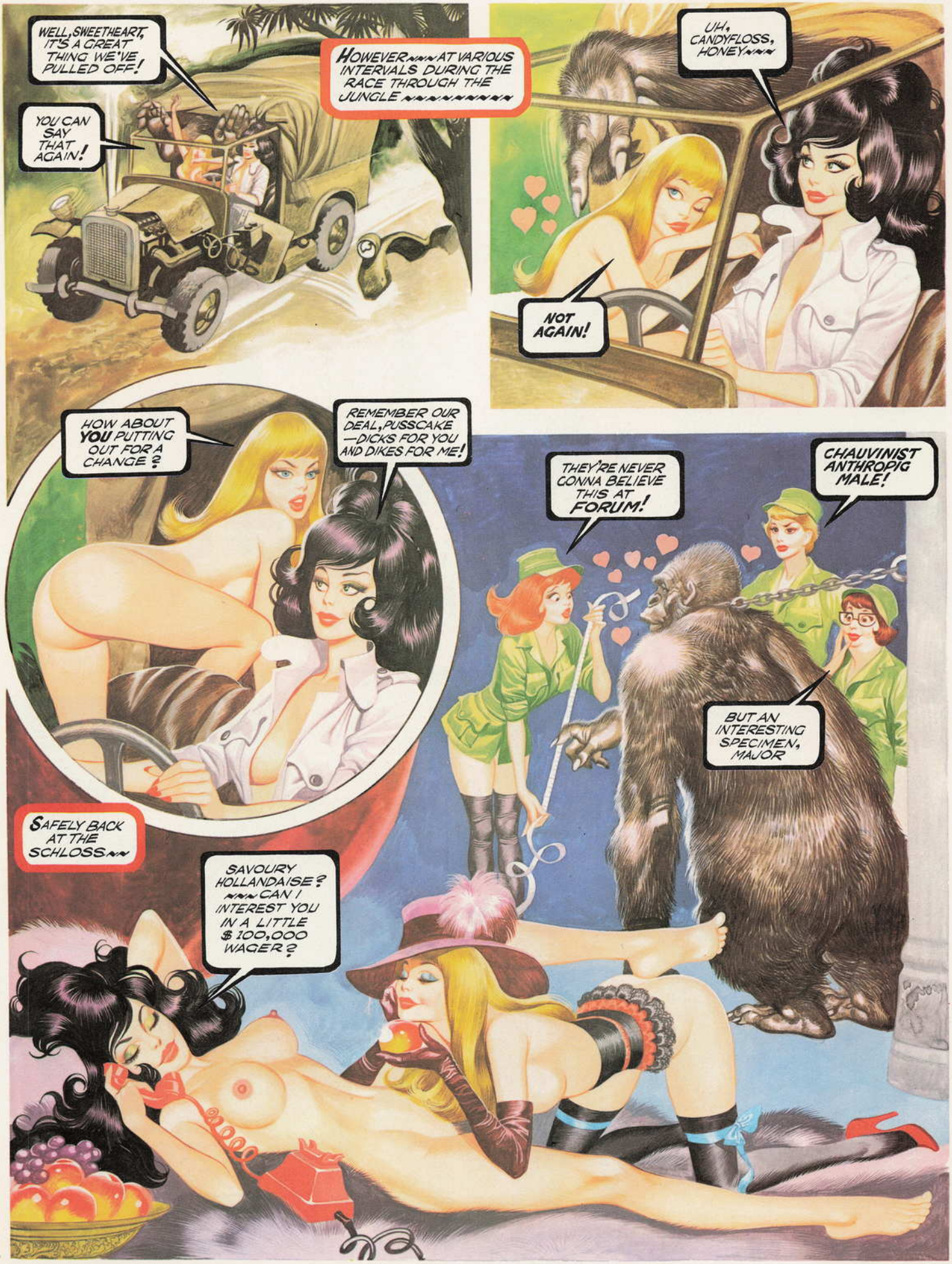

WHILE THE SACRED UTANG PRIAPOS SLEEPS OFF THE AFTERNOON'S SNATCH OF VIRGINS
I'VE BEEN THINKING S'POSING YOU WENT IN FIRST AND TRIED A SPOT OF KARATE

I'VE BEEN THINKING, TOO, BOO'FUL. BUT NOT ABOUT KARATE
MAYBE THESE BORNEO BIRDS JUST DON'T KNOW THE SCORE

LATER THAT EVENING
HI, FELLA! GIVE A GIRL A HAND-UP, WILLYA?

STILL LATER
DON'T RUSH IT, PRIAPOS! THIS THING'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US!
SWAP YOU—KINGSLEY AMIS AND ENGLEBERT HUMPERDINK FOR GEORGIE BEST

CHARLES ATLAS AWARD
C'MON, PRIAPY – BABY. NO NEED TO BE ASHAMED
EVERY NAPOLEON'S GOTTA MEET HIS WATERPLACE, SOME LOO OR OTHER!
HOW, PUSSCAKE?
SOME OF THAT, PLUS A FEW OTHER TRICKS. LET'S CHECK THAT TRUCK WHILE OUR HAIRY FRIEND KEEPS THE NATIVES DICKTRACTED!
IT STILL WORKS!
IF I'M NOT EMPTYING ONE DAMN TANK, I'M FILLING UP ANOTHER!


WELL, SWEETHEART, IT'S A GREAT THING WE'VE PULLED OFF!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
HOWEVER... AT VARIOUS INTERVALS DURING THE RACE THROUGH THE JUNGLE.....
UH, CANDYFLOSS, HONEY...
NOT AGAIN!
HOW ABOUT YOU PUTTING OUT FOR A CHANGE?
REMEMBER OUR DEAL, PUSSCAKE —DICKS FOR YOU AND DIKES FOR ME!
THEY'RE NEVER GONNA BELIEVE THIS AT FORUM!
CHAUVINIST ANTHROPIG MALE!
BUT AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN, MAJOR
SAFELY BACK AT THE SCHLOSS...
SAVOURY HOLLANDAISE? ... CAN I INTEREST YOU IN A LITTLE $100,000 WAGER?

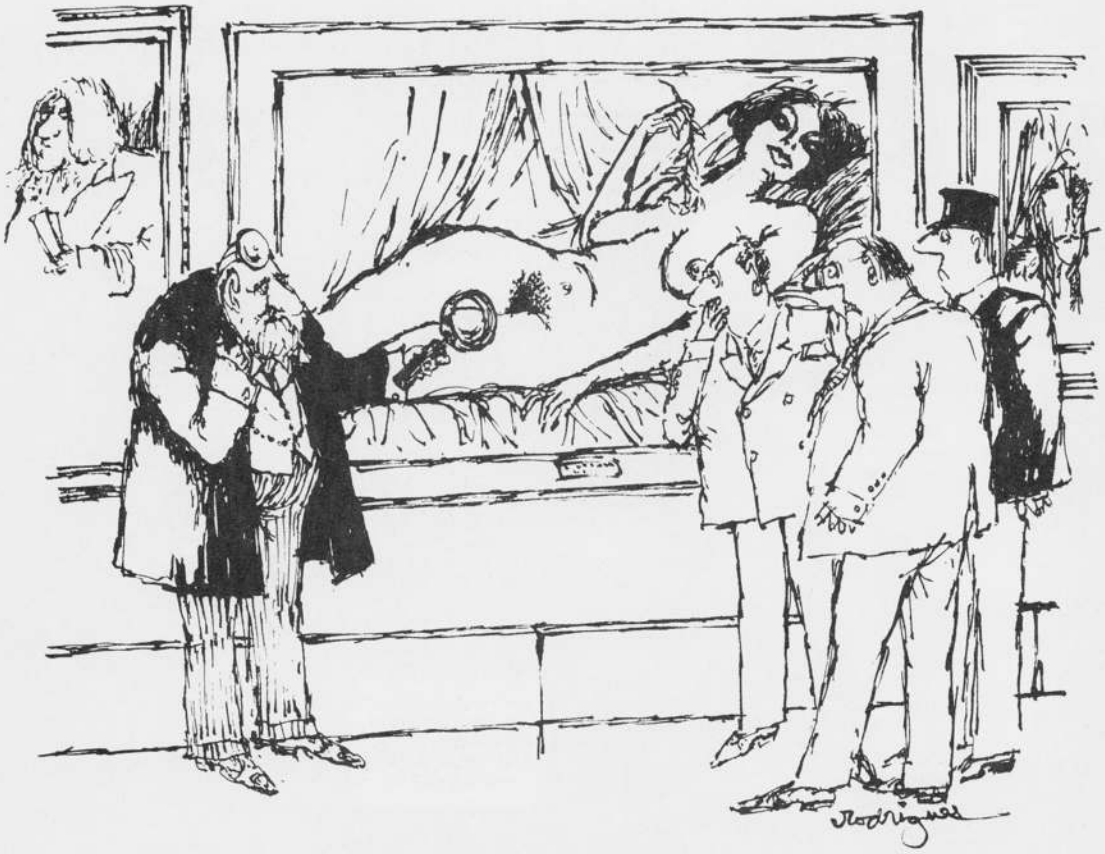
OKAY, KID—SO LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SO-CALLED WOMAN-EATER!
S·H
SOUNDS LIKE A DEMENTED SUCTION PUMP!
WRUUMP! SHLUMP!
THOUSAND AND FIVE THOUSAND AND SIX MY BREAD'S STILL ON THE MONKEY
I WOULDN'T THINK THESE WOULD KEEP HER VERY WARM
THAT'S WHAT I CALL A SWINGING EXHIBIT FOR MY MUSEUM. WHAT SHALL WE CALL IT, PUSSCAKE?
SAVE OUR ENVIRO
YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT—I PREFER RUBBER MYSELF
BOOM
BOOM
UH—HOW ABOUT, "WILL THE REAL RICHARD NIXON STEP FORWARD, PLEASE?"
DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S KNEE-TREMBLING INSTALMENT!!

SEXINDEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

York parks be closed to children in the evenings since there was some evidence of child-prostitution going on. This was part of a wide anti-prostitution drive culminating in the 1944 statement by the Federal Security Administrator that "red-light districts" had been eliminated in 662 American cities. But of course the trade continued, with operators working in surreptitious brothels, on the streets (sometimes as consorts of skid-row derelicts), or as high-class call girls, as realistically portrayed in films by Elizabeth Taylor in *Butterfield 8* and Jane Fonda in *Klute*. One persistent theory, heavily under-researched, is that prostitution survives because it gives clients what they cannot get elsewhere for free. Certainly specialists like Monique von Cleef provide a service virtually unobtainable elsewhere, yet a lot of girls make their living from simple "blow jobs" (fellatio) or even "hand jobs" (masturbation) which are well within the province of the average wife or girl friend. One bizarre speciality, reported by Benjamin and Masters in *The Prostitute in Society*, is the enormous demand for maimed and deformed women. A one-legged, thirty-five-year-old San Francisco prostitute claimed to have more work than she could handle and a second one-legged operator in New York was able to charge twice the normal fee. Men have been known to search for prostitutes —male or female—with hunchbacks or facial scars. Amputated breasts can also be a fetish.

prudishness: Exaggerated sense of propriety, generally stemming from a fear and hatred of pleasure, especially sexual pleasure. Though prudishness is usually associated with the Victorian age, it is by no means dead in the 20th century. The 1930's were a particularly prudish era. In 1934 the use of the verb "do" was banned in many songs for radio performance because it was "a bit too suggestive," thus outlawing such popular favorites as "Let's Do It," "Let's Fall in Love," "Do It Again" and "You Do Something To Me." The Hays Office (*q.v.*) provided a list of words which could not be used in films including "traveling salesman—where reference is made to a farmer's daughter." Anti-VD campaigns in America and Britain during World War II were seriously hampered by having to talk in terms of "secret diseases" or "blood poison" rather than the universally understood syph and clap. All sorts of words hold horror for the prude, which is probably why the English language is so rich in synonyms for sexual and scatological functions: as soon as one word becomes "contaminated" it is replaced with a "cleaner" version. Thus, ass becomes bottom becomes rear-end becomes derriere. Bureaucracy is always eager to oblige the prude, which is why the University of California's language department was asked to provide a list of three-letter combinations which might be considered offensive, not only in English but also in seven other languages. In addition to such obvious combinations as ARS, COC, COK, BUM, FUC, FUK, and so on, the following prefixes were banned from California license plates: ALE, BAD, BAG, BAH, BED, BRA, CAN, DAM, DUD, FAT, GOD, HAG, NAG, NUN, RAG, RAT, RAW, RUM, RUT, SAD, SAG, SAP, SEX, SOT and WED. Public libraries are often subject to prudish wrath. In 1963, a Los Angeles parent tried to persuade the local school board to remove the *Tarzan* series from the school library on the grounds that Tarzan and Jane were unmarried when they lived together. Of course, prudes always tend to overdo things in their zeal. British customs officials recently suffered red faces when they seized a book called *Rape Around Our Coasts*—only to discover that it dealt with soil erosion. (Conversely, the notorious Victorian flagellation epic, *A History of the Rod*, is often to be found in secondhand bookshops sitting innocently in the "Fishing" section.) An even more embarrassing case occurred in Kansas in 1895 when a man named Wise was found guilty of sending obscene and pornographic matter through the mails. The "matter" in question consisted entirely of quotations from the Bible. And if words can be so inflammatory to the prude, how much worse is the sight of the naked human body! Many Victorians managed to survive thirty or forty years of marriage without ever seeing their spouse in the nude, and obstetricians were forced to deliver babies by groping about under a sheet. In 1927 some nice-minded Catholic women founded the "Mary Immaculate Dress and Deportment Crusade" to fight against immoral fashions and urged people "not to assume immodest postures and always to cover the knees when sitting in public places." Similar groups were formed to combat the miniskirt and the bikini in the 1960's. Prudes will presumably always exist, although their targets change with the years. The best response to them is Dr. Samuel Johnson's remark to the lady who congratulated him for not including improper words in his dictionary: "Then, Madam, you have been looking for them?" /CONTINUES NEXT MONTH



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P-274

It took the Kid's jock-strap jump shot to bring the team together.

the ROOKIE

By Robert T. Sorrells

The whistle tooted twice. Quickly. The Kid snatched one last time at the loose tops of his socks before leaning into the man next to him on the circle. The Sub-assistant Coach set one foot into the small inner ring and smartly tossed the ball up. Four hundred and sixty pounds of muscle and nerve ends smashed together at the thigh. The tips of three fingers slapped the ball back. High in the air, Coco, the forward, pulled it in over the outthrust hand of his blue-shirted opponent, spotted the Kid's wild mop flying downcourt toward the goal, faked once, then hooked hard over his head. The Kid took the pass over his shoulder in stride, bounced it once, twice, dragged his foot on the third dribble, and twisted as Bonelli shot past—totally faked out. He leaped, turning in midair, and in the old familiar motion laid the ball up and off the backboard.

The hoop trembled as the ball bounced around the rim. Then it spun out and Jasmo, still pushing hard in his eighth year for a real All-Pro slot instead of his annual Honorable Mention, had the rebound downcourt before the Kid could tear his eyes from the shuddering hoop.

"WHAT THE HELL YA WAITIN' FOR?" the Head Coach hollered into his bullhorn from the desk on the side of the court. "YOU BLOW THOSE EASY ONES AND L.A.'LL HAVE IT CINCHED IN THE FIRST QUARTER." His voice echoed through the empty auditorium in the City Armory.

By then the Kid was down on defense trying to keep his teammate-adversary, who *was* All-Pro, from driving straight by

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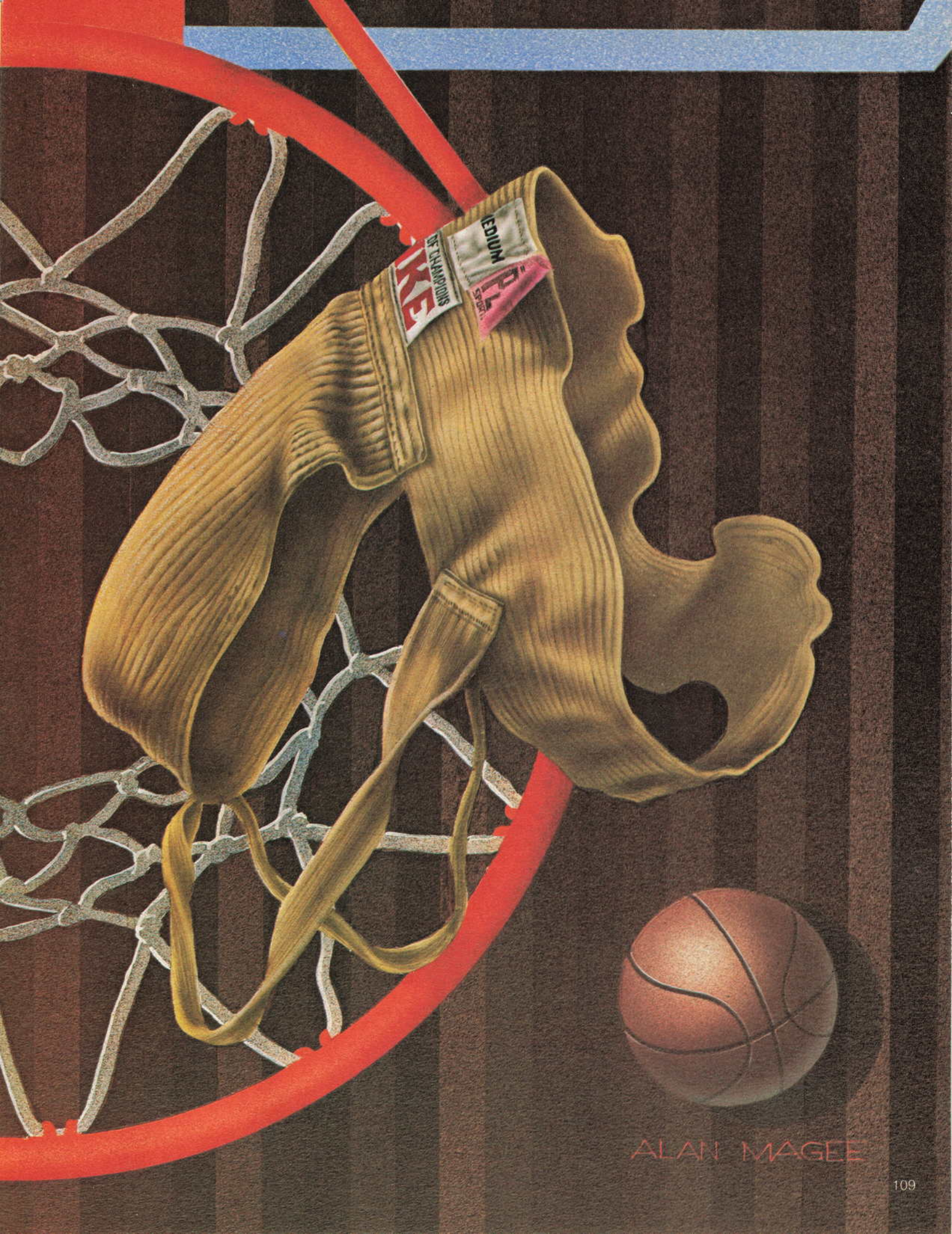
MEDIUM
RL
SPORTS
OF CHAMPIONS
KE
ALAN MAGEE

him. He tried hard to force him into the center where he might be intimidated by Orville, who'd often spin out from behind his own man to raise the longest, widest, thickest hand in professional basketball and start it downward—right at the face of any guard stupid enough to drive the center lane on him.

But the Kid wasn't quick enough. Bonelli twitched his right shoulder, lowered it, and drove the line.

The Kid did what he could, but the Coach-Referee's whistle screamed in his ear.

"*Number forty-one you're on the hip!*" and he made an exaggerated copy of the Kid's last-ditch attempt to save the basket. "Two shots: in the act of shooting."

"YOU WERE SNATCHIN' YOUR GODDAMN SOCKS AGAIN FOR CHRISSAKES." The bullhorn's echo rocked across the empty seats.

The Kid, hands on hips, strode away to take his position near the backcourt line.

"I TOLE YOU AN' TOLE YOU," the bullhorn sounded again. "*NEVER, NEVER, NEVER* TURN YOUR GODDAMN BACK ON A PLAY EVEN IF IT'S JUST FREE THROWS."

The Kid blushed.

"DO THAT AGAINST WEST AN' HE'LL KILL YA. WE OPEN IN *THREE DAYS!* OR DON'T YOU REMEMBER?" He was on his feet now and out from behind the desk.

Bonelli plopped the first one in. Automatic. The Kid wiped his face on his red jersey.

Bonelli plopped the second one in. Automatic. The Kid flipped his mop of hair out of his eyes and stepped up to take the pass from his teammate-guard, Brown. Brown held up three fingers to signal the pattern as he whipped the ball over to the Kid, who took it easily, whipped it behind his back in a beautiful look-away pass to Coco, who was up from his usual deep position in the corner; then from Coco to Orville, out to the Kid, who had dashed in to get his pick from Coco. All he had to do was leap and pop it home—the shot made for him, the play he'd averaged forty points a game on for three years in college.

But Bonelli had hooked a finger ever so lightly into the Kid's waistband. Not much. Just enough to break the rhythm of his reflexes. He could feel the shot sliding away from him the instant it left his hands. When he came down, he rushed in to scramble for the rebound, but Jasmo had it, in one hand, then out of the other. And Bonelli was laying it up at the other end of the court before the Kid ever got near the basket.

"FOR GOD'S *SAKE*, KID," came the bullhorn at him again. "WHEN YOU GOT A JASMO IN THE CENTER LEAVE HIM TO COCO AND ORVILLE, FOR CHRISSAKE. YOU THINK CHAMBERLAIN'S GONNA GIVE YA THAT BALL? THAT AIN'T KENTUCKY OR VANDERBILT OUT THERE NEXT TUESDAY, SONNY. IT'S THE BY-GOD LOS ANGELES LAKERS."

But the Kid was back-peddling defensively as fast as he could because the pass to him from the fastbreak inbounds play had been intercepted. He'd missed the signal for it and was heading back up court in the wrong direction when the ball was chunked the length of the floor to him.

"AH-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H *CHRIST!*" the bullhorn exploded. "YOU WANNA PROVE THOSE WISE-GUY SPORTSWRITERS RIGHT WE'RE LAST IN THE DIVISION?"

Bonelli started driving on him again, but the Kid faked with his left hand and Bonelli drove to the outside, where the Kid suddenly had him blocked out and in trouble because Redshirts' other forward, Matson, finally decided he'd help out a rookie in a game scrimmage. Bonelli tried to pass the ball out, but the Kid stuck so close to him he couldn't get it away. The Kid reached under and between Bonelli's legs and batted the ball just hard enough so that it ended up spinning slowly about six inches from Bonelli's frantically groping hands. Matson reached down almost nonchalantly and passed it out quickly to Coco, who had it to Orville, who stuffed it through at the other end.

"GOOD PLAY, MATSON," the bullhorn bellowed. "THAT'S THE WAY TO LOOK ALIVE."

> Bonelli had a death grip on the Kid's shorts . . . but he was driving so hard he literally pulled himself out of his pants with a heartsickening r-r-r-r-rip!

At the end of the first quarter the score was 18–14 Blueshirts.

During the break, the Assistant Coaches in charge of the two squads started outlining the patterns and amended game plans they wanted for the second period while the Head Coach—up in the stands with his bullhorn now—kept up a constant commentary.

"DISGUSTING. THAT'S WHAT. FOURTEEN GODDAMN POINTS, REDS. FOURTEEN. BONELLI, YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD THAT MANY YOURSELF. YOU AND COCO—EACH. HEAR? DO YOU HEAR?"

Coco looked up in the stands toward the Head. Bonelli, on the other side of the court, was massaging his right hand. It hurt where the Kid had stepped on him after knocking him down on a charge. Jasmo, at six feet eleven and three-quarter inches, stood slouching a foot above the bald, sweating head of his coach. He was looking out at the seats, his jaw slack, the sensitive fingertips of one hand playing slowly off his lower lip to create a soothing *plup, plup, plup, plup.*

"HE'S BEING NICE TO YOU, KID. YOU HEAR, BONELLI? STOP BEING NICE TO HIM. YOU HEAR, KID?"

The Kid stepped out from the huddle to acknowledge that he'd heard.

"Whyncha lay off him, Boney?" Andrews, one of the Blueshirt forwards, asked.

"*Plup, plup, plup.*"

"YOU HEAR?"

"Screw him," Bonelli said. He flexed his hand.

The Coach went through the defense yet once again.

"*Plup, plup.*"

"He's after my job."

"*Plup.*"

"YOU HEAR? AND ANOTHER THING, KID. . . ."

The Assistant Coach in charge of the Redshirts looked up at the Kid, who was looking up at the seats trying to understand the Head's instructions and admonitions over the echo of the bullhorn.

"Hey, Kid. You wanna play ball?" the Assistant Coach asked.

"Huh?"

"Then would you please mind listening to what I'm trying to clarify for. . . ."

"But the Coach. . . ."

"YOU HEAR, KID? A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS GETS SIX POINTS A QUARTER? YOU THINK THE OWNERS GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO WITH A QUARTER MILLION?"

"*Plup, plup, plup, plup, plup. . . .*"

"Screw him."

"Does it matter if your pecker drips?" Andrews asked no one in particular.

"All black peckers drip," Bonelli answered.

The Assistant's head bounced and jabbed, red and shiny.

"*Plup, pl. . . .* Look out, Wop."

"Up yours, Spook."

Toot! toot! went the whistle, and the Redshirts and the Blueshirts set themselves in position for the second quarter.

The Kid and Bonelli leaned into each other hip to hip, thigh to thigh. The ball went up: smash, tip. Coco got it again, shot it quickly to the Kid, who wheeled to fly downcourt. Only he ended up on the floor next to Bonelli, both of them clutching their foreheads.

"GREAT, KID. THAT'S JUST ABSOLUTELY *GREAT!* YOU SNATCH THOSE SOCKS AGAIN AND I'LL KILL YOU. I'LL FEED YOU TO JASMO. JASMO, YOU WANT SOME FRESH MEAT?"

"*Plup, plup.*"

"CLEAN THAT MESS UP OFF THE FLOOR, FOR CHRISSAKE."

The two men were up and seemed to be all right. All of the Blueshirts and most of the Redshirts were gathered around Bonelli looking at his forehead for any tragic evidence of fracture or brain damage.

Coco lumbered over to the Kid who was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

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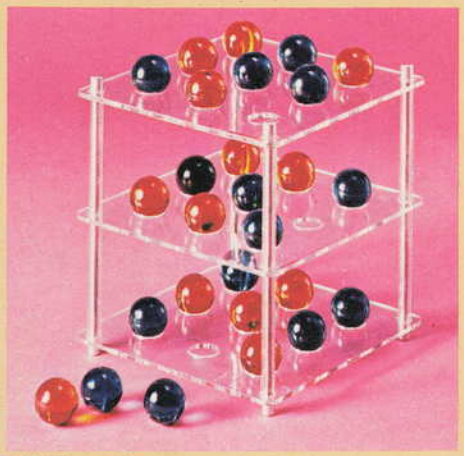

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2-74

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dishonorable discharges for drug abuse.

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we were told.
And America forgot us.
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Steve Marchesi

Sexual distinctions are becoming blurred, they're becoming multileveled and dynamic. This is the dawning of the Age of . . .

POLYMORPHOUS PANSEXUALITY

BY TED CASTLE

Nobody knows how it began. Like many another cultural or social phenomenon, it just seemed to rise out of the ground. Or, as it rose out of the ground in cities, it might be truer to say it rose out of the streets. It's new and it's sexy, and it comes from the urban middle class. Although it is perhaps most highly developed in Los Angeles, New York, and London, it isn't confined to the great metropolitan centers; it has blossomed in all cities. But even though everyone's talking about it, no two people can ever seem to agree on exactly what to call it.

What they don't argue about is that many people of all ages and both sexes are reacting strongly against heavy, clearly defined sexual roles—the cults of masculinity and femininity.

When I was a very young man working for the *New York Times*, I once heard some older women joking among themselves about "the days when men were men." Often, after that, I tried to imagine what they were referring to. I would carefully examine myself for any signs of decay. My teeth were in rather bad shape, but I couldn't see how that affected my sexual role. I was, however, rather hairless. Actually, I had already spent a couple of years praying that my face and chest would become more bearlike until I found out that some women really liked me as I was. Later I let my hair grow almost as long as possible (and also cultivated my American Indian beard) and then I cut it off as a sign that times had changed. I still felt pretty much the same inside, but somewhere there lingered the idea that nobody my age or younger could really be considered a man.

In the last few years, young men and women have started *looking* more and more alike. Women are dressing more like men, while men have been cultivating the beauty of their hair. Just the other day a friend of mine appeared with very curly hair which had been

rather straight. He told me he had always wanted curly hair, so he decided to get a real permanent. The first beauty parlor he approached wouldn't let him in for fear he was a thief! Then he found one that made him look the way he'd always wanted to. He doesn't look like a woman; and he's certainly not just a weird specimen. Actually, he has a regular job as a trucking dispatcher.

When men and women first started looking more alike, there were lots of jokes around about how you couldn't tell them apart. Of course everybody had been trained to think of men as having short hair and women as wearing skirts, so I suppose a lot of people caught themselves gazing lustfully at someone they at first thought to be of the opposite sex, only to feel sheepish when they realized that they had made a slight mistake.

Now, however, things have changed even more. Not only do strangers have occasional difficulty in separating the girls from the boys, but the boys and girls themselves hardly seem to care which is which. The result is a real death of categories. One of the main reasons that this phenomenon is so difficult to name and define is that the whole attitude implied is opposed to clearly defined categories so characteristic of "normal" behavior. It would certainly seem to follow logically that if this style ever becomes "normal," then there will be no more "normal" behavior. One will think of a person first as a person, second as old or young, and probably only third as male or female.

Gone now are such categories and concepts as swinging, bisexual, switch-hitting, and even strict heterosexuality or homosexuality. Some of these categories were themselves ambivalent or double-edged. Many kids—and perhaps a growing number of older people as well—now live with the reality that everyone is just sexual, and that whatever anyone finds sexy is fine. It's simply a matter of taste. Gone are the ideas centered around the proposition that there is a "normal" kind of sexual response. The Freudian phrase "polymorphous pansexuality"—certainly a gorgeous expression—is no longer restricted to prepubescent children. More people are realizing that they've only one life to live and they might as well enjoy it now.

Of course, this does not mean that men and women dislike the opposite sex more than they used to. It only means that the myriad taboos on what people of one sex or the other may dream about, desire, or act upon are vanishing. Today people dress, act, and talk as they want. *Everything* is becoming "normal."

For the moment, I would like to leave the question of whether or not our new behavior is "revolutionary." Modern revolutions, despite their sweeping ideological claims, always seem directed toward the goal of assuming national control; while the new sexuality has no designs of that kind at all. I got the idea of writing this article while talking to a friend of mine named David Johansen. He is the lead singer and main songwriter for a rock band called the New York Dolls, which has been described in the big English trade journal *Melody Maker* as "possibly the best rock and roll band in the world." In one of several articles about the Dolls, the magazine used the word "transsexual" to describe the scene of their friends and followers. I asked David what he thought this word meant.

"My mother asked me the same thing," he said, "and I said, 'Oh, I don't know, but I guess they meant that we know that we're either girls or boys, but it doesn't make much difference to us.' Like it says in the song, we're all human beings, real people. And that's about it. Sometimes these things they say in the media aren't too accurate, you know. I thought transsexual meant going out and having your whole sex changed. I don't want to do that at all."

Later on, I interviewed David and the other musicians in the Dolls, all of whom exemplify this development I want to define. I then went all over New York talking to people, especially to visitors from out of town, trying to find out if this thing is as widespread as I think it is. I wanted to go to the real grassroots sources and not rely on the opinions of professionals in sociology who may not know what they're talking about. Johansen mentioned politics only once in the course of the long talk I had with him: "There's a lot of fabulous women in my life. I love women dearly. I learned so much from women. I really love them. I think women are really our big hope for the future, as far as being cool, because a lot of women I know, being in the situation they've been forced into, have still made a beautiful thing out of it. They're really wise and fair—fairer than I could ever be. If a woman were president, maybe things would be a lot better, but then you think of Golda Meir and . . . she's too much! But I like all them women that they have runnin' around now. I like Bella Abzug, I like Shirley Chisholm, I like Jane Fonda—I like all those political bitches. I think they're fantastic even though I'm not political at all. Politics is so blown out of shape that as far as I'm concerned that's not the way to get across to people. If you can get a message to someone who's very young, and let him nurture it, that's a thousand times more effective than gettin' up and making a speech in front of a thousand old farts. I can't get on that board. I can't even comprehend it. If people were together it wouldn't matter who was in power."

The Dolls themselves are rather young, around twenty, and their audience ranges from much younger up to somewhat older. The people in this scene aren't easy to pin down about their age. Johansen says that he "vacillates between being eighteen and twenty-one," and a friend recently said about the Dolls, "Well, they don't want to say how old they are because even the fact of a person's age is just another category that people can slap you into and nail you down with." I found out that some of the people who share a basically new attitude toward sex and life in general are much older than you would think, while others are really very young. In another sense, though, they're actually exactly the same age—the age of the present time. So it seems to me that the phenomenon I'm trying to describe is nothing more or less than *modern life itself.*

Jerry Nolan, the Dolls' drummer, described the situation this way: "They had Elvis on television, but they wouldn't show him below the waist his first time on Ed Sullivan. In those days that was heavy. Even now, half the people think we're a bunch of faggots. Every big act has gone through this kind of stuff. America's a very sexually frustrated country. Because of tradition. It's not like it's anybody's fault, it's tradition. It's the way we've been brought up. And it is changing. But in all these changes there's casualties. Mental frustrations, not knowing which way to go sexually; it's hard to understand, but I'd rather see this change, even with the casualties. At least it happened, thank God it happened, because it's all going to straighten out. I think of it positively. It's heading for the good—for the better. I suppose in a fad kind of way everyone will be like the Dolls in a few years, like people in general always pick up things from leaders, rock groups especially, and they pick up these little things. But I never take none of this seriously, I take it in jest. It's having a good time, like dressing up. It's a matter of how you feel inside, you tend to look that way outside. Some people feel like that inside but they're afraid to look that good. That's why I'm so personal to my music, 'cause playing drums was the first thing I ever did that I got respect for from other people. I wasn't noted for being 'Jerry the failure' in school; I was noted for being 'Jerry the drummer.' All these years it's been loosening me up. I was so afraid of girls. Then I fell in love with this chick that sat next to me, but my grades were so poor and I had nothing to offer—you know, you've gotta have something. So finally I was a drummer and I was good at it."

After talking to a lot of people about how they live, I'd say that the biggest change has not been purely sexual. There are a very large number of young people who consider themselves very successful, and as everybody knows that has *something* to do with sex—because you always feel good after a good sexual encounter. And when you feel good, you're less scared. And when you're less scared, you behave better. Your eyes are brighter, your mind is sharper, and that's when you can get things done. It's a circle.

David Johansen often introduces one of the Dolls' best songs by saying, "This is dedicated to the whole human race":

Now I'm acting like a king
I'M A HUMAN BEING!
And if I want too many things
I'M A HUMAN BEING!
And if I've got to dream
I'M A HUMAN BEING!
And when it gets a bit obscene
I'M A HUMAN BEING!
I ain't gonna go around with
My head hung down
JUST LIKE A HUMAN BEING!
I could hold my head so high
'CAUSE I'M A HUMAN, YEAH,
A NEW YORK CITY BEING!*

The media are often very nearsighted. This is keenly felt in Chicago and other Midwest centers, where people often complain that the tastes and fashions of New York and Los Angeles are constantly shoved under their noses. So, first of all, I sought out what might be called "real Middle Americans," to try and get their opinions on how things stand in the center of the culture.

Toni Angelo is from Chicago. I met her at a party given by an artist who lives in a large loft in Manhattan's Soho district. It was rather dark in the huge room which, except for a kitchen area in one corner and some comfortable chairs, was like an old-fashioned factory workspace. In the main section of the room, about fifty people were dancing to a stereo tape of various current hits played very loud. I introduced myself to Toni and asked her if she wanted to dance. She didn't. She wasn't smoking, eating, drinking, or talking, but still she didn't seem bored or stoned. She just seemed to be looking at everything in a quiet, attentive way. I asked her where she was from—there are hardly any New Yorkers at these parties—and she just said "Chicago," and kept on looking. I was going to go and talk to an old friend of mine, but suddenly she spoke up:

"I just got here last night. I was supposed to meet my friend here but she didn't show up yet. You're the only person I've met so far."

In order to get over the oh-how-lonely-New-York-is routine, I volunteered to introduce her to some people. She said, "No, that's all right. I don't feel too much like meeting people." After a moment the tape ended and it was easier to talk.

"I thought everybody was much weirder in New York," she said. "These people seem to be just nice people. I guess in Chicago they might be more dressed up."

I said I was surprised that she thought so.

"No kidding. People are really into getting dressed up. Just the other night I was at this guy's place, this real modern place near the Drive, and somebody called up and asked us to this party. It was real weird. The place was full of plants, you couldn't see through them, it was almost like in the woods. But the people were far-out. This one chick was wearing nothing but a long Indian printed-silk scarf—she had it sort of wrapped and draped around her, but it didn't hide very much. And the guy she was dancing with was wearing—are you ready for this?—a *white satin evening gown*! I've seen a few drag guys, but this wasn't like that. Even though he was wearing a dress and had a little bit of green eye shadow on, he didn't look like a woman. And you know what else? He really looked great in that white dress! 'Course not everybody there looked as good as those two did. But everybody's going out today and living it up like there's no tomorrow. . . . Maybe there isn't. I don't mean like the bomb and all that stuff, I just mean like, well, *this is it*! What are we waiting for? My folks were waiting around for years and what did they get? A chick they don't dig, a small house, and two cars. Hot stuff! I'm just gonna do what I can right now—and for the rest of my life. Like I decided to go to New York two days ago so I just called up Julie, my friend, and said I feel like taking a vacation and here I am! Here she is now! Nice meeting you," she said, and—giving me a little peck on the cheek—she ran over to the door and gave Julie a great big hug. The music started up again.

> "I would prefer to be an *it*," says one of the New York Dolls, "as opposed to being a he or a she."

Later on I danced with her for a while. When we went to get a glass of wine she said, "I like it here, but I didn't think I was going to. I think everybody in Chicago should come to New York so they find out things are pretty much the same no matter where you go—you know what I mean?" Then she started dancing with some other people and I never saw her again. I don't remember what she was wearing, but she had short, curly black hair and real bright, shining eyes.

While I was researching this article, I often went around with a cassette recorder, looking for people to interview. I found several at rock concerts, some at clubs and bars, and a few on the street. I tried not to interview them too formally, believing that a direct question is itself a large factor in determining their response. Instead, I would just start talking to them socially, and if it seemed that what they were saying was interesting enough, I would switch on the microphone (a very unobtrusive one that several people mistook for a cigarette lighter). Sometimes I would tell them what I was doing, but other times I wouldn't. In some cases I didn't get their names, and in other cases I didn't ask how old they were. I just tried to keep the thing as informal as possible. In editing the tapes I've eliminated my part in the conversations, and sometimes I have rearranged the material so that it reads more easily.

Joseph Andrews, about twenty-five years old, is from Milwaukee. He wants to be a photographer but happens to have a job driving a laundry van. Every six months or so, he takes a couple of weeks off from his job, which is fairly secure, and goes somewhere. He has come to New York three times so far. I met him in a crowded theatrical bar in the East Village, or Noho (meaning north of Houston Street). Andrews likes to take pictures of actors when they are just being themselves. He had met several at this bar on his previous visits, and a few of them had hired him to take the pictures they send out to directors and producers in an attempt to get work. I asked him if he was thinking of moving to New York and starting a studio.

"Like they say," Andrews said, "it's a great place to visit. Sure I thought of it, more than once, but I guess I'm just a hick at heart. I don't know, I just really like Milwaukee, but once in a while I just take off. Two weeks someplace else is about enough. Then I get homesick and go back. I always go to cities, I don't like to go fishing or like that. Last year I went to L.A.—but I couldn't figure out how to meet people there. In New York it's easy, so I usually just go to New York. How do you like this suit? I just got it at Paul Sargent's."

I liked the suit, a green tweed with big lapels. He was also wearing a luxurious turtleneck sweater, and looked very much "the well-dressed man-about-town." Among the blue-jeaned and leather-jacketed off-duty actors, he was quite overdressed.

"I blow a lot of money every time I go to New York," he said. "It makes me feel rich. I just like to impress people once in a while. I make

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pretty good money, and I don't spend much at home 'cause I don't have to pay rent, so when I take off I just let go. I don't care how much anything costs, if I feel like it, I just do it. One time I even blew forty bucks for a woman. I guess it was worth it, just to see what it was like, but I don't know, I probably wouldn't do that again. I just don't dig it very much. I like to spend money on someone I know. The trouble is, back home, they mostly just want to get married right away and that's one thing I don't ever want to do. It might sound funny, but I don't think marriage makes it. I almost got married when I was nineteen, but after we lived together for two months I was thinkin' up every darn excuse I could think up to stay away from her. And one day I realized—I said to myself—I don't want to get married! So we split up and she got married right away to somebody else and has two little kids now, but that's just not how I want to live. See, I like things to be very neat, and if I want to do something I just want to do it, and I don't feel that I have to tell anybody else if I don't want to. It's not a secret, but nobody knows where I am right now."

He bought me a drink, and I asked him if he thought people's attitudes toward sex and marriage were changing very much. "I don't think so, not very much," he said. "I guess it might be a little easier to get laid most places now, but mainly the only thing that changed is maybe people talk faster now, you know? Like if they like each other they just say, well let's go to bed or something, and then maybe one of them will say no, but it's not usually a game, it's just that they're not interested or they have a lover or whatever. You don't have to beat around the bush; most of the time yes means yes and no means no, and that's it. But on the whole, people are still into getting married and raising kids, so, like I say, if I get too involved I just split and meet some other people or I take off on a trip.

I'll tell you something new that happened to me, though, the first night after I got here —well, the second night really—I was out having a drink and talkin' with these two guys, one of them was from Texas, and we was kiddin' around and they were tellin' me how cute I was—and all of a sudden it hit me that they were gay. So then they asked me to their place and I said no, but we talked some more and, honestly, they were real nice guys and you wouldn't ever think they were gay from the look of them or the way they talked or anything. They might of been putting me on for all I know. If it was only one person instead of two—well, I might of taken him up on it. But I can't see having sex with more than one person, can you?"

A friend of his called Laura came in at this point, and when I left they were talking about a new off-Broadway play that she was about to open in.

"This scene is really sick." I turned around and there was a really beautiful woman with long red hair, very tall, almost six feet. She was looking right at me. "Are you sick too?" I said I probably was. "That's too bad," she said, "because I like your gray hair. Is it real?" I said it probably was. I don't usually much like very aggressive people but I am a sucker for very tall girls. "The last three men I met actually dyed part of their hair gray," she said. "It must be a new fad from London or someplace. You don't look sick at all. Are you sure you're sick?" I said I wasn't sure and she said she was glad. I was at Kenny's Castaways, a club on New York's Upper Eastside, waiting for the Dolls to play their second set of the evening—which was already over into the next morning. "Where I come from they would close up this place in a minute. Oh, I'm from the blue yonder. It's called Kansas City.

> Today, people dress, talk, and act as they want. *Everything* is becoming "normal."

I'm from the part in Kansas. Most of it is over in Missouri, but it's all Kansas City. I've been in New York for three months and I've just about had it. Everybody's always playing games; you can't ever tell what the hell they mean. I think I'll go out to L.A. The trouble is New York is too sick and Kansas City is too damn healthy. There's some go-go joints downtown where all these guys from the sticks go and get sloshed on beer, but that isn't sick, it's boring. They just sit there, tell dirty jokes, and laugh at the girls.

"So I finally told myself to go to New York and be a model. When I get here they all tell me how lovely I am and all that, but I have to change my hair or get shorter or have a lot of pictures to show them or speak different—they're always telling me to do something different. At first I said okay, and I did what they said, but I found out they didn't mean it. They just said that to me, they didn't want me to do it. In fact, they didn't care if they ever saw me again. I can tell you that the feeling is mutual. One of them told me to change my eyebrows, and the next one said come around when they've grown out, we're tired of that look. I did get a few jobs doing fashion. You really have to work like a horse! You don't just dress up and look good while they photograph you, oh no—'that pose is all wrong, we'll have to reshoot the whole sequence, why didn't you bring any pink eyeliner. . . .' Pink eyeliner, my foot! So after a while I just decided to quit being nice and tell them right away what they could do with their pink eyeliner! They called it a 'refreshing change,' but they still kept telling me to do everything different. Hey Frankie, change your shoes and all that. My name is Louise but I prefer Frankie. Maybe I'm crazy, but it seems to me like everybody else is. The second week I was here I met a really great guy and two weeks later he went to Italy for six months! It was only by chance I found out he was leaving. I ran into a friend of his: 'Oh, what's-his-name left for Italy.' Oh, for how long? Six months! I couldn't believe it. And I started getting real hard-assed. All these faggots really love that. It reminds them of their mothers. Don't get me wrong. I have nothing against queers, but I do hate faggots. I mean half the faggots I know are straight. They love being raped by women. Maybe they're lesbians who just happen to have cocks, I don't know, but I don't think I'll waste any more of my time finding out. The trouble with me is I hate sick scenes but I love them too. I just got pissed because somebody snubbed me; I said 'Hi!' and he just looked away. I don't know, this scene may be sick but it's the best one I've found here in New York. I've been to see the Dolls three times so far. They're really great. And I'll tell you, they may wear some makeup and some jewelry but they're not faggots, they're men."

I asked Frankie if she wanted me to introduce her to the band. "I met them the other night. Well, I talked to them. They were just standing around like everybody else. I hope they don't change if they get real famous." Just then the Dolls drowned the conversation in sound. The song was "Trash," which had been a new song when I had first interviewed David Johansen.

"We just kind of get all our songs together," Johansen had said. "Our latest song, 'Trash,' for example. Syl (the rhythm guitarist) came in with some music and I had just been wanting to have a song about someone who was kind of at the end of his rope. Someone kind of thinkin' that everything was horrible and there was nothing worth doin' anything about. So Syl came in with this music and I just put both my ideas together. This person, all he saw was trash, you know, and he couldn't dig it. The function of a rock-and-roll

band is to relieve adolescents of their ills, of all the mental cruelty that's been bestowed upon them. You get to a certain age, which is about thirteen or fourteen, when you really start to dig rock and roll. You can begin to feel that you're rather alone at this point, and a rock-and-roll band tells you that you're not alone. In 'Frankenstein' we say, 'You're not alone, we know you're not alone,' and I kind of gesture to the band. 'Frankenstein' is a love song. It's about how kids come to Manhattan from all over—they're kind of like whipped dogs, they're very repressed. Their brains and their bodies are disoriented from each other. They don't realize that their mind is just as much a part of their body as their stomach or their foot. So 'Frankenstein' is a song about how they come here and they fall in love and they realize about the world—their own conception of life. The Dolls are like oracles of Manhattan. I'm always singin' about New York City, and when I'm in London I'll sing about London, in Detroit I'll sing about Detroit. Every big industrial town is the same. It's relatively new, people haven't really sat down and thought of making it beautiful. The world is changing. We've gotta decide what we're going to do with it. My father says that the best thing that could happen to New York is for everybody to leave and let it sink into the mire—and then forget about it for a while until it grows over. He says, 'If I was you, I'd leave.' But I love New York, we all do, and we think we can do something here."

Arthur Kane is the bass guitarist for the Dolls, and it was he who started the band in the fall of 1971. Among other things, I asked Kane what the difference is between women and men.

"The only thing is that women are softer," he said, "and they don't have as much hair on their bodies. That's about the only difference. And maybe their emotions are different. I don't know. It's hard to understand stuff like that. Everyone's trying to break out; they don't want to be stereotyped, so they're trying to break out of it. It's only a matter of time. I would really prefer to be an *it*, as opposed to being a he or a she. I guess it's one of those LSD hangovers or something. You should try to be as much as you can. Try to experience all you can. The world is changing. It doesn't matter what sex you are. I don't think of people as being of a certain sex—it's just if they're nice or they're not. My big thing is to remain unchanged. What I've always wanted was a band that was good-looking and sexy, and that played good hard-rock music that could whip kids into a frenzy. So I'm pretty satisfied. I found the cats in the band, I just dug them all up somewhere. I want to be a free spirit, like Jackie Curtis says. All these labels just don't make it anymore, like they say someone is a transvestite, or a transsexual—someone who had their body altered. We ought to tell everybody we all just came back from Copenhagen! Say we were all chicks six months ago, we just decided to go butch for a while! I would rather not say anything, though, and just be a visual effect. I've been into fantastic clothes for about four years. I dig the effect of just blowing minds, like if someone looks at you and then says, 'Wow, where does this cat come from?' "

In February, the English performer and producer David Bowie gave two giant shows at Radio City Music Hall, which up until last year had a house policy of not permitting rock music on the premises. The place was jammed with people from all over come to see the dean of the glitter-glamour rock scene strut his stuff. I was surprised to find that the audience was very young. During an intermission in the vast Art Deco lobbies of the Music Hall, I noticed a young boy who seemed all alone. At first I really thought he was a girl. Everyone in the crowd was looking at him standing impassively near the center of the huge room. When I approached him I felt that I had passed into a magic circle that seemed to isolate him from everyone else in the hall. His blond hair just touched his shoulders, and he was wearing blue jeans, a white shirt, a silver chain necklace, and a thin silver bracelet. He looked somewhat surprised when I started talking to him.

> "The only difference between women and men," says the Dolls' guitarist, "is that women are softer and don't have as much hair on their bodies."

"For a while I thought I wasn't really here," he said, "and I'm not even stoned. Maybe if I was, I'd meet some more people. Maybe not. I feel like I'm in a museum and everybody came to look at me. Everybody's digging me but I simply don't know a soul. I mean, do you know any of these people?"

I introduced him to a few friends. His name was Bobby Burstein. He said he was almost sixteen and that he had come down on the train from Hartford, Connecticut, to see the concert. He explained to me that his loneliness was a full-time thing.

"It's not just the city, it's the same at home too. See, it used to be Billie and me—that's my sister—we would do everything together. But then she went away to school and now I don't know what to do anymore. I don't even know if I'm sad or not, I guess you could call it that. It's the same all the time. Maybe when I'm seventeen or so it won't be so hard to find something to do. Coming down here today was the first thing I did for a long time. I heard about it, so I just decided to do something for a change. But it isn't a change. It's a different place, but I feel about the same. Billie and me were going to run away together one time but it didn't work out. All we could get was fifty dollars. It wouldn't have been enough. Now I don't even know if Billie really wanted to do it, but it was fun to think about. I wonder what New Orleans would have been like if we could have gone there last summer. I know someone who used to live there, and he told us about it. He didn't like it, but from what he said we thought it might be a great place to go. He was just a kid when he was there, and maybe kids don't like it wherever they are."

It wasn't what he said, or even how he looked, that distinguished Bobby Burstein from the dressed-up young crowd. There was a presence to him that was hard to miss. It was almost like seeing a famous person caught for a moment alone, with a lot of other people who are sure he is *somebody* but not quite sure who. We stood around for a few moments looking back at the people. Then we descended the massive staircases to try and get a drink of water.

The lines for the two water fountains seemed to be a half-mile long. The crowd around the orange-drink vendors was packed in. On the water line we met two young ladies, Joan and Candy. Joan was from Detroit, and she was also seeking a change of scene.

"I worked for three years and did nothing else," Joan told us. "Sometimes I had three jobs at the same time, so now I want to take off and see the whole world. I've been thinking of going to Rio . . . but I don't know. I guess I would need someone to go with. Candy doesn't like to travel. I'm not afraid of going alone, but I want to have someone to share it all with. It wouldn't matter too much if it's a girl or a boy, or a few of both. I met some people from South America, but they want to stay here. I'll find somebody, though. We go out a few nights a week to different places and meet different people. That's what I like about New York—it's real easy to meet people, and you never know what kind of people you might run into. I even met an old friend from back home on Madison Avenue one day, just walking along. He works in a bank. I don't

know if I want to go everywhere in the world, but I want to go to South America and the Far East—not China but India and places like that. I want to leave Europe for the last because it's so easy to get to. I wouldn't mind being gone a whole year, or I might come back sooner. I'm looking for something, but right now I couldn't say what. Some people think I'm crazy, but I don't care what they think. I'm a Leo and so I just push things around until I get what I want. It usually seems to work pretty well for me."

I asked Joan and Candy about the difference between men and women. Joan wasn't interested in the question. Candy smiled somewhat mysteriously and said, "Boys have big hands." Finally we got some water. Then Bobby picked up the question.

"I think everybody just wants boys and girls to be as different as they can. Ever since I started going to school, I couldn't figure out why they had separate bathrooms for girls. It seems simple, but I couldn't figure it out. Then one time, I was in sixth grade, I just went in the girls' bathroom. There was only one girl in there, and she just smiled at me. I peed and left. There was nothing to it. People are always trying to frighten each other. There are always places you aren't supposed to go, and things you aren't supposed to do. Billie and me used to do everything together. There wasn't anything wrong with it at all. We were really living, and it looked like the other kids were just screwing around, waiting for something. I know they were, 'cause that's what I'm doing now. I'd say it's just waiting to grow up, but I bet that isn't so great when you get there either."

In our interview, David Johansen told me a story about playing at a club on suburban Long Island:

"We were trying to get different gigs," he said. "They sent us to this place in Glen Cove, Long Island. All the kids had motorcycles and GTO's, and we couldn't believe that this shit was still going on. It was like 1962. The sign on the dressing room door said: NO GIRLS ALLOWED. They said, "We have too much trouble." A lot of them were ex-GI's, crazy kids. We went on the stage to play, and when they saw us there was this insane vibration. The girls were enraptured, they were crowding around and throwing hankies and flowers at us. The guys started brawling. They're really into division between the sexes out there. When they go home, the guys leave in their cars and the girls leave in theirs. These days most boys and girls have figured out they're not that different, but these people hadn't figured that out yet. They were all slugging each other and throwing things across the floor. They must have been really scared. Guys were jumping up on the stage. The heavy guy that worked there was throwing them off, but he had more than his hands full. Finally it just turned into a brawl. We split the stage. The guy who ran the place thought we had incited the kids to riot! He threw one of us on the floor; he threw me against the wall. I just wanted to get out. Physical violence and me don't mix. Afterwards there were fights in the parking lot. In the band we all trust each other. And we really try to understand each other. They're my favorite people. We never lower ourselves to a fight—we have more sophisticated ways of getting our emotions across. But, well, sophisticated is such a bullshit word. Nobody tells anybody how to play or how to act in any situation, and that's the beauty of it. I feel very liberated from bullshit. I try to be real and I try to be with real people and avoid falling into bullshit traps. I say so many things in my songs that I'm not really into saying this is how it should be."

> Not only do strangers have difficulty separating the girls from the boys, but the girls and the boys hardly seem to care which is which.

Johnny Thunder and Sylvain Sylvain are two guitar players with the Dolls. John is from Queens, a borough of New York City, and Syl was born in Egypt and lived in Paris until he was eleven. Although they attended the same school in Queens for a while, John and Syl first met each other in London a few years ago, where they were just American kids checking out the scene. Syl thought up the name for the Dolls before he joined the band ("One day I said wouldn't it be great to have a band called the Dolls because that's exactly what we are.") John and Syl mostly talk in short phrases. John said to me, "I like some people but I really do find it hard to talk to a lot of other people; it's because they're speaking Russian!"

This, of course, points up one of the major difficulties in writing about today's sexual scene: most of the people who are adopting the new style, or inventing it themselves, do not like to analyze or discuss what it's all about. Such an activity strikes them as simply incomprehensible—like Russian. Syl reflected the views of a lot of young people when he said to me, "Actually, I can't even believe it's 1974. It ought to be 1935. I thought it would all blow up by now. When I was sixteen, I thought everyone would blow up by the time I'd be twenty. I used to trip a lot," he added.

Then I asked John a question: "When you were a kid, did you think that life would be like it is?" "Life gets better all the time," he explained. "It's much better than I thought it was going to be." When I asked Syl what the difference between men and women is, he quoted a song by an underground band: "Like Wayne County says, 'It takes a man like me to know a woman like me.' " The sexual distinctions in that line are not only blurred, they're multileveled and dynamic. It reminded me of something that André Gide once said: "One cannot both be sincere and seem to be sincere at the same time." You can think about remarks like that for a long time, and they keep on changing, adapting themselves differently to different circumstances. It's a little like watching the Dolls perform. At some moments they have an aura of extreme artificial beauty, which we all feel to be chiefly associated with women and their concern with personal appearance. At other moments, the Dolls are completely masculine, giving off the hard-driving sweaty energy associated with men at work. And as one keeps on looking at them, they change, passing in and out and around the standard definitions of "men" and "women."

"I don't think we really try to get any special look," John said. "We're just a bunch of rock 'n' rollers who just come up and sing songs. When you're a singer, you say the most. The way we look is not anything pre-planned. It's the way we like to feel and dress. We just build around the name, really. Each time we perform there's usually someone who really comes across. I guess our music talks for us, at this stage."

One of the most revealing conversations I had was with a couple I met at a party in Greenwich Village. I told them what I was doing and—since they didn't want their real names used—I will call them Robert and Elizabeth here. They were from San Francisco, spending a month in New York—"sort of like a honeymoon"—in the apartment of friends who were in Europe.

"Neither of us wanted to get married, but we wound up getting married anyway," said Elizabeth. "I guess it's a real cultural event. Sure there was pressure from our parents, especially Robert's, who are much more staid than my mother is . . . my father's dead. But I don't think that's really why we did it. Maybe

you could say it better."

"She's afraid of microphones," Robert said. "Well, we were living together for a long time and it was fine. We both work and we have some friends in common. We have different friends too. It was cool, but one day we realized that we both felt like we were waiting for something to happen. I don't remember how we happened to mention it but—"

"I do," said Elizabeth. "I just woke up one morning and I said to Robert, 'What are we waiting for?' I don't remember what I was dreaming about, but when I woke up I just had this heavy feeling of waiting, and waiting, and waiting around for a long time. So I woke up, but I was probably still asleep—and I just asked you what we were waiting for."

"Oh, that's right!" Robert said. "Well, we started talking. Sometimes we do that before we get up; we just have a conversation about something one of us thought at night—I think dreams are night thoughts anyway—and when she said that, well, I knew what she meant. I was feeling it too. We were doing fine but . . . I don't know . . . well, we *were* waiting. So I don't know, we made some jokes or something and we talked about it. We weren't waiting to get a house in the country or for a new car or for the Rolling Stones concert, but we obviously *were* waiting. Then, like I was telling a joke, I said to her, 'So, we must be waiting to get married!' We giggled about that for a minute and we started making these outrageous wedding plans, ranging from doing it naked in the Pacific to making everybody get dressed up in formal clothes and having it at night in a cathedral."

"Then we stopped laughing and just sat up and looked at each other," said Elizabeth. "We just realized right then that we were getting into it. We had already decided *not* to get married. For one thing, the married people that we knew were really dull. They just sat around and sometimes they would fight, and sometimes just hold hands. It seemed to me that they were giving up their lives for the sake of the marriage. Of course lots of people who are living together act just like they're married. After we started living together, I noticed that people started treating us like a sentimental antique, something very breakable, rather than two different people."

"There's something weird about meeting people who know that you're totally committed to another person," said Robert. "They look through you, they don't look at you."

"So then," said Elizabeth, "we started trying out different things. We would go out separately and tell people we had a terrible fight and we were splitting up, and see what happened. Or we would go to a party and not be together, but just have a good time, if possible. A couple of times I went home with somebody else."

"The first time she did it, I just got drunk and

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danced for four hours, which is sort of like fucking in a way. And the other time I decided to make it with somebody who always wanted to make it with me. It was no big deal."

"It was a big deal for me," said Elizabeth, "because we were trying to figure out, really, how to live. And of course people don't usually start screwing around until they get frustrated or upset or something, so it was important to me that we—or that I—just went ahead and did something like that to see how it went. I was always glad to see Robert again, and I was glad he didn't freak out, and I was glad I had these experiences."

"We didn't sit around and plan these things out," Robert said, "they'd just happen. We'd be going someplace and I'd say before we went in, 'I'm not speaking to you for the next four hours,' and we'd giggle and do it. It's a game, I guess. But then we realized that we were really waiting around to get married after all. It was weird."

"We were kind of surprised, but then we got into it," Elizabeth went on. "We thought of all these strange weddings, but we didn't talk about it to other people. Finally we decided that if you're doing a traditional thing you should do it in a traditional way. So we went to a nearby church and made arrangements, then we invited all our friends and families, and afterwards we had a big party at home. We did change a few things. First of all, I didn't want to change my name."

"At one point we thought of both changing our names," said Robert, "but it was too hard to figure out what name to use unless we hyphenated both our last names, but that was a mouthful." He laughed, mentioning a name like Rabinowitz-Contini. "Then we thought, well, the fewer legal hassles the better, so we didn't change names after all."

"We also told everybody not to give any presents because we didn't need any stuff, and most people don't like the stuff they get anyway," Elizabeth said. "But a few people gave us some money—which just about paid for the party. We had this great party that went on all night and we didn't split; we just stayed there. This was about three months ago. Then we decided to take off for a while—we drove all the way back East and here we are. It's not really a honeymoon, just a trip."

"It wasn't really like a wedding, either," added Robert. "Just the ceremony. I didn't like this business about till death us do part and stuff, but then she convinced me that it was just a form—and all we were doing was telling out friends and families that everything was okay. But we didn't have a wedding cake, ane we didn't dress in any special costumes. We just wore a flower and we gave out flowers for everybody to wear, and we had a really good time. I don't know what will happen. It's cool so far."

"I think it has to do with training. You're trained to get married, so if you don't, you feel like you missed something that you were supposed to do," said Elizabeth. "I'd like to have one kid when I'm about thirty-five. Maybe by then kids will be better."

"She means, well, kids are too much of a hassle right now. For one thing, by that time we should have more money, and we might feel like spending five years in the country or something. I don't know. But besides, maybe then kids will be able to be more human, or maybe people will treat them like other people instead of like something you own that grows up and costs money."

Jerry Nolan, who describes himself by saying, "before I was a Doll I was a doll," had a very different view of marriage, but a similar view of kids. "I don't believe in marriage," he explained. "I'll never marry. Because the law steps into a marriage—and the laws are not flexible enough for my way of living. Of course, I have to do some bending, but the laws should bend too and make things much more comfortable and easier for everyone. I'm not the type to run around yelling about how I'm together with women's lib and all that jive. I'm very simple in a lotta ways—I just dig people as people. I take 'em as they come. You can fall out of love gracefully and still be friends. And that's the way it should be. But if you're married and fall out of love, the law steps in, calls the chick over to the side, and the lawyer says, 'Now look, honey, this is what you can do, this is what you can get.' And then another lawyer calls you, and you're trying to get out of it. Before you know it you're at each other's throats—trying to commit murder! The law just doesn't belong in love. As for children, children are people. I'll probably make a good father, but right now I'm not crazy about kids. They're being brought up traditionally. They're a pain in the ass because of the way people bring them up. You gotta treat a kid like a human being before you treat him like a kid. I'm not into kids, because I do treat 'em like people and I think they resent that because they're so used to being treated like kids. You know when we played the Fillmore, the stage managers claimed that we did the most unprofessional thing that any rock band could ever do—which was let the kids onstage. And he's right, it was, but it was intimate at the same time and nobody wrecked anything. Everything was calm. When the stage got crowded, when it got too crowded, they just knew not to pile up. Like when you're a kid and your mother trusts you—she says, 'I'm not going to ask you where you've been, I'm not going to ask you to be home at a certain time.' Then you think twice before doing something wrong. Because you know your mother trusts you and you don't want to disappoint her."

> Says rock singer Wayne County, "It takes a man like me to know a woman like me."

I talked with David Johansen over a longer period of time than with any of the other people I've quoted, probably because I knew him better to begin with. I want to close with David's remarks on sex:

"My sex life is rampant," he explained. "I usually get raped more than I rape. But it's so insane to talk about sex. Sex is something different to everybody. People have such horrible ideas about it, that when somebody talks about sex, it's usually misbegotten. Most people have very perverse ideas about sex. I'm not too perverse. What one person may think is perverse may be another man's stew and tea. I'll give you a statement on sexuality: sexuality is a very personal thing, because whatever you perceive as sexuality, that's what it is. And it's not for a person to say he's a heterosexual or a homosexual or a bisexual—because none of those things is real, none of those things has anything to do with anything except media and cheapness. Because people are just sexual. People feel things that no one can say are any one of those things, because they're not. No one is any of those things, because everyone is all of those things. And people are conditioned to believe that they're not sexual! It's all just a media creation. The way sexuality is dealt with these days, it's all in the sense of making money, including marriage. Marriage is one of the biggest ones. I never thought about getting married, but people change their ideas every day. If you slept in a dungeon last night with no air, you're likely to be rather sarcastic or cynical. Of if you slept in the Grand Canyon last night, you're apt to feel fabulous today. I think marriage is propagated out of mistrust and commercialism. Who's to say there's any kind of sexuality when people are just sexual? That's all I wanna say." O+—

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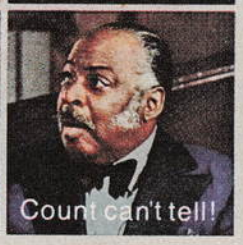

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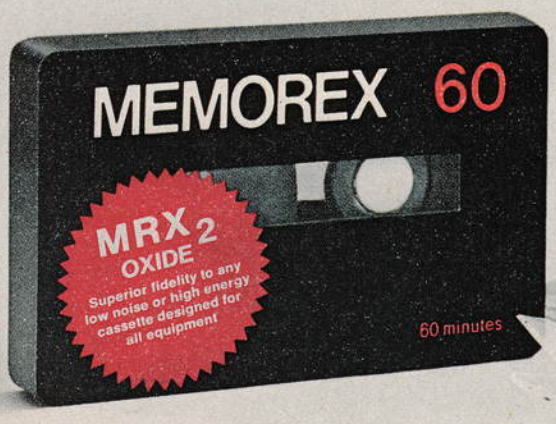

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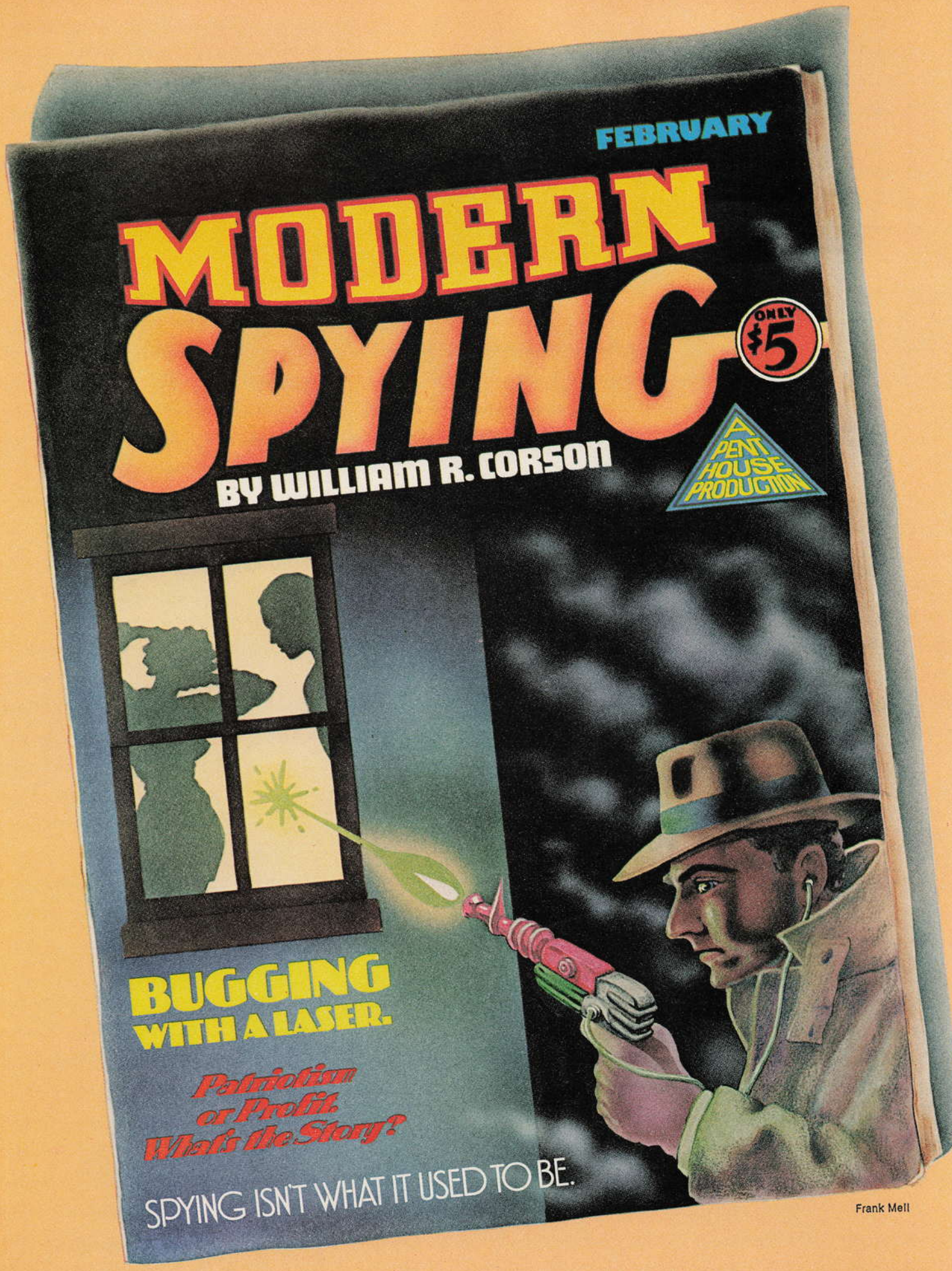
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SPYING ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE.

Frank Mell

**Espionage used to be a grand game, now it's a big business—
If your morality is inoperative, it's easy to be a spy for profit.**

Spying isn't what it used to be. In the past, it was largely confined to the efforts of competing governments to know what each other was up to, and to thwart or subvert their enemies. Today, although governments still engage in spying, their activities account for relatively little of what we may properly call the "spy business." The spy business is a major growth industry. It is as much a part of our economic and social way of life as the profit motive and the human frailties that it exploits.

Prior to World War II, at least in America, one didn't become a spy by consciously seeking out such a career. It just sort of happened. In some cases, invitation into the spy brotherhood was extended because of one's particular accessibility to another individual or because of one's ability to move in certain social-political-economic circles and to understand the significance of what was happening in these environments.

But World War II changed all that. During the war, individuals were drafted, recruited, and even ordered to become spies. By the war's end there were thousands of Americans involved in all aspects of spying, from reading other individuals' and other governments' correspondence to eliminating unfriendly political opposition.

Many of these persons stayed on for the Cold War because the spy business had gotten into their blood. Theirs has been a curious outlook, one based more on an abstract competition with the "enemy" rather than on ideology or the protection of the even more abstract concept called "national security." One CIA psychiatrist has described their motivation as a heightened sense of personal ego, due to their belief that they "had a secret." As they boarded an airplane for distant parts, they would feel superior to the lesser mortals who were their fellow passengers. Although in the past, the spy business had provided heady wine for those involved, few practicing spies believed that what they were doing really amounted to very much. It was a grand game with rather meaningless rewards, such as a subsidized fortnight in Paris en route to one's next assignment or an inane desk job at Headquarters.

In recent years, the rewards of spying have been insufficient to motivate very many people. The all-volunteer CIA of the 1970's is no more able to attract qualified recruits than is the all-volunteer U.S. Army. To be sure, just as there are some young people who want to become soldiers, there are some who want to have fun and games in the back alleys with our presumptive national enemies. But since President Nixon's trips to Peking and Moscow, it is apparent that there are greener and more rewarding pastures in spying for profit than for patriotism. Such an outcome, one might contend, is as American as apple pie.

The shift in emphasis in the spy business from the government to the private sector has been subtle and almost imperceptible to the casual observer. Until ITT's (International Telephone and Telegraph) attempt to buy the services of the CIA for a million dollars to prevent the election of Chile's Salvador Allende was made public, most persons thought that industrial/commercial espionage was only concerned with keeping disgruntled employees or "radicals" from destroying a corporation's property. Shortly after the ITT affair surfaced, Watergate swung open. Many people were shocked that CREEP (Committee to Re-Elect the President) had hired former government spies to practice their trade against the Democratic party and to "encourage" cash contributions to the CREEP "campaign fund." At first, this example of private-enterprise spying appeared to be either a case of politics as usual or rather excessive, depending on one's state of disillusionment with government in general. However, it was merely an example of today's spy business. Others may decry the moral climate that made Watergate possible, but for those who want to become spies, it's just right. If one approves of the concept of "national security," there is not much doubt that an equally compelling case can be made for "corporate security"—the pursuit, protection, and preservation of profit.

Before seriously contemplating a career in spying for profit, one must render his conscience "inoperative." Spying, whether for profit or patriotism, is illegal, immoral, and saddening. But once one gets over that emotional hurdle, spying may be exciting and profitable. A good background for a potential spy is not much different than that required for other professions—a general education and some specialized training. Then, it is necessary to have an apprenticeship in the "conventional" spy business. The "dirty tricks" of the spy trade are readily and easily learned. For example, the government spy agencies need about six months to teach a reasonably intelligent and physically coordinated person how to blow a safe, bug a room, make microfilm or microdot pictures, jump out of an airplane, operate a do-it-yourself printing press, forge documents, open and reseal letters without detection, use chemical drugs, interrogate friend and foe, and handle all sorts of firearms. But these tricks are meaningless until the spy gains confidence in their application against real targets. This takes time and is best learned in the government, where the price of failure is much less costly than in private enterprise spying.

It is a carefully nurtured myth that the punishment for unsuccessful spying is death. In most cases, a mission failure only results in a blown cover and the necessity for the individual spy to move on to another area. Moreover, because governments continually spy on each other, there is always the likelihood that if one is captured by the enemy, an exchange of spies can be worked out. (Witness the return of Francis Gary Powers, the U-2 pilot, for Russia's Rudolf Abel; both of whom, one might note, continued to be paid and even promoted by their respective governments while in prison.) On the other hand, the private spy who gets busted has little going for him, except good behavior in prison, to regain his personal freedom.

With this caveat in mind, let's look at a few of the opportunities in spying for profit. Consider first "The Making of a Corporate President." This is simply a variation on the conventional spy's attempt to depose a foreign head of state and replace him with one more friendly to his government. Most people know that the choice of a corporation president is based upon an evaluation of the candidates by the corporate board. A spy working for one of the candidates can alter this decision by providing damaging information about his client's competition. He operates on the valid premise that everyone has something in his background that he would prefer to keep hidden.

A search for evidence of prior wrongdoing is quite simple. It involves an initial examination of the opposition's "paper trail" of applications, resumés, tax returns, etc., all of which when taken together and laid out in chronological order usually signal an embarrassing event or situation. These items are accessible one way or another. No longer is any information on record truly confidential. For instance, credit-card application information is sold much as magazine subscription lists. The spy for profit should remember that tax returns are an especially good source of information, because they reveal one's mistakes directly—that is, they show the evidence of divorce, bad debts, insurance claims, changed jobs and addresses, etc.

Once the spy locates the opposition's closet, it is a simple task to open its door and find the skeleton hiding therein. He then makes the information available to those with the responsibility for selecting the new president. The keepers of corporate morality can be counted upon to take it from there. Remember that the higher the job to be filled, the purer the candidate must appear to be; it is also easier to shoot a client's opposition out of the water if the company is big.

Other equally profitable opportunities in the business world are readily available to the private spy. He can, for example, specialize in bugging corporate offices, executive washrooms, and dining rooms, or even the president's chauffeur-driven limousine. Information acquired from these locations is valuable to the spy either to use for his own client or to sell to the corporation's competition.

The technology of electronic surveillance has advanced so far and so fast in recent years that it is almost impossible to adequately defend against it. One example is the use of laser beams that are directed against a window and make the window itself act like a giant microphone. This kind of sophisticated procedure spares the spy for profit the danger of being busted like those who were caught trying to install Model-T type bugs during the Watergate break-in. Also, the laser equipment is competitively priced in comparison with the conventional telephone-microphone equipment currently on the market.

Moreover, the conventional bugging of a telephone is no longer particularly effective. Since Watergate, potential "buggees" have become sensitive to this tactic and have learned how to check out their own phones for telltale clicks, hums, and fading signals. These passive defensive measures do not present insurmountable difficulties. One can safely and effectively bug a telephone at a place far removed from its actual location with little fear of detection. To do so, however, the spy must obtain (usually from a disgruntled telephone company employee) the "pair numbers" that match a telephone number with its particular wire strand in a two-to-four-thousand-strand telephone cable. Telephone cables are not much more than large pipes with thousands of individual wires stuffed inside them like strands of spaghetti. The spy must find out which wire connects to which telephone, hence the term "pair numbers." Then, with the pair numbers and a cable map showing where the numbers and their entry points are located, the spy can go into the sewers and hook up a bug to the appropriate line that is totally undetectable at the instrument's location or at the telephone company's substation. This bug will monitor all conversations to and from a given telephone installation and retransmit them to a mobile van or a fixed station miles from the telephone itself. This procedure is quite foolproof. It can be used with voice-actuated equipment, similar to the kind used by President Nixon to bug his conversations, which starts up when someone starts talking and automatically shuts off when the connection is broken. Unlike bugs placed on a telephone instrument, sweep equipment such as oscilloscopes can't detect the operation of a cablestrand bug; there are no distinguishing sounds or diminution in the signal and there is consequently no way to know that a conversation is being recorded or monitored. In Washington, D.C., where bugging has become an everyday affair, it has been estimated that between six and eight hundred telephones are tapped.

Before a novice spy for profit becomes oversold on the virtues of bugging, he should realize that it is not a cheap or particularly effective means of getting useful information, unless he can first find out what is likely to be discussed on a particular telephone and when. The economics of bugging rooms or telephones suggests that the spy for profit should be selective. For example, to have monitored the Department of Agriculture meeting in which the exact amount of wheat to be sold to Russia was decided upon would have enabled a spy for profit to make a fortune. But information from the preliminary meetings would have been worth very little. Since some persons made a fortune by knowing the hard numbers in advance of their announcement, we can safely conclude that one or more spies for profit were able to gain that information, one way or another.

There are many such opportunities in the field of spying for profit. But there are also many risks. For example, a Ford engineer was arrested by the FBI before he had the chance to deliver the secrets of a safety-glass process to a Portuguese auto manufacturer. The engineer's price was $250,000. On the other hand, some spies for profit don't know the value of what they have been able to steal. George W. Thornton, a Missouri meat salesman, was arrested by the FBI for trying to sell top-secret papers stolen from the Monsanto Chemical Company to its rival, the Stauffer Chemical Company. Thornton's price for the papers was $5,000, but Monsanto valued the documents at $500 million.

Another lucrative area for the spy for profit is confidential lists of customers. Mail can be intercepted, opened in a matter of seconds, copied, and resealed without either the sender or receiver being one bit the wiser. Obviously, tampering with the mails is illegal, but none of the rewards a spy seeks is achievable unless he is willing to take some risks.

The seriousness of the threat to America's corporations posed by the spy for profit can be seen in the growth of security businesses. The evidence suggests that industrial espionage is sharply on the increase in the United States. According to one recent estimate, nearly 5,000 cases of industrial spying were investigated in 1972. America's corporations, not unlike the government itself, are spending billions on physical plant and building security. But the greater espionage threat to a corporation is from within, not without. It's a threat posed by the hostile and antagonistic attitudes of a corporation's employees toward it and its leadership. For instance, a secretary who has been mistreated by her boss is more of a threat to a company than a careless employee who leaves a warehouse unlocked or an outside saboteur operating on his own. The spy for profit can not only find the jilted, abused, overused secretary, but also can persuade her to open the warehouse as well as pass him copies of secret memos, letters, and financial data. In addition, those with the least stake in a company's future and well-being—the cleaning people—clearly possess great potential when used properly. Such persons can be "run" as an intelligence-collection

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

Balloonheads

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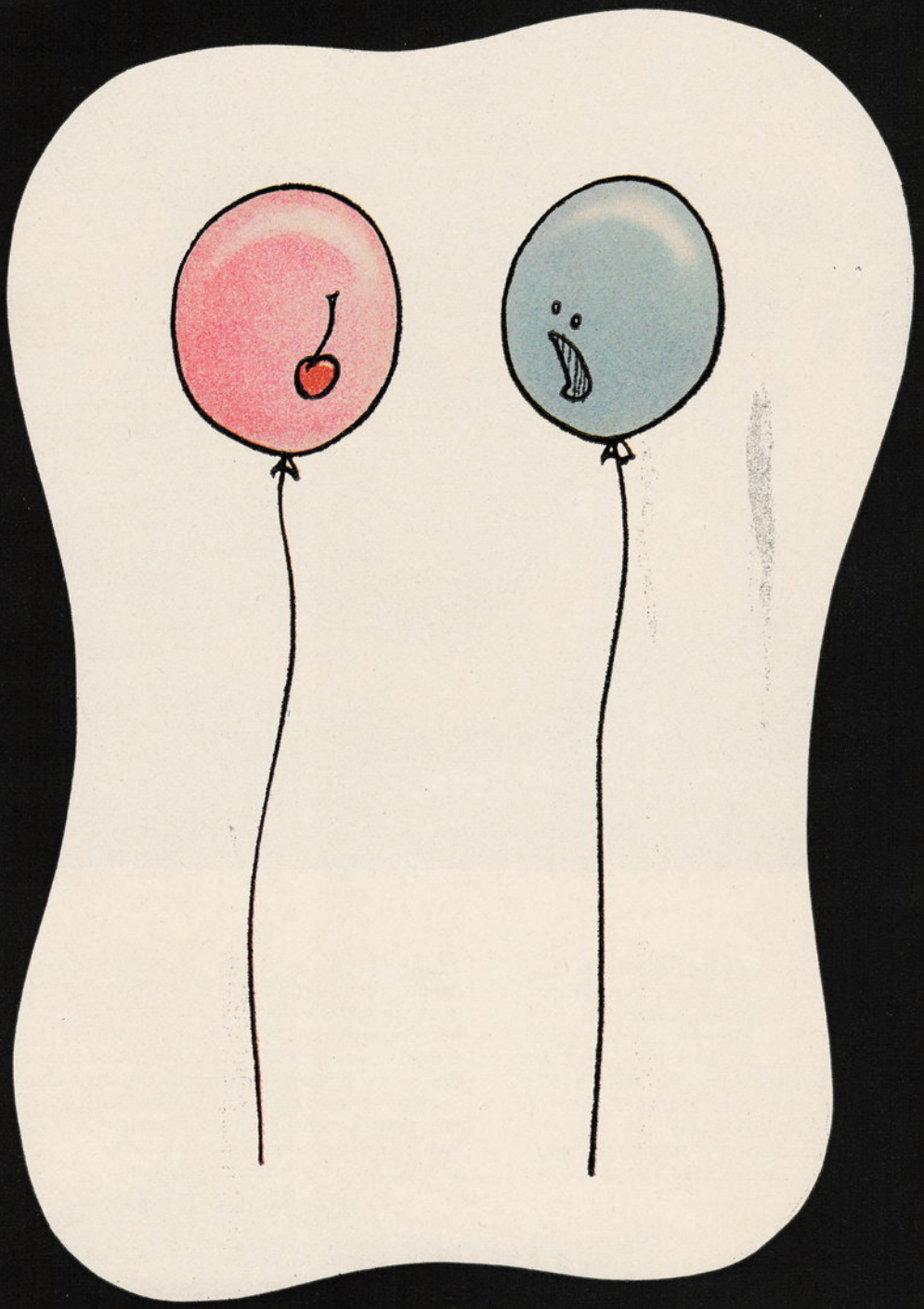
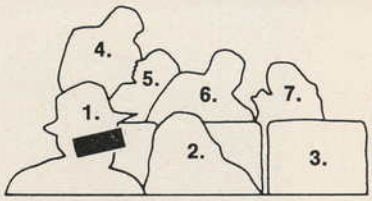


"I understand you don't get around much, Miss Davenport . . ."

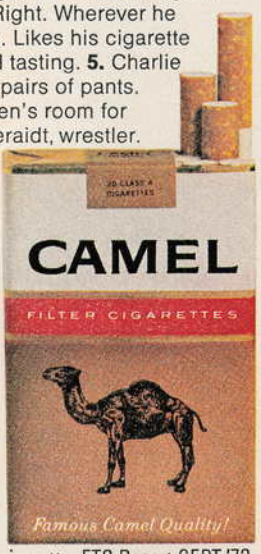
Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

© 1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



Everybody aboard this jet plane has a gimmick... almost everybody. Pick the one who doesn't. **1.** Nope. He's Hűgo Slăvia, impoverished secret agent. Gimmick: Sells "hot" watches as a sideline. His cigarettes smoke even hotter. **2.** Mike L. Angelow. Gimmick: Artist who draws everything but attention. At last sidewalk exhibition he got a ticket for littering. Smokes decorator pack cigarettes. **3.** No. Ralph Knoshow (not pictured). Transistor radio salesman. Resigned when given new territory... Japan. His cigarette's taste is missing too. **4.** Right. Wherever he goes, he leaves the far-out gimmicks to others. Likes his cigarette no-nonsense too. Camel Filters. Honest. Good tasting. **5.** Charlie Chizlar. Gimmicks: 5 overcoats, 4 sweaters, 3 pairs of pants. Saves on overweight luggage. Drains tap in men's room for his water-filtered cigarettes. **6.** He's Vaseli Overaidt, wrestler. Gimmick: Demonstrating arm wrestling techniques to strangers. **7.** Helen Back, stranger. Also black belt karate expert.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT.'73.

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies or photographs, etc., can be supplied.

TORCH SONG

Because I'm an opera singer and have to travel a lot, my sex life during the past few years has been practically nil. However, I've recently developed a relationship with a young man. Our sex together is something I have dreamed of but thought could never happen because I'm large and plump. In part my lover adores me because of my fullness, and has told me that my bottom and large buttocks excite him very much. He enjoys having me sit on his face—not just squatting over it, but sitting right on top of it. He also has a strong fetish for silk panties, and as I like to wear them, we are well suited. When we start one of our "sessions," he lays his head on an upholstered chair and I turn around, lifting my skirts to expose my bottom clad in tightly stretched undies. He is in ecstasy when I lower myself, placing my bottom squarely on his face and letting it squash down on him. I was naturally reluctant the first time we tried this because I was afraid of hurting him, but now I find it very exciting as well. It seems to get rid of all my aggressive urges, and just by sitting on him I usually bring him to orgasm. My problem is that he has developed guilt feelings about our habits. How can I convince him that I enjoy this love play as much as he does? Also, can you think of any variations on this theme that we could try?—M.A.

A strange way indeed for a man to reach an orgasm, with his rather plump lover squatting on his face. Are you sure he does not take himself in hand while you are pushing your weight on his face? It also doesn't seem to be a very satisfying position for you.

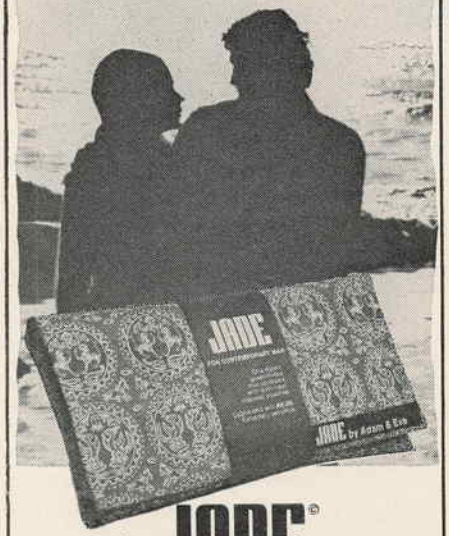
I know about vaginal and clitoral orgasms, but an anal orgasm is a lot more difficult to reach. Though you say this position takes away your aggressive urges, how about putting some real loving into your game? You don't write a word about reaching full satisfaction.

SON WON'T BALL HER SO MOM TRIES SUICIDE

I am a schoolboy and live alone with my mother, my father having died three months ago. Mother is still in her thirties and very attractive, but she went completely into her shell when dad died. I am very strong sexually and masturbate at least once a day. Some weeks ago, mother came into my room when I was doing it. She said nothing but came back later in her nightgown and got into my bed. She pulled up her nightgown, put her legs around me, and put my hands on her breasts. I was hard in seconds and she took hold of me as I lay on top of her and guided me inside her. Since then she has come into my room every night. I've progressed in experience and love it. The other day, though, some boys at school were discussing this sort of thing and I realized how wrong it was, especially as I've found a girl who interests me. Last night I told mother that I'd decided not to do it again and she got very upset and begged me to continue. I was very firm and she ran to her room, crying that it was the end for her. A little later I heard some strange noises, opened her door, and found her hanging from a hook on her bathroom door with a dressing-gown cord around her neck. I ran forward and got her down and soon she came round. She swore that if I didn't continue making love with her she'd do it again and make sure I wasn't around the next time. What can I do?—D.G.

I think you made the right move by cutting this relationship out. However, you could have done it more tactfully. Your mother is very young and maybe very lonely because of the loss of your dad. You should honestly

AT LAST...
YOUR GRIPES ABOUT CONDOMS HAVE BEEN SOLVED



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understand her feelings. What she did was pure instinct, and if your father had been alive, I can almost guarantee you, this would never have happened. But as you wrote, she does not really mix with people and has gone back in her shell. Perhaps sex is the only outlet for her, and she hasn't yet found anyone other than you she can confide in and share her love with. She obviously does not only need a shoulder to cry on but also to hold on to. Please be gentle with her. Advise her to go out in public some more and to associate with people her own age. I am sure your folks had some friends who would like to take her out or invite her for dinner. If she continues to fail to find a suitable outlet for her social and sexual needs, she may profit from professional help by a psychiatrist.

SEX EDUCATION

I'm twenty-seven, married, and have a daughter aged two. My wife and I expect to have several more kids. I realize that there is a sexual revolution in progress, and wholeheartedly applaud the fact that in the years to come more and more of the old sexual taboos will fall by the wayside. However, I want to make sure that my wife and I give our children the right kind of advice concerning sex. I feel that sexual hangups can be dissolved through education—the kind of education that my parents' generation didn't provide. What should I tell my children as they grow up? I don't necessarily want them to plunge in at the deep end, but I do want them to avoid the years of frustration that many adults suffer through lack of knowledge. How would you explain sex to children?—S.S.

It's important that kids know at a young age that they should never be selfish and always try and think of the other first. Cleanliness is also a very important factor. Good lovers always take a shower or bath before lovemaking, brush their teeth and nails, and are squeaky clean. There is nothing worse than secondhand booze or leftover cigarette taste on your lover's breath.

There are many sexual manuals on the market that are explicit without being pornographic or vulgar. My books are often purchased by mothers in their thirties and given to their fourteen- or fifteen-year-old children. These mothers generally tell me: "I'd rather have them read your books and learn from them than in the backseat of a car or on the street, where they pick up the wrong information and come home someday saying: 'Hi, mom, I think I knocked my girl friend up. What now?' " Nowadays kids are a lot better informed than we were when we were their age, and hopefully they will grow up with a lot less hangups and with healthy minds in healthy bodies.

SHOW-OFF

I am an eighteen-year-old girl with a problem—I have this irresistible urge to excite males. I am well built—5'5" tall and 37-23-35—and hope someday to be a topless or bottomless dancer. Meanwhile, I can't seem to stop showing off my body. While watching TV with friends I often lie on the floor, pull my dress up to my hips, and expose my panties to them. I also try and excite older men who often pat my behind or my tits. I really love showing off like this, but people have said that I shouldn't do it. What's your opinion?—C.D.

You are just an oversexed, young, adorable kitten with a fantastic body who feels she has to turn on the world in order to get turned on herself. You must love yourself a lot. Nothing wrong with that—there are too many people who keep complaining about their own bodies. It's good to read about an absolutely uninhibited young lady who does her own thing. But in your case, I'd suggest you cool it a bit. Not everybody is as free-spirited as you are, and you could get into some real trouble with those older men. Stick to your own age and, meanwhile, practice your dancing. Good luck!

PIMPLES AND SEX

I am a twenty-six-year-old male, reasonably good looking and well educated. When I was fourteen I developed acne and am still occasionally plagued with pimples. Throughout adolescence I found I enjoyed popping pimples and used to spend hours in front of my mirror squeezing and popping. Last year my girl friend asked me to squeeze a pimple on her back. When I popped it I got the hardest erection I ever had. I found another and squeezed passionately. By this time I was almost ready to come, but I couldn't find another pimple and my girl friend was getting very upset. Since then I dream of finding a girl with pimples who will allow me to carry out my fantasy. Have you ever heard of this? When you worked as a call girl, did any of your customers have similar hangups?—J.H.

You sure are some pimple-popper. It usually is the reverse—guys don't particularly care about such activities, but girls love them. I myself love to do it to my boyfriend, but he is like your girl friend, basically pimplefree. But boy oh boy, when by accident I find one, I really dig digging into his back, because that is where men usually have them. None of my customers ever had this hangup. But then again, my girls never had pimples, at least not to my knowledge. When you do pop pimples, make sure you don't do it in public places, like on a beach or in a park. It just doesn't look too cool.

SEX UNDER THE STARS

I'm really crazy about a girl with whom I have been having an affair for about six months now. I'm not inexperienced sexually, and I've made love to many girls who were more experienced erotically, but this girl beats all of them. We believe that this intense feeling we have for each other may have something to do with the fact that we are near-perfect matches astrologically, and were both born under signs that are among the three most sensuous ones. Have you ever noticed that lovers born under certain signs turn you on more, and do you think

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

When was the last time you got paid for having a good time?

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There are so many other ways not even listed here which will help make this year the best year of your life.

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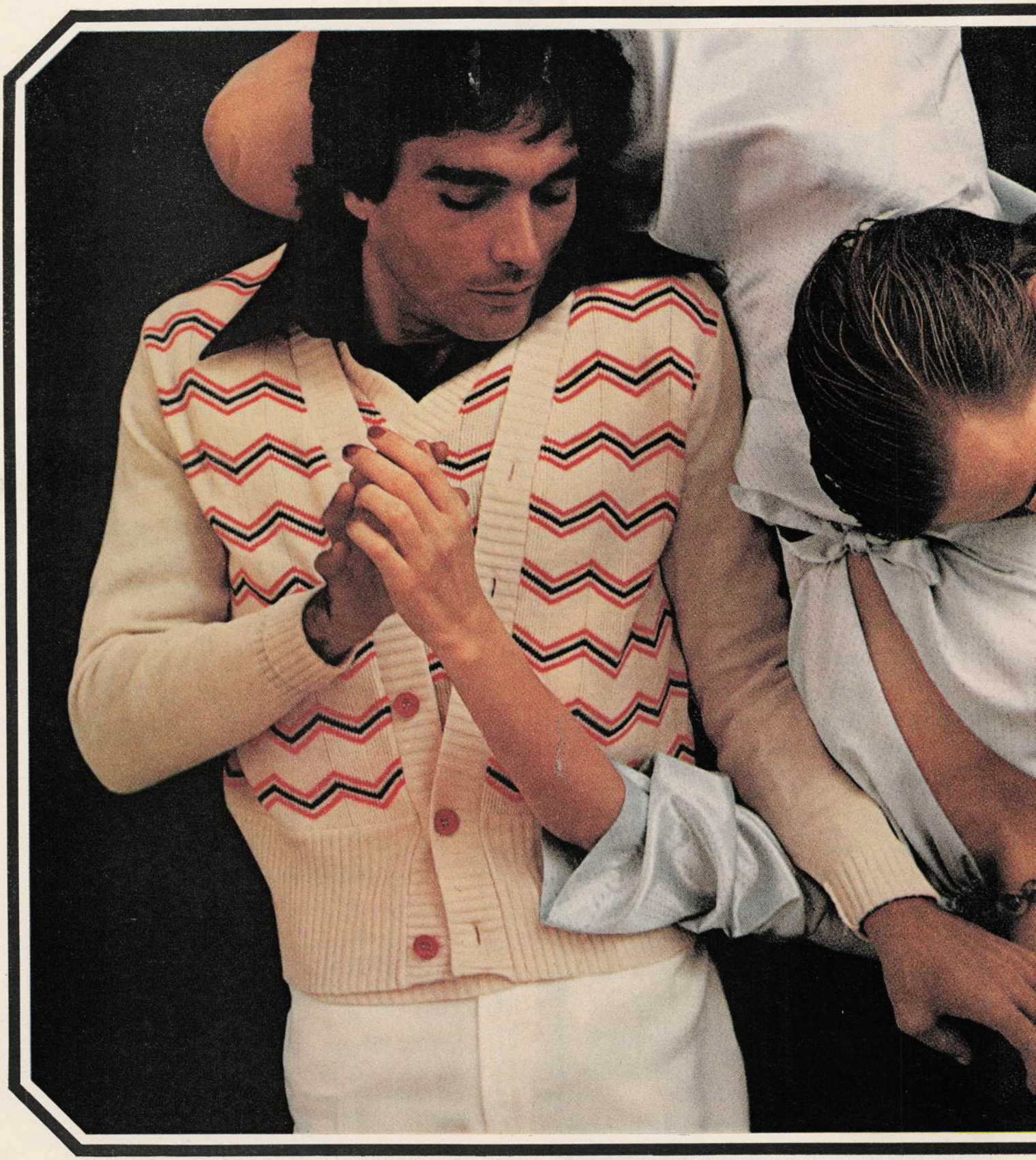


SENSUOUS SWEATERS

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KLAUS LUCKA

Spurred, perhaps, by our current infatuation with remembrances of things past, the sweater—that traditional covering—returns to fashion favor this year. And it arrives on the scene with a personality that is thoroughly modern. The time is the Seventies and the mood is sensual.

There's nothing old-fashioned at all about this apparel. Slinky... curvy... fitted naturally and easily to the body's contours, this year's sensual sweaters are especially suited to spending some playful hours with a few close friends.

Always a practical garment providing warmth and color, today's sweater appears in bold prints, dramatic plaids and stripes, involved stitch details, and scenic overall design.

Moving gracefully with the body and exuding subtle or striking moods of natural sensuality, these sweaters have earned their independence. They speak loudly and make themselves clear.

Knitting some interesting patterns of their own are our sweater-clad trio. And, as the female third of our *ménage à trois* can testify, you don't actually need to wear a sweater to enjoy its sensuality.

Sweater set shows cardigan worn over sleeveless V-neck pullover, by Europecraft, $33.

White polyester viscose blend pants by Utexco for Barney Sampson Co., $40.

All-wool floral motif zippered cardigan by Starcot for Barney Sampson Co., $55.

White texturized nylon shirt by Nik-Nik.

Her powder-blue wrap top with skirt by Bouncing Bertha's Banana Blanket.

Lamb's-wool geometric block crew-neck sweater by Sabre, $35.

Jeans-blue linen acrylic cardigan with solid banking for "belted" look by Europecraft, $25.

Yellow plaid polyester shirt by Giovannelli.

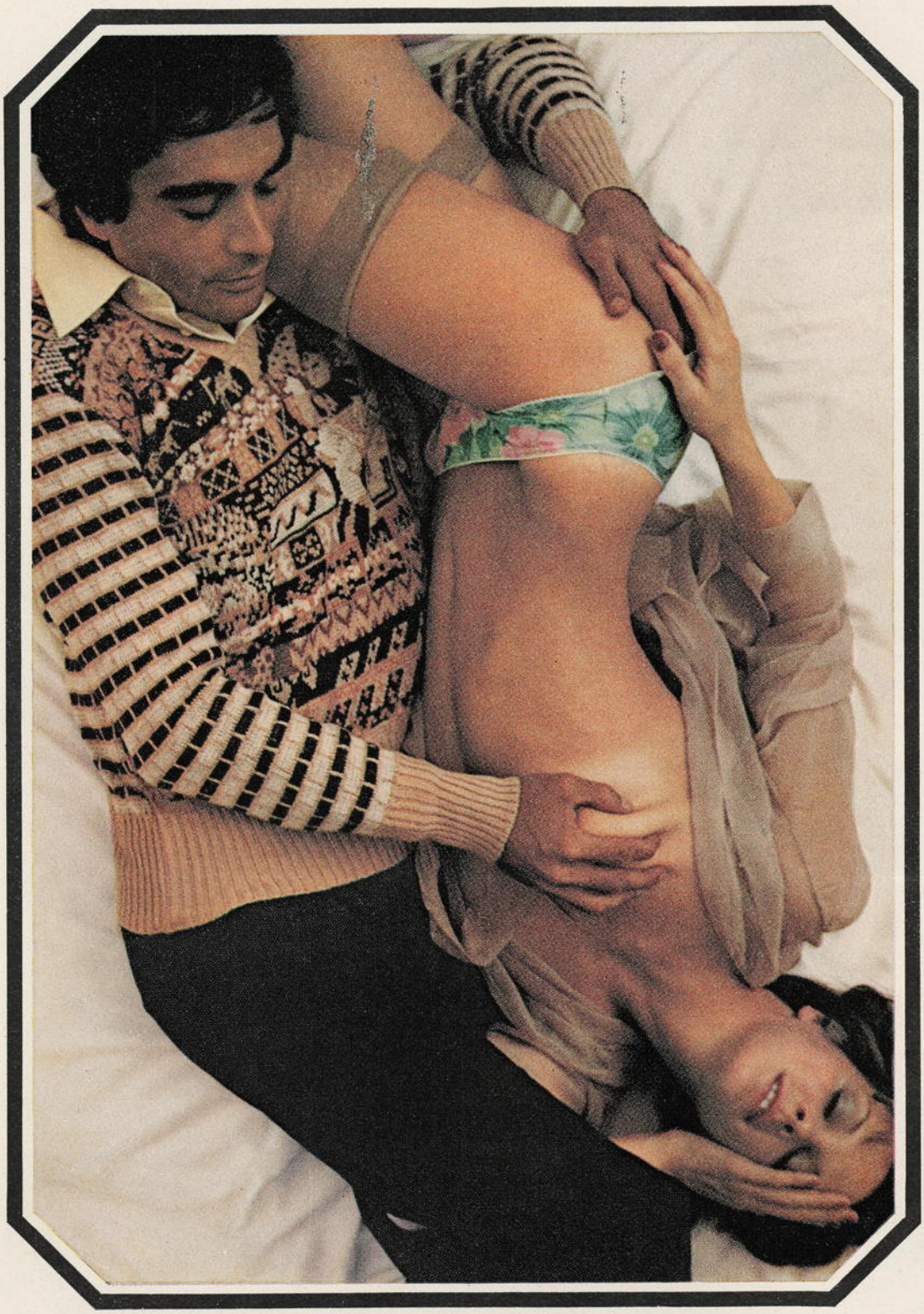
The black wrap dress by Bouncing Bertha's Banana Blanket.

Linen acrylic crew-neck sweater features bold diamond geometric motif by Europecraft, $17.

Silk scarf by Cerruti CXIII.

White wool V-neck sweater with navy bands down sleeves by Starcot for Barney Sampson Co., $45.

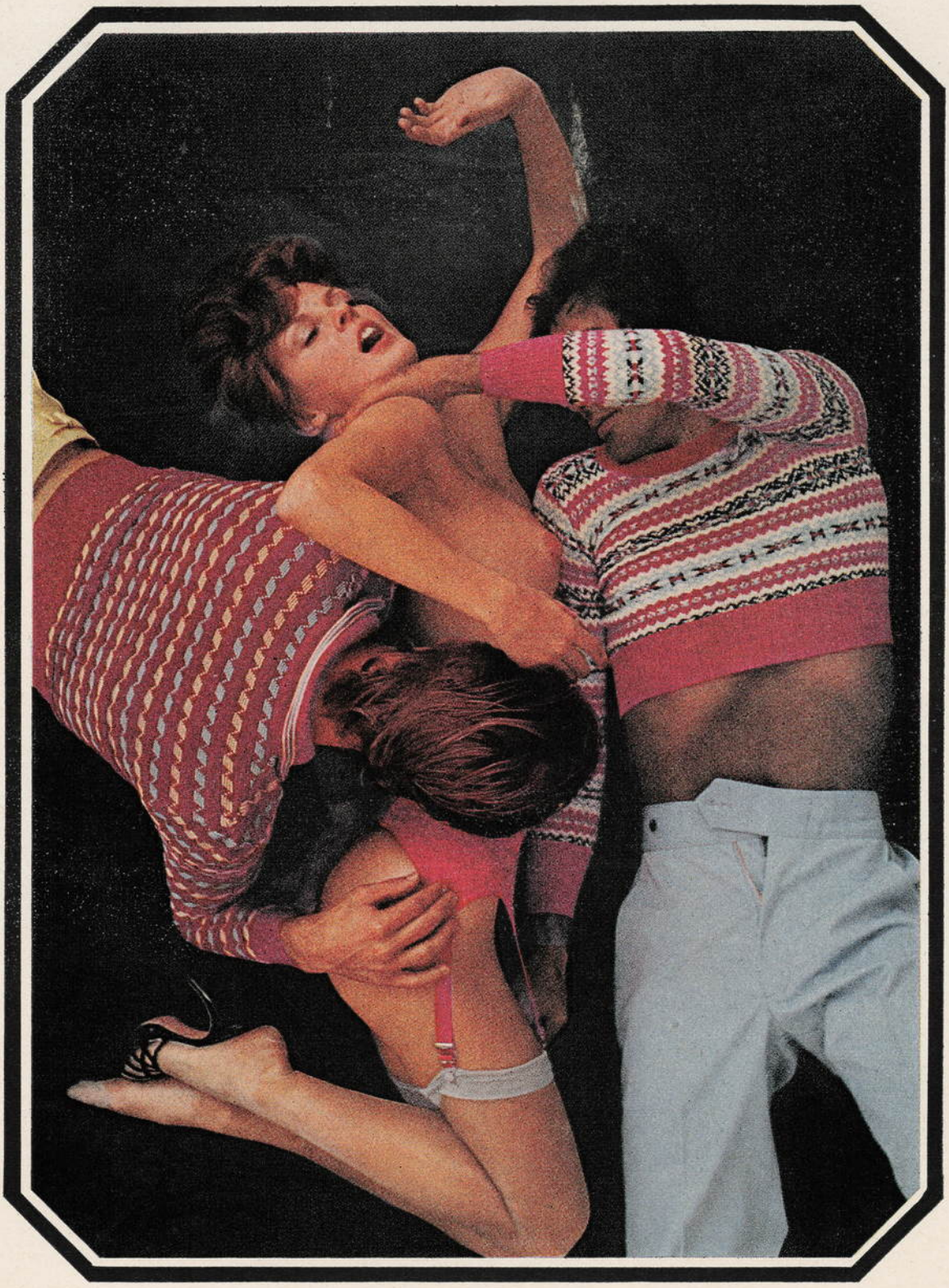
Her print chiffon top by Gentleman John, $30.



V-neck sweater with geometric design front and banded sleeves (100 percent acrylic) by Nik-Nik, $27.50.

Cream silk-polyester shirt and dark green corduroy pants, both by Jackie Rogers.

Her sheer top with floral glitter motif by Bouncing Bertha's Banana Blanket.



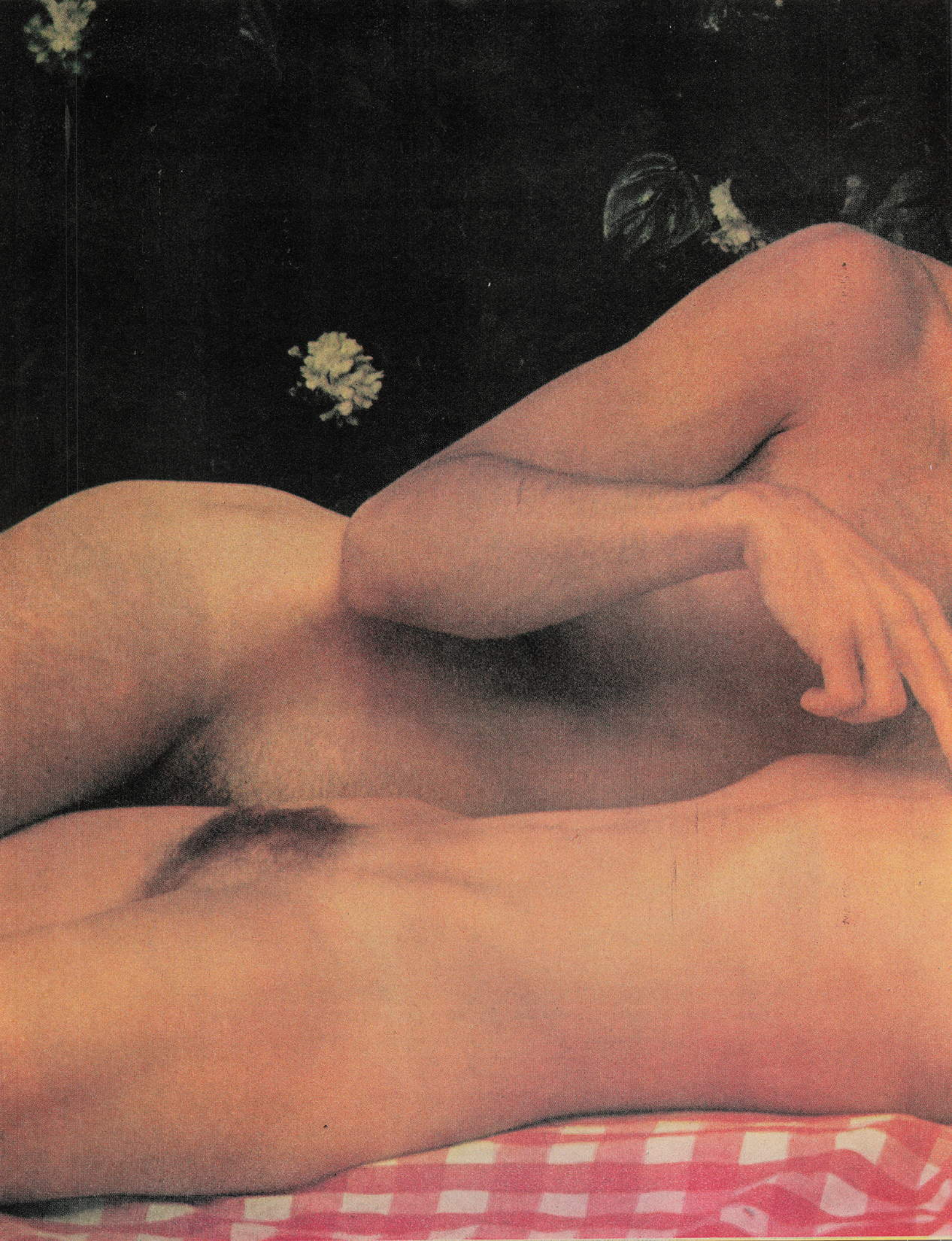
Cotton jacquard stripe sweater shirt by Gentleman John, $16.

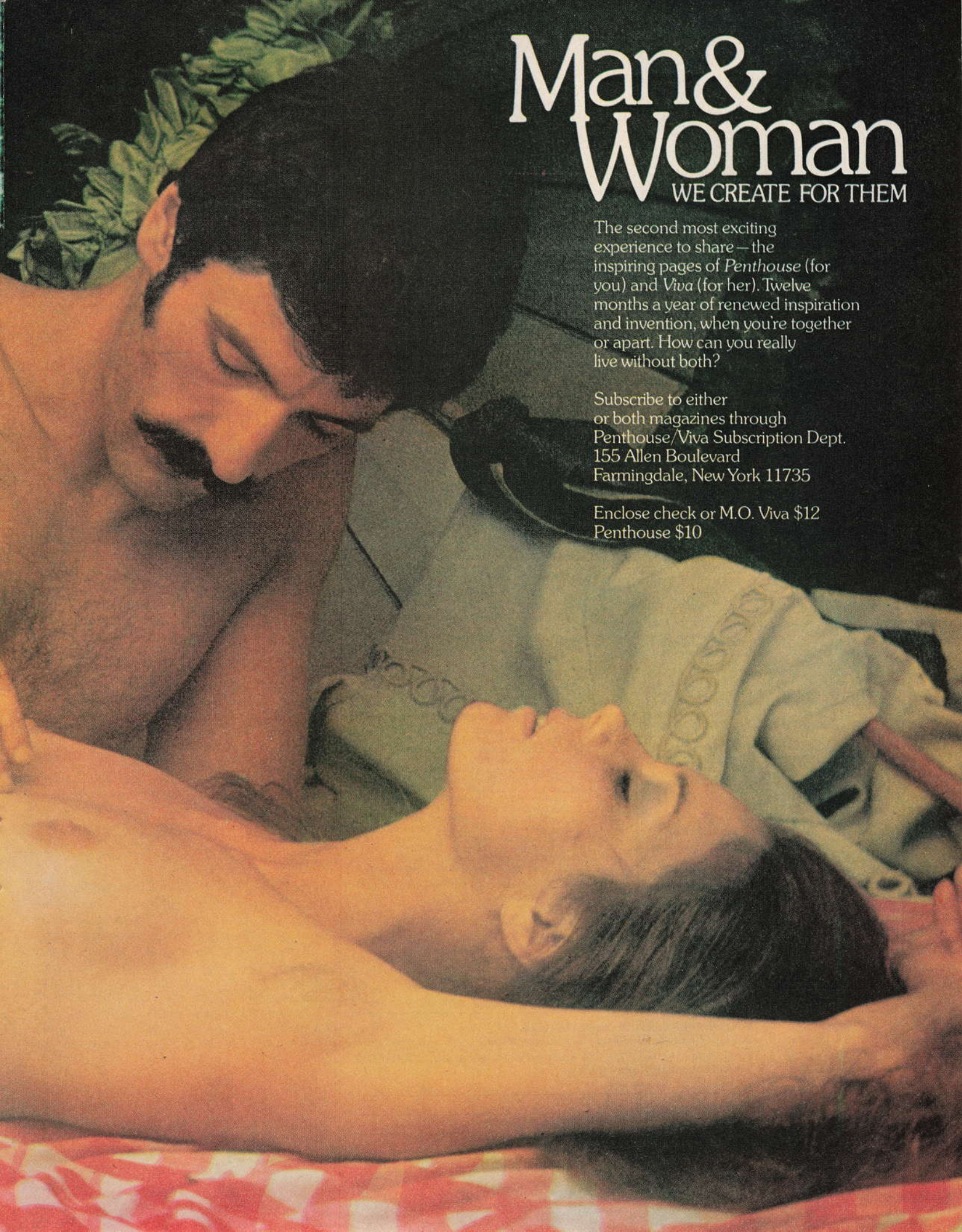
Jacquard cotton horizontal link-stitched sweater top
by Michael Milea/Peter Sinclair, $14.

Cotton powder-blue pants by Liberty Trousers.

All jewelry by Kenneth J. Lane.
Stockings and garter belts from Michael Salem TV Boutique.

see Fashion Finder on page 148





Man & Woman

WE CREATE FOR THEM

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AN EXPERT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSCLES

Our files show that thousands of readers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real physical power like their favorite athletic champions. How to go about it? We decided to ask an expert, Dave Prowse, 3-times British Weightlifting champion and leading fitness expert. Here are his answers.

Q. *What does it take to build muscles?*

A. Basically, it takes exercise. Almost any exercise will help to develop at least some of your muscles if you keep at it long enough and hard enough.

Q. *Isn't there an easier way?*

A. Yes. There is one outstanding, effective training method that is also fast and easy—the one I use and recommend—the new Bullworker system.

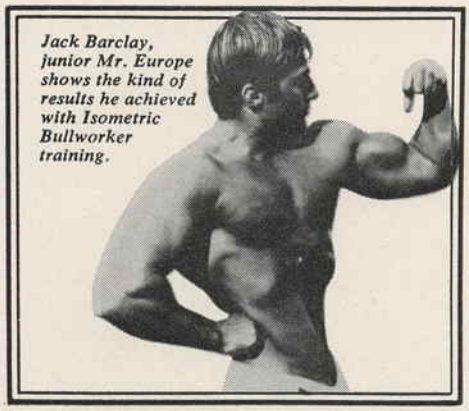
Q. *What's that?*

A. The Bullworker is a revolutionary new muscle-building exerciser based on Isometrics, the science that increases strength up to four times faster than conventional methods. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system in the world today. Many leading athletes use it: World-famous Heavyweight Boxer Muhammad Ali, World Heavyweight Judo Champion Wim Ruska, and Cycling Champion Eddy Merckx, to name only a few.

Q. *How long does Bullworker training take?*

A. Bullworker provides absolutely the fastest kind of exercise possible. In fact, an introduction training program takes only 70 seconds a day. No other system—weightlifting, pulleys, or strenuous calisthenics—can give you results so quickly and easily. On the contrary, many old-fashioned methods take hours of sweaty, boring work each day . . . and it's often months before you begin to see improvements. Busy professional athletes and champions don't have time for that. Nobody does.

Q. *How long does it take before you begin getting results?*



Jack Barclay, junior Mr. Europe shows the kind of results he achieved with Isometric Bullworker training.

Dave Prowse, 3-time British Weightlifting champion, demonstrates a super-effective 7-second exercise for building powerful biceps . . . using the new Bullworker with built-in powermeter.

A. With the Bullworker, you can actually begin to see and measure the positive results right from the very first day! Thanks to a built-in measuring device called the Powermeter. After every exercise you just check the reading to see exactly how much your strength has increased from the day before. There's no guesswork involved. Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week! That means a 50% increase in strength in the first three months alone. And I've known many young men who have gone on to double and even triple their strength.

Q. *What do those figures mean in visual terms?*

A. They mean that in as little as 14 days you can actually begin to *see* muscle growth in a mirror and *verify* it with a tape measure. Every week thereafter brings ever faster growth.

Q. *But to get such impressive results, don't you have to work very hard?*

A. Absolutely not. That's the outstanding advantage of Isometric training . . . it's so amazingly easy! Each "Static-power" Isometric exercise takes *only 7 seconds*, and you barely have to move. It's not even necessary to disrobe. The Bullworker is so light and compact, it can be used at home, in the office, anywhere . . . even while watching TV! It's a great improvement over bulky, expensive weights, bicycle machines, pulleys, etc.

Q. *Can Bullworker training even develop bodies which are weak and skinny, or fat and flabby?*

A. Definitely! It's been proven by thousands of men of every shape, size and age all over the world. Bullworker training helps transform weak, thin arms into rippling, muscular pillars of strength, build broad powerful shoulders, turn flat, shallow chests into deep manly ones, forge loose stomach flab into steel-hard, well-defined muscle . . . build that "V" shape of a real athlete, develop sturdy, contoured thighs and calves. . . . And all this in *record time!*

What's more, I've known skinny, shy fellows who, after just a few short weeks with Bullworker, turned into real go-getters . . . every inch a man . . . bowling girls over with their dynamism, confidence, and new found power! You really have to see the remarkable effects of Bullworker for yourself to believe them!

Q. *How can our readers find out more about the Bullworker, perhaps actually try it for themselves?*

A. I understand that the Bullworker distributor in the USA is now making it available—free—on a two week home-trial basis in order to introduce it to the general public. If your readers are interested in developing their bodies, in building muscles and strength faster than ever before possible, I suggest that they contact the US distributor for full details.

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

(as we do) that most people could achieve a better sex life if they sought out astrologically compatible sex partners?—K.S.

There are many people who form the pattern of their daily lives by reading astrological charts, which are available everywhere. I myself am a Gemini, but have always taken little interest in this, never giving it more than passing attention. But there are many books available about the astrological influence on sex. Perhaps these would support your beliefs. I tend to think that you are both extremely fortunate people, in that you enjoy each other sexually and are compatible in so many other ways. Astrology as such is more of a theory than a proven scientific phenomenon. Therefore it is hard for me to determine whether or not your Zodiac signs play an important part in influencing your relationship with each other. I wish you both continued happiness, and unlimited thrills.

BROOM AT THE BOTTOM

I'm a male transsexual, and I really need your help. Ever since I was small, I've wished to be a female, but I've never dared tell anyone about this. Sometimes I dress up as a girl and just walk the streets. On some occasions men have whistled at me, and this has really turned me on. Although I've not yet had a relationship with a man, I'd like to; but I don't know how to go about arranging it. All my sexual activities are solitary ones. I usually masturbate and occasionally I cover a broom handle with Vaseline and force it into my anus while I masturbate. I'd like to know how I can meet men who'd like to have sex with someone like me. There's also something else that bothers me. Sometimes I get the urge to make love to a girl, and I find this very confusing. Is there such a thing as a bisexual transsexual? —K.D.

From your letter I would think that you are a transvestite, not a transsexual. Transvestites quite often are completely heterosexual and simply like to wear women's clothes. Some of them have sex with both men and women and others are completely gay. In your case, I would suggest that you get rid of the broomstick. It's not too healthy. Then, dress up less effeminately than you would like to, wearing, say, a mere scarf and a touch of makeup, but mainly men's clothes. Visit some of the gay bars and start cruising around. But do this only if you really feel the urge to be with a man. Otherwise, keep your fetish to yourself, and maybe share your secret with a groovy chick you really like. She might like a masquerade herself.

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Let's be honest with ourselves. Anything you rub on, pour over, or spray in your hair to prevent premature baldness is at best temporary and at worst sheer witch doctory.

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Head Start is a vitamin and mineral compound designed to help just one part of your body. Your hair.

Go ahead. Keep taking your multiple vitamins. They have a job to do. But that job isn't Head Start's.

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Unfortunately as we grow older (as we must) the tiny capillaries start to break down and the top of the head is the first place they start to go. When they break down they are no longer able to carry blood to the roots of your hair. (Fact is, the "frizzies" are one of the first signs that your hair is not only damaged.)

It's dying.

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the ROOKIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

trying to break into the circle around Bonelli to see if he was all right.

"Stick your head in a All-Pro's face again and you're in *bad* trouble, boy! Real bad trouble." And he stalked off, legs stiff and menacing.

The Blues took it in from out of bounds, and they tried the second quarter again.

Midway through, the Head smashed the seventh bullhorn of the practice season. Bonelli heard and called the time-out.

"You ain't passin' off, Wop," the other guard, Smith, said.

"Screw it."

"You tryin' to play a one-man game, Peckerhead."

"Up yours, Spook."

"*Plup.* Watch it, Guinea-Wop."

"Up yours, too, Spade."

"*Plup, plup, plup. . . .*"

"You ain't drivin'," Coco yelled at the Kid—and jabbed him on his sternum, hard, for emphasis. "You not helpin' *anybody* at all." Jab, jab.

"I'm tryin', Coco. Christ! What's everybody so bad-assed today for?"

"I've fed you ten times more'n I *ever* feed Bonelli and you haven't done a damn thing!"

"They're not falling, Coco. What can I do?"

"Hey, Man," Orville put in over the confusion of the Coach's ongoing instructions. "You're taking shots when there aren't any. I set you picks and screens till I'm about white and you don't use them. You pass off when you got the good shot and you shoot whenever that olive-brained, foreign Wop bastard yells *shoot* at you."

"Why's everybody so tight-assed today?"

"WE PLAY L.A. TUESDAY, LADIES. TODAY'S SATURDAY, GIRLS."

"Hell, it's just an exhibition, Orville."

"*Just,*" screamed the Assistant. He stopped in the middle of a complex explanaton of a one-three-one offense.

"*Just? Keee . . . rist,* fellah."

Both teams seemed to settle down a little until halftime. Then: Blues 40; Reds 36.

During the half, each squad went through the rigamarole of leaving the floor, going down to the dressing rooms (Blues *Home;* Reds *Visitors*), sucking oranges and oxygen, changing socks, rubbing liniment into cramping calves, and listening to the coaches analyze the first-half play.

The Kid felt as though he'd only breathed deeply about three times when they were up and back out on the court. During the warm-up he got a ball, shot, reached for another one coming toward him. Coco intercepted it. And the next. Then he chased after another ball, but Matson snatched it away. *Thud. Thud-thud. Thud-thud-thud.* The balls bounced all over the floor. The Kid, hands up and out a bit from his face, kept waiting for one of the balls to bounce his way so he could take another practice shot, but none got past his teammates.

Toot! went the whistle.

Brown bumped into him hard as they trotted to their bench.

During the third quarter the Redshirts caught up with the Blues in a free-lancing shoot-and-run twelve minutes, with lots of body contact and pushing off out front as well as under the basket. Orville, at seven feet and one-quarter inch, was starting to push Jasmo and out-rebound him by that extra inch and a quarter. Jasmo kept thinking about Chamberlain and Russell. Year after year it was Chamberlain and Russell. And Honorable Mention for him. He scored over Russell and held Chamberlain below his average—practically every time. But it was always Honorable Mention.

> The next thing anyone knew there were shirts and jocks, socks and sneakers, bandages, tape, wrist and forehead sweatbands, all flying through the air. And there on the court were thirteen grown men, buck naked, playing with basketballs.

And Bonelli. Never got to play against Cousey, the best guard in the whole history of basketball. Cousey, who could fake three times from when he left the floor to when he dropped the ball in the bucket. Cousey, who was so goddamn good he could pass off ten times more than he ever shot because he could always get a shot.

MOO-WONK! the buzzer sounded—twelve minutes left.

Bonelli and Smith were the first-string guards.

Jasmo was the first-string center.

Coco and Matson were the first-string forwards . . . last season.

Now there was the $250,000 rookie. Bonelli could shoot, drive, and pass. But the Kid! The Kid could do all that and handle the ball, too. At night Bonelli had started having dreams in which he gnashed his teeth because the Kid reminded him of Cousey. A little.

He'd put more pressure on Coco and Matson, too, because he would crawl around in the center and bother Jasmo. Threw him off his stride just enough to give Orville the quarter-second he needed to steal rebounds. Lots of guards were swinging into forward slots now. You could never be sure, if you were a forward, that one of those reachy guards wasn't stretching into your territory.

Jasmo never got any $250,000 bonus either. *"Plup, plup, plup."*

"Screw him."

Score: Blues 86; Reds 87. Bonelli had twenty (but only three in the third quarter); the Kid had twenty-four (with fourteen in the third quarter).

"THAT'S A LITTLE BETTER, BOYS. BUT YOU'RE PLAYING FOR JOBS NOW."

Jasmo cast a baleful eye across the floor at the Kid who had been helping Orville get all those rebounds. And the Man up there yelling at him to keep his scrawny little ass out of the center. *"Plup."*

Bonelli flexed his hand.

"FOR JOBS NOW."

Toot!

It was good, hard, more or less roughneck basketball for eight minutes. Everyone was very careful to get his good shots, to work his best defense, to stay clear of fouls.

Then the Kid, crouching in youthful exuberance, watched a shot by Matson from deep in the corner bounce high off the rim. It seemed to go up and up forever, then come straight down so very slowly. He plotted its angle of ascent, gauged its angle of descent, computed the degree of spin it was collecting, and accurately concluded where he should put himself to get the rebound. Coco was screened by Kelly, and Matson was still out on the edge apparently confused because his shot hadn't dropped for him. Orville was shut out by Jasmo. The ball finally hit the rim, skittered, and the Kid was there reaching up with everything figured.

Except Jasmo.

Jasmo was there, too. The Kid had the ball between both hands when Jasmo swept it right from him. The Kid twisted to avoid that awful forearm and hip as the Jas curled his body down in a short, tight, controlled arc. The Kid was quick. He made no contact. But what he hadn't noticed was that Jasmo *had* noticed him preparing to leap

foolhardily into the midst of the most joint-destroying, bone-splintering, meat-pulverizing 144 square feet in professional athletics. The Kid wasn't prepared for Jasmo's second clear-out move. With the ball safely in the vise of his hands, Jasmo straightened and swung his body from the hips up, his elbows out like scythes looking for a field to mow. He got the Kid on the first sweep to the right, but he missed Orville—who knew what was coming—by a good three inches on his return sweep to the left. Even as Orville was blocking Jasmo's clear-out pass, the Kid was crumpling to the deck like the Big Max the second time Mr. Louis met him in the ring. Down and out. Coo-cooville.

Toot!

Jasmo's elbow was as big as a child's head.

Toot! Toot!

"CHRIST!"

Slowly the Kid rolled over on his face. Then he stopped moving. He rolled over on his back and stopped moving again. His nose was probably broken somewhere. Still, his lips were shredded and his teeth were loosened and bleeding at the gumline, and his nose looked like a mushy beet.

"IS HE ALIVE?"

Coco peered down at him.

"A QUARTER MILLION . . . dollars." The Head Coach was down on the floor by the time the Kid managed to push himself up to a sitting position. The Trainer took the smelling salts away and covered the Kid's face with an ice bag.

Jasmo muttered that the Kid had the hardest face he'd ever knocked into. "You sure it weren't his head?" he asked suspiciously.

"Nah," Bonelli answered. "He'd be dead now if it was his head."

The Kid got up in stages: first to his knees, finally to his feet. The Head kept pawing at the ice bag, trying to get it down from his face, but the Kid and the Trainer kept putting it back up.

"I wanna *talk* to him," the Head fussed.

The Trainer nodded to the side of the Kid's head. "He's got a ear over there," he reminded him.

"I tole you and *tole* you," the Head screamed in the ear. "When you got a Jasmo in the center, leave him to Coco and Orville. Right?"

The Kid nodded, flipping droplets of blood to the floor.

"If it's Chamberlain, you leave him to Jasmo and Coco. Right?"

The Kid nodded.

"If it's Alcindor, you leave him to Jasmo and Coco. Right?

"Yah, yah." the Kid said. He took the ice pack off for a second. "Yah. All right. All right!"

"Well, don't you go getting prima donna with me!" the Head screamed at the Kid, who had covered his face with the ice pack again.

"Murmurmur," the Kid said.

"What?"

The Kid took the ice bag from his face

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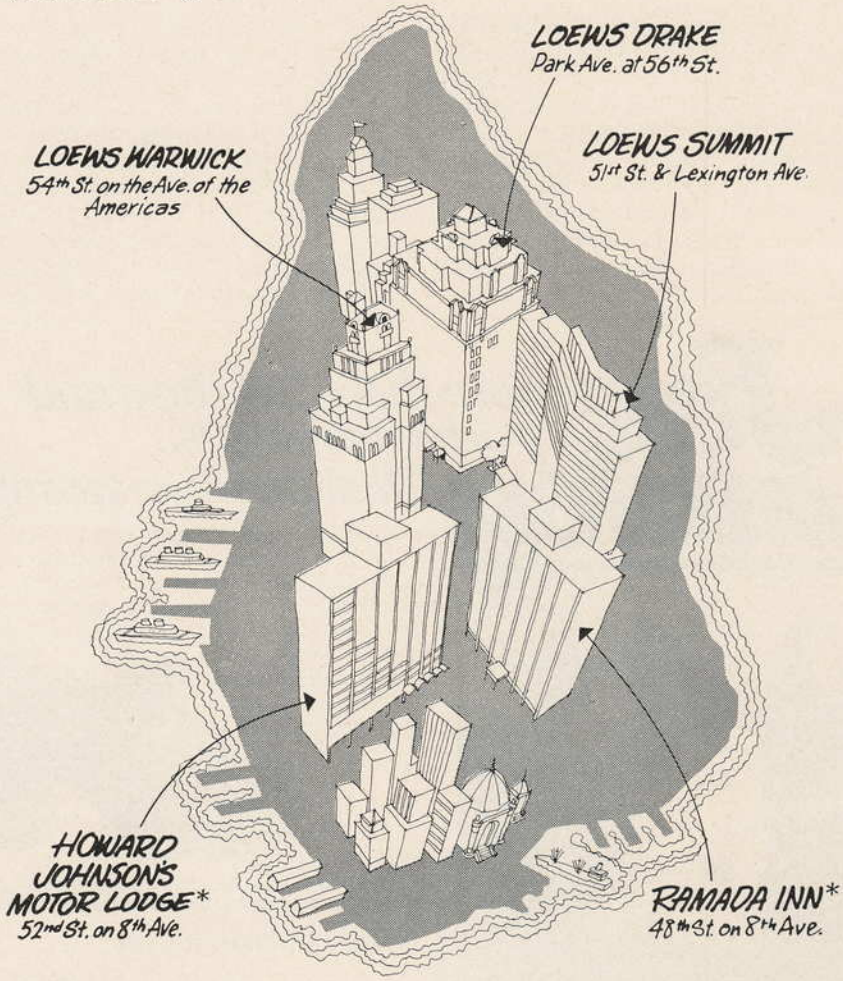
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again. "I said I'm just trying to play the damn game," he snapped. But there was more confusion and hurt in his voice than violence.

"Awright, then—then play!"

They played another two minutes. Ragged—very ragged. The bullhorn never once stopped. From the sidelines the Assistants never let up. The players were punishing each other mercilessly. The body contact for a minute and a half was monstrous.

The Head was on his way down from the stands, bullhorning every step of the way to the scorer's bench where three Subassistants had finally quit trying to keep the stat sheets on the players.

"Screw him," Bonelli kept muttering to himself when he could draw a breath. His legs stayed under him only because he refused to collapse on them. You don't let flop-haired, slop-socked rookie-kid-bastards run All-Pros off the floor, his training and pride kept telling his legs—which were starting to refuse to listen. "Screw the son of a bitch."

"Screw him! *Screw him!* SCREW HIM!" he shrieked in a last and most desperate gasp as the Kid finally drove past him. Hard. And leaped fourteen feet from the basket, heading to it like an electronic homing rocket after a bomber, and looking just like Captain Marvel right after a great SHAZAM!

Bonelli reached out and grabbed at the Kid and got a death grip on his shorts. The Kid was driving so hard he literally pulled himself out of his pants with a heartsickening *r-r-r-r-r-rip!* as he leaped—legs still pumping, knees flailing—and soared first through Kelly, who hit the deck to get out of the way, and then through Jasmo who tried to but wasn't quite quick enough and was knocked clean off the apron and into the seats, where he looked like the comeback Louis after Marciano was through with him.

"JEEE ... SUS GODDAMN CHRIST ...!" And the Head was on the floor storming toward the Kid through the carnage: Bonelli, stretched out face-down with a pair of shorts in his hand; Kelly, lying very quietly on his back, breathing hard and looking whiter than ever; Jasmo, managing to right himself, his eyes wide, his mouth hanging slack as he crawled slowly on his hands and knees back to the playing floor. And the Kid himself—who had miraculously landed on his feet, sunk to his ankles, and sprung back up on adrenalin.

"*You*, by God . . ." the Head stormed. His eyes bulged; the veins in his neck and temples looked as though they would explode.

"Can't you do *anything* right?"

But the Kid had reached down and taken off his athletic supporter so that he was clad only in his sneakers, covered by fallen socks, and his red jersey. He held the jock strap under the Head's nose.

"You want that, too?" he screamed. "You want this, too?" he repeated a half-dozen times. Suddenly he wheeled and flung the strap toward the basket. It sailed awkwardly but still in a neat arc and fell on the rim—then slipped nicely through the net. Everyone saw it. The Kid couldn't help himself. Tears were pouring down his face, but he couldn't help it. It was slightly choked and coughed out—but out it came: a giggle. He giggled again.

Jasmo, who'd finally gotten his breath and his feet, saw the Kid—looking terribly vulnerable and young—standing in the middle of the basketball court with his prick hanging long and limp, and it occurred to him that the Kid's cock, somehow, looked a bit like he felt. He giggled at that, pulled his jersey off and threw it at the basket. But missed. Then Coco had a sneaker off. He charged at a hobble and dunked it with a great whoop of joy.

The next thing anyone knew there were shirts and jocks, socks and sneakers, bandages, tape, wrappers, wrist and forehead sweatbands, all flying through the air. And there on the basketball court were thirteen grown men, buck naked, playing with basketballs. It was very like a warm-up period. Except there were great grins and smiles. No one played against another. It was pass and feed, hand off and assist, jump and shoot, drive and dunk. It was approval expressed in dozens of smiles and nods and loving pats of flesh on flesh. . . .

Lined across the other end of the court were the coaches and assistants and trainers. They stared. In the doorway behind them was the Assistant Equipment Manager, a toothpick rocking slowly in the wet corner of his mouth. He also stared.

And as suddenly as it had started, it stopped. It was as though a *toot!* had sounded in all their heads at once. Then they left the floor, quietly joshing, gently chatting with each other—a calmness and civility accompanying every sure step of their bare feet. In the locker room, they showered, shaved, dressed, combed their hair neatly, pulled their ties into place deftly, and left.

Back on the court, the coaches broke rank slightly to stand, hands still behind their backs, then mill around aimlessly while the Head, one hand covering his face at the scorer's desk, shook from the sobs no one could possibly have begrudged him. The Assistant Equipment Manager quietly made the rounds to pick up the uniforms, the odd sneaker eighteen rows up in the stands, the blood-flecked elbow pad under a bench. The Head sat at the scorer's table a very long time. Very long.

Tuesday they opened their exhibition season against the Lakers in L.A. The Kid scored twenty-two. Not bad, as they say, for openers. And they hung in to take L.A. by three in the last two minutes. The Los Angeles sportswriters, looking every bit as stunned and confused as the Los Angeles coaching staff, kept shaking their heads after the game was over and the out-of-town writers were finishing their stories.

"They looked psyched," one of the locals braved, "all night they looked psyched." He riffled back through his notes with awe.

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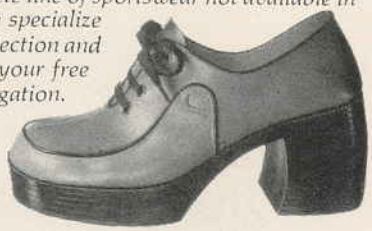

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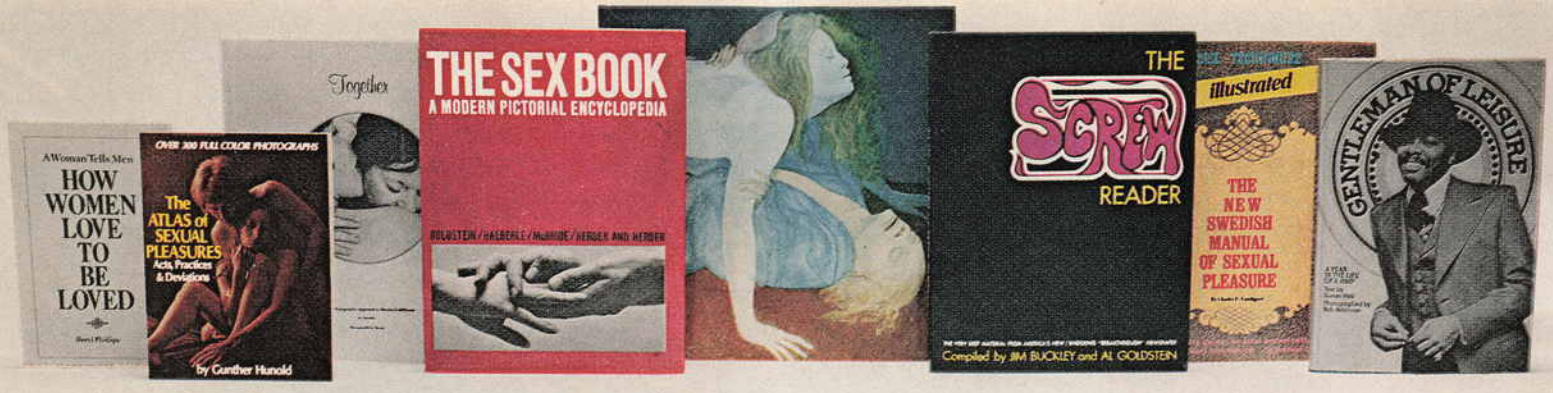

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The Twins Are in Pluto!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

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Famous people: A-bra-ham, Ish-mael, Ke-dar, Du-mah, Na-phis, I-saac, Rebek-ah, La-ban, Ha-gar, Naph-tali, Ja-cob, Rich-ard M. Nix-on, Meth-u-se-lah, E-sau.

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And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me the 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret that I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

Sworn Statement:

"I have examined this advertisement. On the basis of personal acquaintance with Mr. Joe Karbo for 18 years and my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that every statement is true." [Accountant's name available upon request.]

Bank Reference:
American State Bank
675 South Main Street
Orange, California 92668

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 277-A
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material – for *any* reason – within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

☐ Please send Air Mail. I'm enclosing an extra dollar.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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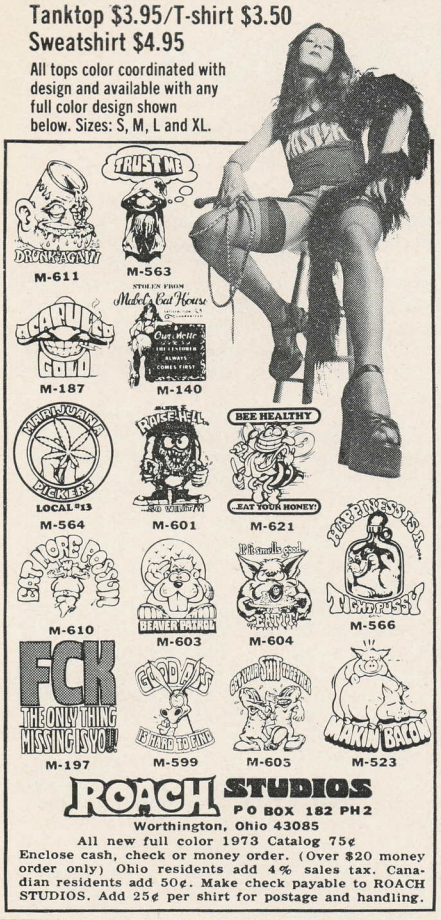
Whip one On!

Tanktop $3.95/T-shirt $3.50
Sweatshirt $4.95

All tops color coordinated with design and available with any full color design shown below. Sizes: S, M, L and XL.



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All new full color 1973 Catalog 75¢
Enclose cash, check or money order. (Over $20 money order only) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Canadian residents add 50¢. Make check payable to ROACH STUDIOS. Add 25¢ per shirt for postage and handling.

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NEW YORK CITY: 961 Madison Avenue, 288-8900
SAN DIEGO: 2501 San Diego Avenue, 296-2596
SAN FRANCISCO: 374 Geary Street, 781-6191

MODERN SPYING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

network of the first order, obtaining such apparently insignificant documents as copies of appointment and meeting schedules, lists of telephone numbers, records of calls made and received, and perhaps even information from a so-called "secure" area. Taken individually, these items don't have immediate value; however, they can be used to get at and identify other information with high resale value. They are the clues to the buried treasure.

And so it goes. Spies for profit in the mail room, on the switchboard, in the cleaning force, the lightbulb-changing detail, etc. The head of such an operation can be very confident that his "agents" won't be found out. Their cover is almost absolute. To paraphrase Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, these are the little people that corporate leaders scarcely look at, let alone are aware of as intelligent human beings able to overhear, understand, and subsequently report the content of conversations cloaked in the jargon of high finance. For example, I was present at a corporate strategy meeting in which several substantial investment decisions were discussed. During the course of the meeting, as the various corporate officers set forth their parts of the plan, a middle-aged shoeshine boy moved from man to man and shined their shoes in almost perfect sequence with their perorations. The corporate bigwigs did not know if the shoeshine man was wearing body-recording equipment—in fact they acted and talked as if he wasn't there. I don't know if he *was* wearing body-recording equipment, but if he had been, he would have had no difficulty in selling the remarks made in his presence to the company's competitors. In a similar fashion, the executive-office private barber and manicurist can be used to pick up some valid information because of their ability to overhear important, "can't wait" phone calls made to the harried executive.

Successful spying is based upon an ability to exploit human nature. A divorced secretary with a son on a $30-a-day heroin habit can easily rationalize her intelligence activities—especially if she is adequately compensated for her information. The spy for profit should keep in mind that devoted "company" men and women have largely gone the way of the work ethic and pride in workmanship.

In his quest for information, the private spy should remember that conventional spying techniques of blackmail, compromising pictures, strong-arming, etc., are not applicable. He should not coerce his informants; it is easier and much safer to buy them—and unlike crooked politicians they tend to stay bought. He should also remember that there are literally thousands of human beings who are ready, willing, able, and sufficiently disenchanted or pissed off to tell all they know about wrongdoing, drop

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

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KEEP THIS CARD & SMILE
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TEAR THIS CARD UP.

12 Cards $1.00
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Full size realistic looking business card made of SPECIAL PAPER that won't tear. Send to MONROE, p.o. Box 37, Pottstown, Pa. 19464

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1 straight top sheet
1 fitted bottom sheet
2 matching pillow cases
or
2 straight top sheets
2 matching pillow cases

Twin sets $17.00 Queen sets $22.00
Double sets $18.00 King sets $25.00
(For Full Size Beds)

No Charge For Postage
Send check or money order
50% deposit on C.O.D.'s

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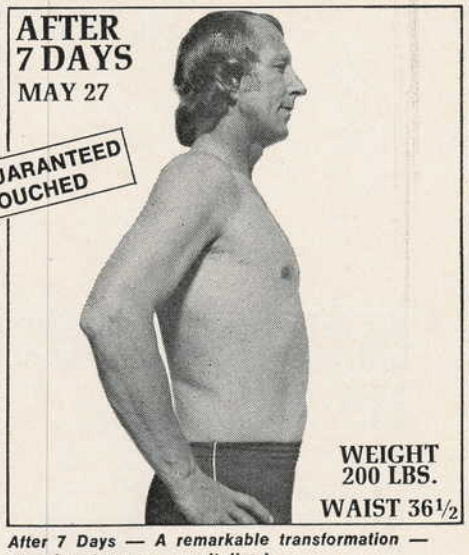
GORDON COX writes to tell us...

Case #5721

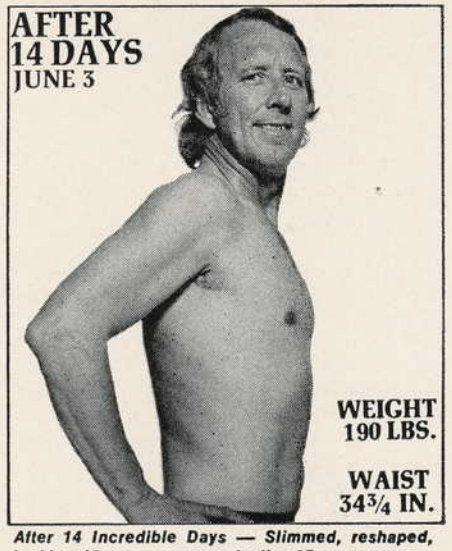
"I lost 5¾ inches off my waist, 25 pounds of excess weight... and shaped up...in just 14 days!"

One 5-Minute exercise, twice daily, lying on my back, without giving up the foods I love...Did It!"

Gordon as he looked the day he started.



After 7 Days — A remarkable transformation — pot almost gone — revitalized.



After 14 Incredible Days — Slimmed, reshaped, looking 15 years younger, feeling 25 years younger

SEE AND FEEL AMAZING RESULTS IN JUST 3 DAYS!!

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5" Minute Body Shaper plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. That's all you do! This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waist and Hips (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) — as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your chest, abdomen, firming up your legs and arms — your total body!

It's safer than strenuous workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts....or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-sized case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a '5-Minute Exerciser' — it sure does a lot!

WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

Results vary depending on how much overweight each of our students is. Nevertheless, this is a sampling from the impressive letters we receive: **Willie Ellis** — "I lost 3 inches off my waist and 9 pounds in 7 days." **Kent Christensen** — "I lost 5½ inches off my waist and 20 pounds in 10 days." **Marino Zoller, M.D.** — "I lost 2 inches off my waist in 14 days." **Michael Benedict** — "I lost 6 inches off my waist and 22 pounds in 21 days." **Ken Waller** — "I lost 3 inches off my waist in 5 days."

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches....agree its the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

Patent Pending. Copyright Joe Weider, 1973

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back virtually eliminates strains while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market." RICHARD TYLER, D.C.

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." — JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach.

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 12 lbs. of excess weight using it." DR. ANITA D. SANTANGELO, Chiropractic Orthopedics

*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

NO GIMMICKS, NO CATCHES
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE OFFER

Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: "GET IT OFF FAST" — and see measurable and firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund!** Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"

FREE TRIAL OFFER!!

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or every penny back!

SEND TODAY

Weight Just 16 oz.

14 days shaped me up in the privacy of my home!

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

SEND TODAY COMPLETE KIT ONLY **$9.95**

Joseph Weider, Dept. DV/L
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Prove to me I can see results and start shaping up in 3 days! ☐ I enclose $9.95 for "5" Minute Body Shaper & Slimming Course, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. ☐ SAVE! Order TWO for only $17.95, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. (No C.O.D.'s please). Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order or ☐ cash for $..... (Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.)

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Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

(Please print clearly)

IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

FASHION FINDER

Merchandise from the following firms is featured editorially in this issue (pages 130 through 135). Contact them directly for information on where to purchase their styles.

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(212) 889-2267

CAREER CLUB
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New York, N.Y. 10016
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KENNETH J. LANE
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Your order shipped within 36 hours, plain packaged for privacy. Money fully refunded for any unused portion if you aren't absolutely satisfied.

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This new Joe Weider *scientific weight-gaining breakthrough* puts *an end to the skinny body!* Now, you can "drink-on" a powerful pound every day until you've reached your most muscular and virile, he-man weight! Thousands of men are doing it every month! Why not *you?* Enjoy this totally new breed of nutritional WILDCAT —guaranteed to put an end to your muscle-starved, hungry looking body FAST! Tastes like a milk-shake; fills out your body and face for a fresher, more exciting, fun-going you!

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Unique workout suit with built-in slimming power! Personally created by Joe Weider to turn even the simplest movements into effective slimming exercises. Works even faster when worn during workouts or sports! Made of tough, *odor-free* Neoprene rubber with sturdy *over-size zipper* for ease of use. A *must* if you want to muscularize your body *fast!* Look slimmer the minute you put it on!

$29.95 COMPLETE

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LIKE AN "INDOOR TRACK!"

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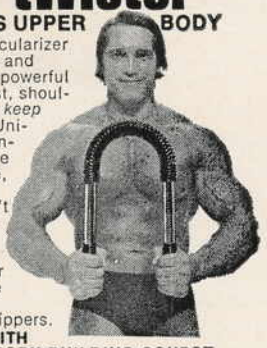
MUSCULARIZES UPPER BODY



The upper body muscularizer used by top athletes and bodybuilders to add powerful inches to arms, chest, shoulders and back—then *keep* them there *for life!* Unique "Continuous Tension/Ultimate Muscle Contraction" feature, develops muscles other exercisers can't reach. Just ten minutes a day and you are on your way to a powerful, muscular upper body! Durable chromed steel with "No-Slip" rubber grippers.

$9.95 COMPLETE WITH DETAILED UPPER-BODY-BUILDING COURSE

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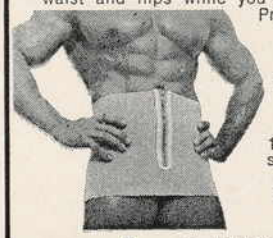
FOR SLIMMER WAIST, HIPS!



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a copy of an incriminating memo into the mail, leave a safe open (knowing it will be locked by someone later after the files have been Xeroxed), or delay things from happening. Finally, a spy for profit should take precautions to keep his informants' covers intact and not give them an active role in any subsequent espionage actions. Informants, because of the subtle psychological pressures they undergo, usually make lousy saboteurs.

In the heyday of American capitalism, the era of the "Robber Barons," much of what we have called spying for profit, such as the theft of trade secrets, was carried out by corporations directly in their own behalf and was largely rationalized by the slogan of "free competition." This wide-open period of corporate espionage and even sabotage lasted until the stock-market crash, and the subsequent disclosure of large-scale company frauds alerted people to the practices of American big business. But since World War II, just as the government rationalized the continuing need for the CIA because of Cold War competition, American business has justified the necessity to expand its capability to get intelligence about competitors, both foreign and domestic. As a consequence, corporate spying has grown by leaps and bounds.

The problems and techniques of both government spying and spying for profit are similar; but the two kinds of espionage have different degrees of difficulty. It is, and was, for instance, quite difficult to put an American agent in a deep-cover job in the Soviet Union and let him work his way into a position of trust and confidence. As a result, mission assignments that risked blowing the cover of American agents who had infiltrated the Soviet system were subjected to the most rigorous analyses. The game had to be worth much more than a single candle. Such actions are never sure because the agent may be found out, change sides, or be unable to get into the right spot. But the results are sometimes spectacular. For instance, Khrushchev to his dying day didn't know for certain how the CIA was able to circulate within the Communist Party a cleverly distorted copy of his famous speech in which he denounced Stalin. By the time he straightened out which speech was really his, he was out.

On the other hand, there is much less difficulty in recruiting and planting an agent in Ford or GM's executive-training program than in the Kremlin's KGB. Today, this kind of recruitment has almost become standard operating procedure for the really big corporations. Moreover, corporate spies for profit are easily able to sabotage a corporation by leaking its equivalent of the Pentagon Papers to the Federal Trade Commission or the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department, and keep their cover jobs. Such actions, with copies of the incriminating documents passed to the Wall Street Journal and the Journal of Commerce, can cause the price of a corporation's stock to

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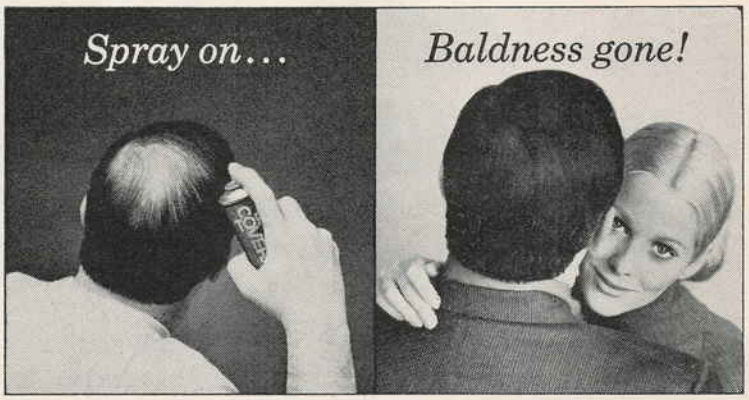

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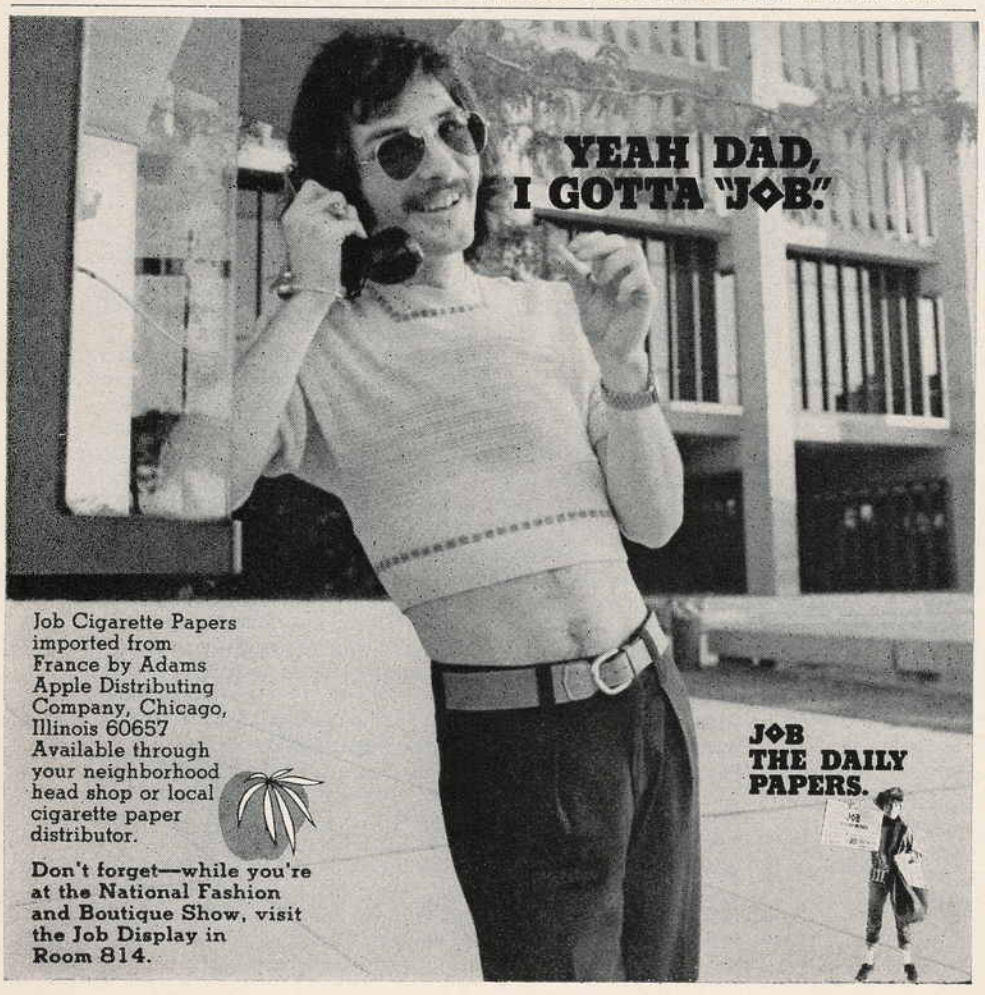

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drop by 50 percent in one day's trading on the stock exchange. The famous General Electric price-fixing case came to the attention of the authorities and the press in just this way.

One has to wonder who was responsible for such disasters as the Edsel and the recall of 11 million cars for faulty construction in 1972. In these catastrophes and others too numerous to mention, there is persuasive evidence suggesting the fine hand of the spy for profit.

The money to be made in private espionage has obviously impressed many conventional spies. Many of these persons have seen the handwriting on the government wall and have opted for the corporate life. The record of subsequent corporate employment by former high-ranking members of America's intelligence community suggests clearly that the *Fortune* 500 companies believe it is in their best interests to have former government spies on their payrolls in quite responsible jobs. This is a far more chilling outcome than the one suggested in President Eisenhower's warning about the military-industrial complex, which has seen the shift of high-ranking retired military officers into defense-oriented industries. Unlike these officers, who are basically hired for their contacts and knowledge about procurement practices and planning, the former directors of America's spooks and spies bring to business the capacity to destroy itself—because it is only a short step from corporate spying to corporate guerrilla warfare. Nonetheless, for today's would-be spy for profit, this is all to the good. The former directors of assorted dirty tricks recruited from half a dozen government intelligence agencies can be counted upon to expand their corporate empires just as they did when they worked for the government.

What the emergence of spies for profit suggests for the future is uncertain, except that spying breeds more spying and more spies to spy on the spies and people to prevent spying. The revelations of private spying in the Watergate mess and ITT's involvement in Chile indicate only the tip of the spying-for-profit iceberg. In each of our roles (as citizen, employer-employee, husband-wife-lover-friend, consumer, etc.) we are all directly or indirectly vulnerable to planned assaults on our privacy by spies for profit.

The government's recent invasions of our personal privacy have been inept, but despite the *apparent* amateurishness displayed by the Watergate crew, we can't assume that all private spying will be done poorly. The potential financial rewards from spying for profit are great enough to attract extremely competent persons.

And it is a cinch that the first acknowledged spy billionaires will command the same kind of Horatio Alger hero worship as that commanded by the "Robber Barons" who preceded them in the curious evolution of the American political and economic system.

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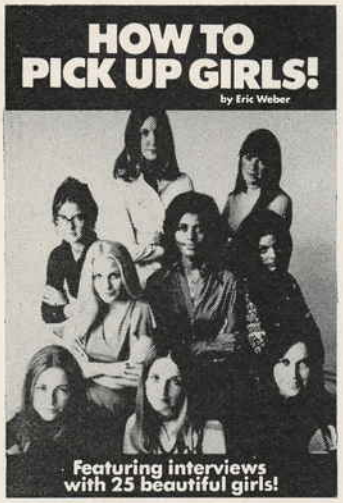

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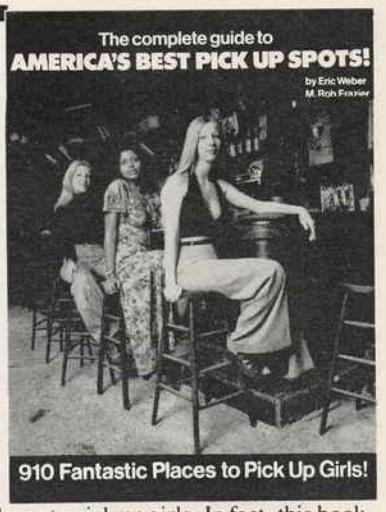

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